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GEORGE THE THIRD.

HISTORY is philsosophy teaching by example; but the truest philosophy is that which leads a nation to prosperity, and the noblest example is that which shews the root of all prosperity to be found in virtue. The sorrow for the late King was of an order that allows no room for insincerity. Hypocrites never mourn for the dead. But the grief that followed the monarch to the grave had all that truth requires for conviction, it was voluntary, general, and conformable to reason; neither extravagant nor narrow, it was the grief of the heart regulated by the understanding. To have excited during life the respect which thus displayed itself after the body was given to the tomb, is the highest panegyric that can be earned by man.

The last reign was eminently calculated to try the strength of thrones; it was full of strife and tumult,—great convulsions abroad, great disturbances at home,—the existence of civil polity in England in danger,—the existence of the social compact of the continent in ruin. The immense resistless machinery, which was put in motion by the public strength of England to answer the world's demands upon her help, must not now be described, it is a matter for History. When it is told as it ought to be told, it will bear the mightiest proof to all ages of the strength of loyalty, freedom, and valour; posterity remounting to a nobler source will trace this wonder to religion; the head of the illustrious genealogy of national virtues, like the patriarch after the Deluge sending down from the hill on which the Altar smoked, his descendants to people and civilize the world before them, to make the desert fruitful, and clear the soil of the remnant of the waters. The result of that contest was the assured triumph and unrivalled renown of England, much suffering to the enemy, but, to the general cause of humanity triumph, consummated and made solid beyond the dreams of enthusiasm. There seems to have been left in all the great reverses of the world, a forward power with which were to be deposited the seeds of restoration. The choice was not made at hazard, nor yet with distinguished reference to moral superiority. When the Empire of the West was flung like the burning mountain of the Apocalypse into a sea of blood, when its blaze was to be extinguished for ever, the remnant of its holiness and wisdom and learning found refuge in Constantinople still Christian, standing at the head of the Empire of religion upon earth. In the French Revolution, when a fiercer invasion than of the barbarian of the North broke through the barriers of the civilized world, another city of refuge was to be sought. The sun of the Eastern Empire had long since lost its splendour in the clouds of that more than night flung round Mahometanism. England was the grand resource against the second overflow of evil. All that remained of virtue in France was first received within her gates, then her protection was offered to the nations of Europe. Revolutionary France towered up into gigantic strength, defying the force of man and the will of Heaven; England was inspired to meet her in that final combat, it was the battle of her good and evil principles, and France was overthrown in the sight of the world that rejoiced over the downfall of the universal enemy. The exigencies of the time brought to light a multitude of men that will be the glory of England to the latest age. In the heaving and tempest of the public mind, it threw up, like the ocean, its riches on the shore. It would have been the praise of any monarch that he had not impeded the glorious progress of his country in that race for renown. But it was the praise of George the Third, that promoted and urged that noble impulse, that he was not merely fit, but the fittest, for the throne. Calmness and moderation, manly feeling, and patriotic spirit, the charity, purity and devotedness of a Christian were his virtues; and they were the vanquishers of all the ostentatious talents of impious ambition.

The multitude of the English Journals have rivalled each other in giving the memoirs of the King; records have

been looked to in every direction for all that could deliver his memory in the fullest transmission to his people; curiosity has searched into the details of his private life; and the whole mass of evidence laid before the nation has been followed only by an ampler verdict of homage and honor. We leave the leading events of his Majesty's reign to the Chronicles; our present business is with its spirit, with its reference to the man, with its impression upon posterity. When *George the Third* came to the Throne the whole European system had for fifty years been completed. There were occasional perturbations of this magnificent order, a partial wane, a chance concussion, a temporary cessation of movement, in the orbit; but the whole system was scarcely sensible of those derangements, and the great luminaries moved on in stately and splendid regularity. The latter half of the century was to break up this order, to shake the empires like stars from their courses, and extinguish the light of nations. But at the commencement of the reign all was proud and prosperous. The map of Europe was seen partitioned into the natural shares that, enough for individual strength, were not too much for general security. The lesser states lay beside the greater without fear; there was in the aspect of European dominion, something like an anticipation and emblem of that time of prophecy, when strength and weakness were to be in peace together, when the lamb was to lie down with the kid, ambition and thirst of blood perishing away, and a new illustrious period about to emerge from that sea of tumult and suffering that had till then covered the moral face of the world. But long before the King had ceased to mingle in the affairs of sovereignty, a fearful catastrophe had come, the map of the earth was changed, the ancient boundaries had been swept away by a fierce and sudden violence, the names of empire had disappeared, and for all that splendid diversity, was to be seen only one dreary stretch of tyrannical dominion, a great desert, a *Zaara*, with its boundless extent, and unfertile, disastrous solitude. In this melancholy extinction of the freedom, hope, and vigour of nations, England was more than spared; she remained not merely uninjured, but with increased vigour; not merely the fortunate fugitive, but the laurelled conquerer. The war which arose from the French Revolution began in hatred to England; the spirit of the French towards other nations was contempt, towards England it was hatred; other thrones were marked out for subjugation, the throne of England for ruin. We have seen the event. The power of France overran other countries, as a checked river overwhelms the plain; but the torrent was thrown back from the rocky and immoveable grandeur of the English power, and forced to shape its course in conformity to that marble and precipitous strength. How much of this success must have been due to the personal character of the King is to be judged from the calamitous counsels of other thrones. It was the peculiar day of trial for princes. All the monarchs of the great European family were forced into prominent display, and all but one failed. The first defects shook their resolution, or betrayed their insincerity, or stripped them of mental resource, or consigned them in sullen feebleness to the will of the fierce republic. It was the distinction and the glory of *George the Third*, that when he was tried in this scale, he was not found wanting. The King's public life may be looked on as divisible into three distinct periods, each subjecting him to a peculiar and formidable test of his powers, virtues, and principles. He thus appears to have been tried, as an individual, as the monarch of England, and as the head of a mighty Confederacy of Thrones. The earlier part of his reign was perplexed with sedition. The freedom, wealth, and luxury of the British Empire, tend to the production of a race of men, born the disturbers of the state; those weedy and poisonous parasites are of the mere rankness and pampering of the soil. The tumults from 1760 to 1780 were *unexampled*, and only to be thrown into shade by the overtopping and ferocious violence of the present time.

But we must here pause a moment to remark that Wilkes's successes can form no precedent for the triumphs of the naked and barbarian insult that now lifts its front against the Majesty of the Constitution. There is all the distinction between them that lies between a clamour against abuses, and a denunciation against property. Wilkes was a demagogue from the necessities of his ambition, he had no natural gravitation to the brute propensities of the mob; to be lifted on the shoulders of the rabble, he submitted to their contact; he had no internecine hatred to all that was superior to him in acquirement, genius, or

fortune. His object was less to raise a wretched name from obscurity, by flinging his firebrand into the sanctuary of the Constitution, than to instal himself beyond the pursuit of justice. The result of his partial success was his renunciation of riot, and the hope of an English Erostratus was lost. His conduct of the struggle was still more distinct from the alternate bravado and *cowardice* of the later leaders of the rabble. There was *something* of gallant audacity mingled with his resistance, that might fix the eye of those who scorned his principles; there was so little of danger bound with the *event*, that the nation looked on it as calmly, as on a struggle in the air; a match of falconry, a strife of subtle courage against precipitous and practised execution; the royal bird of chase, with all his bells and ornaments, pouncing downwards on the feeble prey that perpetually escaped, sometimes by subtle evasion, sometimes by offering fierce battle, but always baffling the haughty pursuer. But from this crisis the King came out clear, and in that calmer hour which sooner or later comes to all men, and in which Wilkes, satisfied and old, had leisure to repent of faction, it was his habit to offer a ready homage to the virtues of the King.

After a brief cessation from internal disturbance, the nation was roused from the plough and the loom by the sound of war. Here the King came forth, girt round with the armour and apparel of his royalty, and stood at the head of his nation in array against his rebellious colonies. We are not to judge of the wisdom that undertook this war by the event. It was fitted to be the disgrace of all political calculation: the "*opprobrium regale medicinæ.*" The power of a peasant war was a new problem; the strength of army against army might be calculated, but where was the arithmetic for the wilderness, for the swamp, for the impenetrable forest, and the malignant sky? A new element was thrown in, still more to perplex the solution. France joined the rebels, and the war was abandoned. The King's duty had been done; he was not tacitly to suffer the dismemberment of the empire: the transaction was now complete, and the same feeling of duty made him acquiesce in the fate of battle. But this reverse was suddenly and magnificently compensated to England by triumphs over France and Spain. The thunders of her victory had scarcely died on the waters of the Atlantic, when they were echoed back from the battlements of Gibraltar. The spot upon her fame, was but a spot upon the sun, visible but for a moment, and burning out into tenfold glory.

The King's conduct in the memorable riots of 1780, was in the same spirit, rational, resolute, and patriotic; he confronted the danger and vanquished it, as the first magistrate of the country; and what he began in firmness, he consummated in mercy.

His great and final trial was at hand. The 18th century has been amongst the most portentous of the world. From its commencement, it wore nothing of the old complying, contented physiognomy of the past ages. It was a time of bold doubts, and fierce conclusions; it loved to degrade the venerable, and to fling up the feeble and the obscure into a fantastic and restless elevation; it applied itself to dig round foundations as ancient as the grave, not to demonstrate their strength but their frailty; assaults on religion were, for the first time combined with political zealotry; the soil was sown with the seed of this double toil, to throw up a growth of gigantic mischief,—the droppings of parricidal blood from the clouds were to spring into Titans. But this monstrous preparation against hallowed authority was chiefly reserved for the latter half of the century. His Majesty might trace it from his throne, through all its fiery and wandering march; through height and depth compressed in the valley or dilated on the mountain, under all its faithless banners of philanthrophy and philosophy, up to the moment when its ambition was smitten down by what seemed the very thunderbolt of heaven.

The treachery of France recoiled upon herself, and the effects of her alliance with rebellion to America, were in subordination and subversion at home. France had been always a vicious country. But her corruption had been chiefly among the opulent and high born; and as their fewness bore no comparison to the multitude of the lower ranks who were kept in general decency by the necessities of their place, the higher turpitude floated on till it was dissolved in the purer mass and disappeared. But a sudden and fearful change was now observable among the people, they were becoming turbulent, gross, and atheistic; that vast and fluctuating expanse of the public mind, no longer swayed by the impelling light of heaven, lost its regular and healthy courses, the great tides were

to come no more, and the mass either settled into stagnant impurity, or was shaken only by the whirlwind, and all that once moved in natural buoyancy and vigor upon its surface, was now destroyed; or remained but to increase that all swallowing corruption.

England was too near to France not to be in peril. She caught every wind that swept across the surface of that dead sea which had now overwhelmed the palaced temples of Gomorrah, and she was not ill prepared to receive the infection into her veins. Her preservation was, next to Providence, owing to the qualities of her King. A profligate prince would have aided the ruin of public order, by the corruption of personal example, a tyrant would have alienated the good, a man of feeble understanding would have bent before the insolence of the young rebellion, that in England was already fitting its arrow to the string, and only waiting for the shield of its towering and fraternal champion in France. But the King's mind was pure, gentle, and determined, and the first display of popular insolence among us was its last. The crime was put down in actual presence of the triumphs of Republican France; in the spirit of Roman justice, the pirates were nailed to the scaffold with their faces to their own shore.

We conclude these illustrations of the character of our late gracious monarch, by a few extracts from a work just published, entitled,

"GEORGE THE THIRD, HIS COURT, AND FAMILY."

In which, among numerous anecdotes of the fortitude which always marked his conduct, we find the following:—

"It is no part of our plan to enter upon all the politics of this period as connected with the affair of Wilkes, and the circumstances of the riots during the Brentford election, already mentioned; but we may record the firmness which his Majesty displayed when insulted and menaced with attack from a furious mob, that rushed into the court-yard of St. James's, following a hearse decorated with insignia of the most shameful description, with a person seated on it in the habit of an executioner, holding an axe in his hand and his face covered with crape—said to have been actually an Irish Viscount, then indeed a very young man, descended from one of the oldest families in that kingdom, and who had succeeded to his title about three years previously.

"Amidst these disgraceful proceedings the King's firmness and presence of mind never deserted him a moment; but he remained in the drawing-room, displaying the utmost coolness, whilst the palace and the surrounding streets resounded with the clamour of an infuriated mob, and issuing the necessary orders, which his ministers seemed incapable of giving."

Shortly after this it is observed that

"His Majesty indeed, though accused of obstinacy by his enemies, gained much applause from his friends for the resolution with which he supported his ministers on all points which he approved of. During the extreme unpopularity of the Duke of Grafton, the King never deserted him. The country also owed much to him, when his ministers were almost afraid to put the law in force; and it was to him personally that the civil power was obliged to look for authority for the execution of the Spital-fields rioters at Bethnal Green, a change of place the legality of which had been previously referred to the twelve Judges."

The same happy presence of mind accompanied him on all occasions, as was exemplified during a visit to Portsmouth in 1773; when it is stated that

"The loyalty displayed by the immense crowds that every where surrounded him, formed a striking contrast to the misled London mobs; and on one occasion, when he set off before five o'clock in the morning to view the ramparts and land fortifications, the guard not being mounted at such an early and unexpected hour, the soldiers followed him with great confusion, accompanied by an immense crowd; and when General Harvey apologized for the non-attendance of the guard, his Majesty, turning round, answered with great pleasantry and politeness, 'Poh! poh! what need have I of further guard? my person cannot be better protected than by those handsome females that are around me."

Another instance is recorded in 1781, on some most unhappy reverses in North America.

"The King's command of himself, indeed, under all political squabbles, or military reverses, was highly honorable to his personal character; and of this he exhibited a remarkable instance on the arrival of intelligence of Lord Cornwallis's surrender at York Town, which may be said to have given the final blow to all his hopes of retaining the sove-

reignty of the American colonies. On the day of its arrival, a political party dined with Lord George Germain, who had received the intelligence, and dispatched it to his Majesty, from whom a note shortly afterwards was brought to the minister, who observed to Lord Walsingham: 'The King writes just as he always does, except that I observe he has omitted to mark the hour and the minute of his writing, with his usual precision."

"The letter is stated to have been of the following import: 'I have received, with sentiments of the deepest concern, the communication which Lord George Germain has made me of the unfortunate result of the operations in Virginia. I particularly lament it, on account of the consequences connected with it, and the difficulties which it may produce in carrying on the public business, or in repairing such a misfortune. But I trust that neither Lord George Germain, nor any member of the cabinet, will suppose that it makes the smallest alteration in those principles of my conduct which have directed me in past time, and which will always continue to animate me under every event, in the prosecution of the present contest."

The kindheartedness, mixed up with his inflexible fortitude, was most ably displayed on his reception of Mr. Sheridan at the first levee after the attack of Hadfield in the theatre in 1800.

"When Mr. Sheridan arrived, he was particularly noticed by His Majesty, who expressed to him the extreme satisfaction he felt for the quiet demeanor of the audience, their stopping in the house after the first ebullition of public resentment had subsided, and their manifestations of personal regard to himself. Mr. Sheridan, with all the grace of a courtier, and indeed with great truth and propriety, instantly attributed this to the noble example of fortitude and magnanimity which the sovereign himself had displayed, expatiating at the same time upon the ruin and destruction, the loss of lives, and general scene of havoc, which must inevitably have ensued, if the King had quitted the box, and suspended the performances—to which the King replied—'No doubt that would have been the case; but' (in a firm and dignified tone) 'I should have despised myself for ever, had I but stirred a single inch. A man on such an occasion should need no prompting; but immediately see what is his duty.'

"It is worthy of record also, that when His Majesty took leave of his family for the night, he calmly said—'I am going to bed with a confidence that I shall sleep soundly; and my prayer is that the poor unhappy prisoner, who aimed at my life, may rest as quietly as I shall.'"

The same spirit rendered his Majesty indefatigable in every thing that he undertook, and indeed in all general conduct. Speaking of 1781, the author says,

"The close attention of the King to business, and his strict temperance, were at this period extremely remarkable. In all things he was indefatigable; and he has rode on horseback to town to a levee or a council under the heaviest rain, and, alighting at Buckingham House, gone to St. James's in a chair previous to changing his dress. There has he spoken to every individual in a crowded circle, and afterwards spent the entire day, until five or six o'clock in presiding at a privy council, or in private audiences, abstaining from all refreshment, except perhaps à dish of tea and a slice of bread and butter, which he has eaten, walking up and down the apartment, in waiting for his travelling carriage, to return to his family and domestic circle."

Yet that his mind was placable and open to mercy, is exemplified in the following extract:—

"His kindness to the Stuarts shewed an equal liberality in political sentiments; and a little anecdote, not generally known, of the late Daniel Isaac Eaton, exhibits a degree of personal forgiveness which the world were not disposed to give him credit for. After Eaton's outlawry, he ventured to return incognito to this country; but not daring to trust to the mercy of the attorney-general or the cabinet, he resolved to apply to majesty itself. Eaton was nearly the same age with the King. His father had held some inferior situation in the Prince of Wales's household, and Daniel had been, in some degree, a temporary playmate of the youug heir-presumptive. On this chance he ventured to rely: he took an opportunity of placing himself in the court-yard at Windsor, when His Majesty was going to mount his horse on a hunting party. The King, whose recollection of individuals was most extraordinary, instantly recognized his quondam playfellow, but without being aware that he was the prosecuted outlaw, until, in answer

to his inquiries, Eaton informed him of his situation, and of the risk he then run; when the benevolent monarch, at once quieted his fears, exclaiming, 'Never fear! never fear! I will talk to Pitt!'—and, in fact, in a few days the outlawry was reversed."

Of the ease and freedom of his domestic habits, whether at home or travelling, numerous anecdotes are recorded: indeed his first step after his nuptials was to secure for himself that domestic happiness which he so well knew how to enjoy. It is stated under the date of 1761.

"In the course of the month, he completed his purchase of Buckingham House for 21,000*l.* and presented it to the Queen, who was so much pleased with it as a town residence, that it was immediately fitted up with select furniture from the other palaces, and ornamented with some of the best pictures in the royal collection. The intention of the royal pair in thus selecting a residence distinct from the official palace, as St. James's may be styled, was evidently to retire from court etiquette to domestic tranquillity, except when the forms of state required the assumption of regal ceremony—an object which they could not have attained whilst residing in the state apartments of the palace, from whence the partial or temporary exclusion of state officers and courtly attendants would have been impossible, or at least ungracious. Much good sense was therefore displayed by this arrangement, which permitted the Royal Family to enjoy domestic quiet like the happiest of their subjects, without interfering with the forms of state absolutely necessary on public days or official business.

"Some, indeed, found fault with this system, talking of Asiatic seclusion, and seeming to think that the whirl and bustle of an open Court, as in the days of Charles II., or the stiff German grandeur, familiarizing into formal card-parties, of the preceding Georges, ought to have been adopted; but the King had a better taste, and wisely judged that if he paid a strict attention to the necessary forms of government and of public ceremonial, he had as good a right as any of his subjects to avail himself of British liberty, and pass his leisure agreeably to his own liking, and his own sense of propriety."

The ease with which he was approached, in consequence of the absence of state etiquette, appears from the following:—

"Indeed, their mixing thus familiarly with their subjects sometimes led to the most whimsical occurrences; particularly on one occasion, shortly after the races, when, returning form London to Windsor, in their post chaise, at their being set down a number of children surrounded the carriage, to see the King and Queen; amongst whom was a fine sturdy boy, who had that morning put on short clothes for the first time.

"His Majesty, ever attentive even to the most humble, instantly fixed his eye on the cheerful countenance of the child, and asked him whose boy he was? to which the reply was, 'My father is the King's beef-eater.' 'Then' said the King, 'down on your knee, and you shall have the honor to kiss the Queen's hand;' to which the boy boldly replied—'No! but I won't though; because I shall dirt my new breeches!"

"This extempore, but uncourtly repartee, had such an effect upon their majesties that they made the child a handsome present; and repeated the story afterwards as an excellent joke."

The Royal mode of travelling may be conceived from the journey to Weymouth in 1804:

"The next morning the royal party set off, not by the usual route of Bagshot, but through the forest, to visit Sir William Pitt, at Heckfield Heath, where the whole village was in a bustle in expectation of their arrival, the church bells merrily ringing, and the peasantry crowding the roads in all directions. After partaking of an early dinner, and examining the house and grounds, they proceeded to Andover, in time for supper at the Star and Garter, where the honest landlord was busily exerting himself for the honor which he was about to receive. The notice was sudden; but his preparations soon reached the ears of the gentry in the vicinity, who flocked in throughout the day to witness a sight so novel; and their curiosity was fully gratified by the arrival of the royal party at a quarter past seven, when the King and his faithful consort arrived first in their travelling post-chaise, which drew up under the gateway. His Majesty appeared in excellent spirits, handed the Queen out of the carriage with the greatest gallantry, cautioning her against the number of steps; and then, with all the freedom of an ordinary traveller, ordered tea immediately, and supper to be ready at nine

o'clock, and the carriages at ten; but the bustling landlord was unable strictly to obey his sovereign's commands; and, like others travellers, the King was obliged to yield to the landlord, whose utmost exertions could not place the supper on the table before the hour already appointed for setting off.

"All this, however, his Majesty bore with his characteristic good-humour; and the princesses having discovered a young landlord about three months old, a remarkably fine infant, it had the honor of being presented to their majesties, who received it with the most gracious admiration and condescension, though without exciting any ambitious hopes in the bosom of the new courtier, whatever might have been the hopes of the parents."

His Majesty's attention to military concerns is well known. It is stated, under date of 1781, that—

"An instance happened this year which shewed the attention the King always paid to the services and rewards of the army. Lord Amherst, then commander-in-chief, carried him a packet of military commissions to be signed; and the King, first looking over the list, observed one appointed captain over an old lieutenant. 'He cannot purchase,' said his lordship: but something in the name struck the King, and before he signed the commissions he turned to one of many large folios, which are all in his own hand-writing, and presently finding the name of the officer, with some memorandum of his private life very much to his credit, he immediately ordered him to be promoted to the vacant company."

In unison with this is an anecdote of 1804.

"His Majesty's regard for the welfare and happiness of the army, individually, both officers and men, has long been well appreciated; and a particular instance of it occurred this year, in the autumn, in consequence of a court-martial, held upon an officer of high rank, for striking a private. The officer was found guilty, and sentenced to receive a severe reprimand, which His Majesty most pointedly declared his approbation of in the fullest extent, specifically directing, through the Commander in Chief, that the Judge Advocate's letter should express the Sovereign's wish, that the Lieutenant-Colonel, in his zeal for the service, had conducted his command with more temper, than in some instances he appeared to have done; and that it should also declare the King's high disapprobation of striking a soldier at any time. but more especially when under arms; although the blow, as in the case adduced in the evidence, was inflicted without cruelty, or without any material hurt.

"This was, indeed, a decision worthy of an honourable and a generous mind; a mind which could thus consecrate, as it were, the feelings of the humblest of his subjects, adding humanity to decorum, and checking that which, if once become general, would infallibly disgust the private, whilst it must also tend to brutalize the officer!"

Indeed he was interested even in the minutiæ of the service, as exemplified in 1805.

"His Majesty never heard of any new establishment, public or private, without expressing a wish to examine it, and he particularly manifested this year a desire to see all the improvements recently made at Chelsea Hospital. Accordingly, on the 20th of June, their Majesties, with the Princesses and Royal Dukes, arrived there at an early hour, and investigated every thing most minutely, even to the hall and kitchens, when both the King and Queen mentioned their great satisfaction at the evident proofs, that every care was taken of the humble veterans. They next visited the Royal Military Asylum, and viewed the workshops; after which the children were drawn up in front of the hospital; the boys, to the number of 472, going through the different manœuvres of marching, &c. The children then retired to their dining halls, singing a verse of God Save the King in each; when grace was said, the little ones sat down to a dinner of beef and plumb pudding, affording great satisfaction to their Royal visitors, by their apparent comfort and excellent discipline.

"The King, in particular, said that it was one of the best conducted institutions in the country, and strongly recommended that the boys should be taught the use of artillery; a suggestion certainly highly worthy of adoption."

The navy, also, was high in favour with him; particularly during the latter period of his life. The affability with which he mixed with the jolly tars was truly manifested in all his visits at Weymouth, but particularly in 1789:

"During the attendance of the men of war, the behaviour of the royal party

could not fail to ingratiate them in the honest seaman's good-will: not only was all unnecessary ceremony laid aside, but even regard to personal comfort dispensed with, under circumstances which often annoy water parties. On one occasion, on the thirteenth, the royal party and suite returned from their sea excursion with a complete ducking; for, notwithstanding the heavy rain, and swell of the sea, neither the King nor the Queen would suffer the awning to be spread; but seemed perfectly to enjoy the frolic, landing in the highest spirits, and laughing at each other's wet jackets. Even the youthful princesses, though almost literally half drowned, preserved their usual good-humour, and laughed at their own mischance when condolements were offered in all due form and ceremonial.

On one of those occasions, at noon, the lieutenant of the watch, agreeable to nautical custom, informed the captain, whilst conversing with his Majesty, that it was twelve o'clock. 'Make it so, sir,' replied the captain; meaning to order the bell to be rung for the close of the nautical day, and the commencement of a new one. The King was instantly struck with this, and with a smile observed to the captain—'You, Sir, possess more power than I do: I cannot make it what time I please."

In a succeeding page we find the following whimsical note:

"One of the honest tars, who professed to be a poet, with the assistance of his messmates, got up a song upon this occasion, which was sung to the tune of one of their own hornpipes: a short specimen will suffice.

"Portland Road, the King aboard, the King aboard,
Portland Road, the King aboard,
We weighed and sailed from Portland Road.

The King he sat with a smile on his face, a smile on his face,
The King he sat with a smile on his face,
To see the after guard splice the main brace.

The princesses sat upon the skids, upon the skids,
The princesses sat upon the skids,
To see the midshipmen play with the skids, &c. &c. &c."

To our readers who are not nautical, it may be necessary to state that the splicing the main brace, which afforded such amusement to his Majesty, was the customary operation of serving out a dram, in addition to the allowance to the seamen, when they have been for any time exposed to a heavy rain."

How attentive he was to the feelings of his gallant seamen is proved by his conduct on a visit to the Nore, to the North sea fleet, after Duncan's victory, when foul winds interfered, until his presence was necessary in town, and he was obliged to return.

"It was not, however, without great reluctance that his Majesty came to this resolution; for even when the roughness of the weather made it unpleasant to proceed, the King himself having actually been thrown out of his bed by the rolling of the vessel, yet he with great condescension said to Captain Trollope, 'Do not consider me; but consider, if I cannot get to the Nore, the disappointment of those brave fellows, whom I long to thank, as I have you, for defending me, protecting my people, and preserving my country."

Nor can we omit the following traits during his visit to Weymouth in 1804.

"The King had not been long at Weymouth, when it was plainly perceived that the pure air of the sea-coast had produced a visible effect upon his health, so that there was not the least doubt that a few weeks would restore him to perfect convalescence. Even then his spirits were excellent; and he never appeared out of doors without continuing to endear himself to every class of his subjects, by the greatest affability and condescension; conversing with the farmer on agriculture, with the soldier on military duties, with the sailor on the hostile preparations for invasion, and his reliance on the skill and bravery of the navy.

"Indeed, he now seemed much more attached to the latter service than on any former occasion; and which he illustrated in a very apt and happy manner on one occasion, when going on board the yacht, and hearing an attendant caution an honest Jack to be careful in handing up some musical instrument, he instantly turned round and exclaimed, 'Oh! there is no occasion for that caution: every thing is safe in the hands of a British seaman."

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.

WHAT would this great city be without its theatres? The pleasures which they diffuse are the refreshers and strengtheners of the "mighty heart" which beats within its people. They pour the most gorgeous imaginations on the souls of the young, soften the cares and anxieties of the busy season of life, and enable the old to laugh as they laughed, and weep as they wept, in the spring time of their days. They bind one generation to another by links of delicious sympathy. The tones of Garrick yet vibrate on the ears of those who were wont to live on his accents, and the echoes which he first awakened in their hearts will never be silent. Far, in the dim remoteness of their memories, the old frequenters of the theatre yet cherish intimations of their youngest joys, and some towering form of jewelled head-dress, some huge circumference of hoop, or some damask stomacher, seen floating in the distance, fill them with high ideas of an old grace and dignity, and magnificence which have departed. We who have seen Siddons, and Kemble, and Banister, and Jordan, yet hope to look for years with delight on Kean, Macready, Elliston, Munden, Liston, and Miss Kelly, and other lights which yet have long to shine, and will be seen by those who will live to enjoy a fresh generation of actors. Thus our memories of delight clasp one another, and the golden chain of social gladness is kept up in unbroken union. May it last while the heart shall endure! May no ungenial superstitions — no gross advances of worldly selfishness—cause the scenes of our early happiness to be deserted! There where we have shed our sweetest tears, and lived our happiest hours, may our descendants weep and rejoice for ever!

The drama of the present age does not fall from its condition in the last, except in elegant comedy. This deficiency is less to be regretted, because the people at large are not now fitted to enjoy its display of fashionable manners, or to follow the delicate enfoldings of its graceful knot, which is made of frail, though glittering, materials. The strong excitements which political events have constantly ministered to them of late years, have taken away their relish for the exhibition of mere manners, for light repartee and airy wit. The stream of human thought flows deeper than in times past, and assumes a darker colouring. Men have learned to delight only in the extremes of sorrow or of gaiety, and can be moved but to joyous laughter, or to passionate tears. Hence they prefer either the broadest farce or the deepest tragedy; and in both of these has the present age been fruitful. Milman's Fazio, with a classical simplicity of plot, abounds in passages which are tinged with the richest fancy. Remorse, though scarcely worthy of its "miriad-minded" author, has much of scenic effect on the stage, and contains frequent examples of mental energy the most sublime—of beauty the most delicate and tender—of thought the most profound—of sentiment breathing a pensive and lonely charm. In Maturin's tragedies there is great power, often employed on mere frivolities, and oftener perverted to the strangest uses. The author has noble elements in him, but they lie in a stupendous chaos. His taste was ever wild and fantastical, and the success of Lord Byron has served greatly to increase its perversion. Yet has he "a puissant spirit," and sufficient buoyancy "to reassume his native seat" in the loftiest regions of tragedy. Sheil has risen, in his Evadne, from the splendid declamation and magnificent common-place, which chiefly distinguish his earlier compositions, to feeling and true grandeur. The play has passages of the most genuine pathos, as that in which the heroine sweetly prays for the happiness of her lover, and of the rival for whom she thinks herself forsaken. Its chief fault is the want of adequate motive for the lover's suspicions, which makes the distress they occasion purely vexatious. The last scene, though rather too much protracted, is grandly conceived and exquisitely wrought. If its author proceeds in the elevated course he has chosen, he may produce a tragedy not unworthy of the golden age of English genius.

Holcroft is the only writer since Sheridan who has splendidly succeeded in comedy, if this name may be given to his best productions. They are the reverse of the comedies of the age of Charles the Second, in all things. His characters, instead of being occupied wholly in the elegant frivolities of life, are set in action by metaphysical aid. He lived in a world of grand speculation, was less conversant with the varieties of society than with man in the abstract, and roamed not among the classes of his

species, but in the stately range of his own thoughts. His persons are originally abstractions, yet it is surprising with what a life and spirit he has endowed them. He could create a soul beneath the ribs of an argument. The shadows of his thought have flesh and blood, sympathies and affections, human tears and pulses of deep joy. He had a heart himself, warm and true amidst all his vagaries of opinion, as ever beat within mortal frame. His own memoirs of his early life, when he was a poor stable boy, have a vividness and reality which, without the aid of very mournful incidents, make tears gush forth to relieve the intenseness of our sympathy.

Kenney often reaches the elegance of comedy in detached scenes; but never preserves it throughout a piece. His plays are, however, full of ingenious observation, character, and incident. Colman is chiefly remarkable for exquisite ludicrous exaggeration, and broad humour. He is the first of characaturists. He has also higher merits than this, but not in so singular a degree. He mingles the sentimental very happily with the humourous. His sentiment is of the right English cast, not affected or sickly, but manly and sincere. In the serious parts of some of his more romantic plays, he catches so happily the manner of the elder dramatists, that we sometimes fancy him truly embued with their spirit. Morton is deservedly one of the most successful of modern dramatists. His plays have less humour than those of Colman; but far more of deep and serious interest. His Speed the Plough, Cure for the Heart Ache, and the Slave—with all their incoherences and mannerisms—are among the pleasantest of acting dramas. He sometimes very felicitously sets a common circumstance or emotion, in a light through which it appears at once familiar and new; as in the admirable scene where one of his lively characters, in prison, begins expatiating on the beatitude of his quiet, and sinks by the most natural gradations into acknowledged misery. In broad farce, in the "high fantastical," we do not think any age superior to our own. How can we sufficiently praise the afterpieces of O'Keefe, the Agreeable Surprise, and the Merry Mourners, worthy of their names, or his longer pieces, the Castle of Andalusia, and Wild Oats, which are even more delicious because they are longer? How adequately shall we express our thanks to Mr. Kenney for his "Raising the Wind," and for his "Love, Law, and Physic," where Mr. Liston's Lubin Log remains like "the statue that enchants the world," in unapproachable excellence? Mr. Morton's farce of a Roland for an Oliver, in which Miss Foote sings, dances, and looks so enchantingly, is one of the most elegant of scenic trifles. Dibdin's "Past Ten o'Clock," on the other hand, is a piece of robust, sturdy humour, the heartiest compliment ever paid to the army and navy of England. "Frightened to Death" is a delightful extravaganza, most happily pitched on the verge of absurdity, without falling over it. Nor must we omit to mention a little piece produced by Elliston, at the Olympic, called "Where shall I Dine?" which is the very apotheosis of appetite, the elevation of "eating cares," the pleasantest provocative to mirth and hunger.

We cannot compare the actors, as we can the dramas, of the present with those of past times. There is small space for comparative criticism on theatrical artists. Their merits do not resist the progress of years like those of the poets; but their names are encircled with the tenderest honours of fame. One generation cannot be set up in rivality against another, as in the world of letters. Thespian genius is ever new, fresh, and young. The names of past actors are nearly all they have left; but these have a spell to call up charming imaginations, and awaken fantastic images of old mirth, grandeur, and joy. In our days, tragedy has lost its noble priestess, and no one has yet approached that shrine of inspiration at which she was accustomed to minister. She embodied, in palpable form, our dim and visionary ideas of an elder majesty. She alone realized to our view the poet's description of gorgeous tragedy sweeping by with sceptred pall. In the most terrific struggles of passion she never lost her exquisite grace. While she touched the deepest springs of human sympathy, she filled the imagination with ideas of a grandeur not of this world. She consecrated the direst agonies. Revealed at her touch, the deep caves of anguish and despair seemed statelier than regal palaces; their pillars looked of eternal adamant; their seats of woe appeared stately and moveless thrones; and the phantoms of horror which stalked in the murky distance, "the likenesses of kingly crowns had on." But she did not excel only in the wild, the terrific, or the queenly. She gave the sweetest expression to all the

dignified tendernesses of her sex. No one ever represented, as she did, that "holiest thing on earth," a mother. Her Lady Randolph, even as she performed the character on her last appearance, had a sweet dignity and maternal grace, which awakened all those infantine feelings of holy love and veneration, which are the most sacred and pure man can ever feel. When first she stepped mournfully through the grove, and addressed the woods and wilds in soft-voiced plaintiveness, she spread on all a gentle enchantment, which, to the last, was unbroken. How tenderly did she relate her sad yet sweet story—how touchingly gaze on the noble youth with a love then mysterious—how rapturously did she exult in the bursting forth of the martial spirit of his fathers, and rejoice in him as "the young eaglet of a warlike nest towering up to the region of his sires." Never shall we forget how then for the last time we "suck'd the honey of her music" words. We have looked at her with more amazement in earlier seasons, but never with a fonder gratitude:—

"The setting sun with music at the close,
Like the last taste of sweets, was sweetest last
Writ in remembrance more than things long past."

Mr. Kemble did not appear to us, except in physical power, very inferior to his immortal sister. He realized the ideas of Roman grandeur, with which our youthful hearts beat high when the splendours of the antique world first opened upon us. He presented us with living images of the elder times, of their meditative and personal greatness, "what Plato thought, and god-like Cato was." His voice came upon the ear like the still, sad music of humanity sounding from other days. His Cato and his Wolsey were perfect pictures of the sublime stoic and splendid churchman. His Coriolanus was a noble epitome of Rome's patrician attributes. In the earlier scenes of Macbeth he stood "amazedly," like one enchanted, and moved as beneath the influences of the Weird Sisters. His performance in the last act of that stupendous tragedy appeared to us the noblest of his efforts. His recitation of the speech "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," his tenderly pensive reflections on "his way of life fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf," where his voice trembled musically, like a leaf fluttering in the breeze, and his fearful attitude and fixed look when told that "the wood begins to move," as if he could strike the messenger into marble with a glance, can never be forgotten. He did not often, indeed, express the feelings of simple humanity. But no one ever represented the breakings forth of natural emotion, through the artificial encrustments of prejudice, pride, or philosophy, as he depicted them. His struggling utterance of the words "I'm satisfied," in Cato, his relentings in the Stranger, his recognition of Henry's likeness to his mother in Penruddock, have touched the soul more deeply than whole scenes of shrieks and hysterical agonies. He sometimes held a kind of dignified and gentle dalliance with the part, which softened and relieved the effect of its repulsive qualities. Thus his princely and good-natured manner with the children in Richard, and his fond, admiring gaze on his daughter in Sir Giles Overreach, seemed almost to humanize those most unpleasing characters.

"And what if we have those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of respect be paid,
When his long course hath past its final day.
Men are we—and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great hath past away!"

We must now speak also in the past tense of Miss O'Neil. She has been sometimes compared with Mrs. Siddons, but had nothing in common with her, except performing some of the same characters. In all her acting she was a very woman. There was little in it of an imaginative cast, little of calm meditative grandeur. Yet every movement, look, gesture, and tone was gracefully feminine. Her pathos was most irresistible and sweet. Nothing in their kind could exceed the exquisite propriety and modest loveliness of her Mrs. Haller, the conjugal sweetness of her Belvidera, and the womanly heroism of her Evadne. Her Juliet, in the early scenes, was, perhaps, too light and playful. The affection, in this delicious character, is throughout deep, serious, and intense. The passion that is "boundless as the sea" leaves no time for elegant trifling or graceful coquetry. In the latter scenes, Miss O'Neill gave full and glorious vent to the tide of love and of sorrow. Her highest effort, perhaps, was in the pourtraying of a tremulous and giddy joy, a rapture bordering on frenzy, an inspiration of delight portentous of sudden and fearful disaster. We never remember to have been more delighted by her acting, than when we have seen her in Isabella, at the return of Biron, clasp him in wild rapture, forgetting her dreadful condition, gaze on

him with eyes lit up with strange fire, and reply to his questions by laughter, in which transport and horror mingled. She mistook her powers when she resorted to shrieks, rattlings in the throat, and all the terrors of physical agony. She was worthy to express all the best sympathies and noblest triumphs of her sex. In the delineation of confiding love—of generous rapture—of feminine elevation of soul, she has had no equal within our memory, and can never have a superior.

Mr. Kean's acting is one of the highest triumphs of human intellect and energy. Without dignity of person, without artificial stateliness of manner, without any of the "appliances and means to boot," which his great predecessors enjoyed, he has almost equalled their fame. The intensity of feeling seems to dilate and heighten his frame, swells in his chest, lightens in his eyes, and quivers impatiently on his lips. If his voice fails "his eye discourses"—his very fingers speak. It is this all-informing energy which makes his acting as beautiful as it is amazing. High feeling, having in itself the germ of all beauty, renders his most appalling attitudes graceful, and "begets a smoothness in the torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of his passions." His pathos is as deep as his rage and fervour are terrific. Thus in Hamlet his tender return to Ophelia, and the silent kiss which he imprints on her hand, touch the inmost springs of sympathy, and open the most sacred sources of tears. When he exclaims in Macbeth, "I could not say amen when they did say God bless us," we feel as if these words communicated to us at once all the feeling of virtue and heroism lost, and ceaseless agony begun. Finer yet is his mode of replying in the City Madam to the appalling question, whether he has no pity for the woes of his former oppressors—"*No! they'd none for mine.*" It is the expression of a bitterness of soul so deep, that in spite of the sarcasm which mingles with the tone, and the odium which attaches to the triumphant villainy, we sympathize with the character in his very revenges. There are some touches of the same kind in his Sir Edward Mortimer—quiet developements of agony which cut us to the soul—glimpses of inward wretchedness which passes all words. But his Othello is his grandest effort—combining the extremes of his acting, his ferocity and his tenderness, without rugged descent or harsh transition. His blank looks of horror, on the first infusion of the poison, as if he were struck by magic into a statue of ebony—his attempts to shake off the enchantment as a fearful dream—his struggle to speak calmly while his anguish is revealed by the little movements of his hands and the slight but fearful trembling of his veins—the brief return of love to his bursting heart when Desdemona approaches him—his turning on Iago like a tyger mortally stung by a serpent—his terrific burst of passion at the thought of Cassio's kisses on his lady's lips—his fond, sweet enumeration of the glorious objects of his past renown and joy, with his lingering farewell to them all—the awful workings of his revenge in his whole frame, while he grasps the air with his hands as if tearing out the heart of his imagined foe—his tearful and tremulous reference to the afflictions he could have borne—his frightful demandings of the handkerchief of his lovely and beloved victim—his mode of exclaiming "O fool! fool! fool!" when he discovers how he has been abused, like one awaking from a trance to horrors of which he is scarcely conscious—and his last calm retrospect of the noblenesses of his life, in which the feelings of honour and the sweetnesses of his love come back upon his soul—are beyond all eulogy which language can embody. We saw him perform this part on the night of Booth's appearance at Drury-lane theatre in Iago, when, we believe, he was carried beyond even his usual excellence. The deep impression which he then made on our hearts can never pass away while a fibre of them shall endure.

Mr. Macready, after a long succession of gradual advances, has, by a noble start, reached the summit of his profession. We heartily rejoice at this triumph to which we always thought nothing but opportunity wanting. In the most revolting characters which it once fell to his lot to perform, he ever gave sure indications of those noble elements which are so harmoniously blended in his genius. His powers are as peculiarly his own as those of his most potent rival. He has not the burning intensity of Kean—nor the majestic carriage and statue-like precision of Kemble—but he has his own proper energy, and native grandeur. The graces of his acting border more nearly on poetry than theirs. Mr. Kean, for the most part, represents simple man, in his fiercest passions, his most terrific agonies, or his deepest sympathies. Mr. Kemble delineated him chiefly as surrounded with the pomp of external circumstance, which gave a

stateliness to all his actions and distresses.—Mr. Macready depicts him as elate with high enthusiasm, attired on great occasions in sudden brightness, or wearing the pensive livery of fanciful sorrow. When he performs a hero—as in Henry the Fifth—his bosom heaves with valorous spirit, and victory seems to sit already on his crest. There is always a dash of the imaginative in his acting. Even his bursts of passion in the Steward—which are scarcely inferior in intensity to the fiercest of Kean's—have a redeeming sweetness, an intermingling of gentle tones which soften the impression of guilt and horror. The swelling waves of passion, and the still waters of despair, are seen through a calm moonlight which tinges them with radiant silver. His Coriolanus is neither so stately nor so scornful as that of his great precurser, but it is more enthusiastic, more valorous, more passionate in its resentments, and more tender in its relentings. His Richard has a gaiety in its self-contemplating passages, a triumphant tone, air, and step in the moments of success, a manifest quickness of thought in its machinations, a deep foreboding of ill before the battle, a sustained energy to the end, and an air of gothic magnificence throughout the whole, which mark it as one of the grandest specimens of the art. Our recollection of his performance of Rob Roy is a cordial to the soul. He seems the fitting prince of highland scenery. If Mr. Kean is the most intensely human—and Mr. Kemble the most classical—Mr. Macready is the most romantic of actors. We trust he will not again, now that his powers are known and felt by the world, be called on to perform characters of mean, unconsecrated villainy, which must be strangely uncongenial to his high, passionate, and imaginative soul. "Let him be free of mountain solitudes!" Let it be his lot to convey the feeling of the stream and the rock, for refreshment and delight, to the heart of crowded cities!

Mr. Young, without possessing the originality of Kemble, Kean, or Macready, is an admirable performer. He is, for the most part, an imitator, though far from a servile copyist of the first of these tragedians—with a less majestic person—but far more strength of muscle and of voice. In some of Kemble's characters he fully equals him. His Pierre is gayer and more natural in the early scenes than that of his predecessor. In his Stranger too, the tide of feeling is deeper than in Kemble's, and flows on without those querulous impatiencies by which it was broken in the performance of the latter. His Hamlet—though not so striking in parts as that of some others—is the most equal we have yet seen. His Cassius, Chamont in the Orphan, and Colonna in Evadne, are all full of spirit. His Jaques is delicious;—he seems involuntarily to breathe forth his words "under the shade of melancholy boughs," as if the breeze of the forest touched his soul like the chords of an Æolian harp. It has been his misfortune that some of his best efforts have been made in unsuccessful plays. His Fredolpho, in the unfortunate tragedy of that name, was distinguished by alternate pensiveness and energy of a noble kind, and by very beautiful recitation of the poetry. But the audience resented the play like a crime, and justly resolved that no power of writing or of acting should save it. There is a rich, flowing style in some of Mr. Young's performances, which almost distinguishes them as oriental. We trust his absence from the stage will not be of long duration.

Mr. Charles Kemble is a very elegant and spirited representative of young, gallant, open-hearted characters. When he has neither temptation to rant, nor excuse to frown, as in Cassio and Orlando, he is entirely delightful. He is very pleasing in the little part of Griffiths in Henry the Eighth, and derives an additional interest from his exceeding resemblance to his portrait in poor Harlowe's picture. He is, at least, as good a comic as a tragic performer. One very agreeable peculiarity he has, that he never seems to grow older. Thus, while we look at him Time seems to have stood still with us, and our first visit to the theatre to be of yesterday. We wish that he may play Romeo till he is eighty, and that we may live to see him!

Mr. Rae is an actor of true feeling, judgment, and taste, who might reach the best honours of his profession, if his enunciation were not so strangely defective. We shall not soon forget the latter scenes of his Ordonio in Mr. Coleridge's tragedy, in which he strikingly pourtrayed the most terrific workings of a guilty soul, suddenly divested of all metaphysical disguises. His comic acting—in which a continuous flow of utterance is not so indispensable as in the performance of tragedy—is airy, vivacious, and graceful. He never perhaps appeared to so great advantage as last summer at the Haymarket theatre, when the Drury-lane company retreated to

that small and social house, and concentrated joyous mirth which might fairly bid defiance to fortune. There Munden, installed king of good fellows, and supreme monarch over the regions of romantic humour, kept, nightly, princely court and holiday. "That little interval, that pause of fate," while the destinies of old Drury were doubtful, gave us many hasty snatches of joy, which we shall long remember as among the best sweeteners of "summer days and of delightful years."

Mr. Abbott is one of the most useful of actors. But we should scarcely name him, if we had no better praise to offer. He has not always his due meed of notice from the newspaper critics, and, therefore, we are the more anxious to do him all the justice in our power. His Richmond is very energetic, soldier-like, and spirited. In parts of dry humour—like those which he performs in the excellent farces of "Husbands and Wives," and "a Roland for an Oliver"—he is as easy and pleasant as we could desire. His Colonel Mannering, on the other hand, is a very finished portrait of a stiff military gentleman, who has been used to have every thing his own way in the East Indies. We have seen him, on a sudden emergency, perform Romeo, with a delicacy of feeling, which we have not found in actors who are usually regarded as of higher name. We well remember his way of exclaiming, in an extacy of tenderness, "O that I were a glove upon that hand that I might touch that cheek!" as if his whole soul was breathed forth in the fantastical wish. We believe that his performance of some of the highest characters of tragedy are highly esteemed by the Scotch critics, and we should not be sorry if an opportunity were sometimes afforded us of comparing notes on them with our northern brethren.

Miss O'Neil has left very few actresses behind her, who even aspire to fill the chief parts of tragedy. Mrs. West is, for the most part, a free and spirited copyist of her excellencies. But this lady is far from deficient in powers which would enable her to trust to her own impulses. Her Hermione in the Distrest Mother was purely and beautifully classical. The admirable arrangement of her dress, the grace of her manner, and the precision and elegance of her attitudes, were truly Grecian. We should wish to see the play revived for the sake of her acting, but that it is so elaborately frigid throughout, and that Mr. Kean is so frightfully excellent in Orestes. Mrs. Glover is usually as fierce and boisterous in tragedy as she is quiet and judicious in those parts of comedy to which she is suited. But her Emilia in Othello is a signal exception even to this qualified censure. Her warm-hearted affection to Desdemona, her energetic defiance of Othello, her earnest, impassioned, tremulous demand of her husband to clear himself of the charges thrown on him, and her generous denouncement of him, when he acknowledges himself the prompter of Othello's vengeance, are good and true—not refining a waiting-woman into a heroine—but giving a fervid picture of all the attachment with which even a waiting-woman may be bound to her mistress.

Mrs. Bunn is a very noble actress in parts which require mingled pride and passion. She has more of stateliness blended with more of feeling than any performer of her sex since Mrs. Siddons. Her Bianca and Isabella are less femininely sweet in the tender passages, and less intense in the pathetic ones, than those of Miss O'Neil; but they are more equable, and far less defaced by merely physical horrors. The last scene of her Hermione is most beautiful and impressive. The silent majesty with which she leans against the pedestal, in all the rigidity of marble, and her sudden waking at the music, seem the effect of some delicious magic. Her Elizabeth in Mary Queen of Scots was perfect—dressed to the very life—and agitated, beneath her antique ruff and conscious diadem, with the genuine passions of the most potent and repulsive of queens. Her passionate communings with herself, respecting the fate of Mary, interrupted by the clamours of the people, were at once queen-like and intense. When, after enumerating all the injuries done her by her rival, she exclaimed, that were that rival dead, she were "free as mountain air!" her majestic action reminded us more strongly of Mrs. Siddons than any thing we have else seen.

Mrs. Egerton is an excellent actress of low tragedy. In Meg Merrilies, her picturesque appearance—her sharp and triumphant tones—and her wildly energetic manner—give no inadequate idea of the generous mystic of the woods, in the fibres of whose exhausted heart one human feeling only burns, which lights up her faded form, and quivers in her dying eyes. Mrs. Yates, in the same line of character, is less original and striking, but borders more nearly on the pathetic.

We must not conclude our sketch of tragic actresses without paying due tri-

bute to Miss Taylor, the heroine of the first of the minor theatres. She has a power in her tears, hysterics, and sobs, little inferior to that with which Miss O'Neil, in her less clamourous days, was wont to affect us. There is, besides, a wild grace in her attitudes, an inspired air in her demeanor, when roused by strong impulse, which are very picturesque and striking. But her best triumph is, her performance of Jeannie Deans, in Dibdin's charming piece taken from the Heart of Mid Lothian. She is the calm, inflexible, and heroic lass of the novel to the very life, except that she softens down some of the professional traits of the cow-feeder's daughter, and gives to the author's creation a lovelier tinge. Stern duty never appeared so sweet, heroism never looked so unconscious of itself, mere goodness never appeared so triumphant as in her acting of this character. She makes that spotless and precise perfection in deed and word which is usually so insipid, most beautiful and affecting. How she goes on her way meekly confident and tenderly unswerving through her romantic expedition on which the fate of her sister rests! They must be made of sterner stuff than we, who can resist her quiet gentle mode of receiving the refusal of Dumbiedikes to lend her money for her journey, her declaration that she must go though she begged her way, or her plain-hearted manner of informing him that she liked another man better—or her interview with the Duke of Argyll, where she tells him that she had two friends to assist her, "God and his grace," and that she had dressed herself in her Scotch cloak, thinking his heart would warm at the Tartan—or her simple and most pathetic appeal to the queen for her sister. But her performance is not only exquisite in parts, but, as a whole, the loveliest piece of mere nature which has ever ministered delight to our hearts, in books or on the stage. It makes us shed tears of new and strange sympathy with that human nature which we have never else felt breathing in a character so simple, yet so sweet. T.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON THE FEMALE LITERATURE OF THE PRESENT AGE.

THERE is no more delightful peculiarity in the literature of the present age than the worth and the brilliancy of its female genius. The full developement of the intellect and imagination of women is the triumph of modern times. Their influence on literature were scarcely felt even in the stateliest of the classical ages. The contracted nature of their education—the tyrannical demeanor of the sterner sex towards them—and the yet more inflexible tyranny of custom, crushed the blossoms of their genius before they were half unfolded, or prevented them from diffusing their sweets beyond the limited circle of domestic life. Sometimes, indeed, the female mind broke through the unnatural restraints opposed to its progress, but it too often lost in the exertion its freshest and most delicate charm.—The Sapphos and the Aspasias of antiquity cast aside at once the fetters of custom and the bonds of virtue. Even these instances of female celebrity, so attended with cause of sorrow and of pity, are rare. Hence the imaginative works of Greece and Rome, exquisite and eternal as they are, have an aspect stern and appalling, and want that delicacy and tender grace, which the intermingling of female taste alone can give. Their poetry is enriched with few of those sweet fancies and delicious conceits which peculiarly belong to the female mind, or are excited in the society of intellectual and sensitive women. The gentle influences of feminine genius now shed over the whole literature of our country a delicate and tender bloom. The works of the female authors of the present age are objects of no common interest—not only for their separate beauties—but for the new and lovely lights which they have cast over the whole region of imagination, and the nooks of graceful loveliness which they have first been able to illumine. We shall attempt a brief sketch of the characters of those who are most distinguished among them—chiefly of such as yet live to increase the honours of their sex—but, also, of a few who, within our own memory, have been taken from the world which they assisted to improve and to gladden.

Of the latter class, to whom it is fitting that we should first attend, Mrs. Radcliffe is perhaps the most distinguished for vigour and originality of genius.* She

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* Since this article was written we have been informed that this gifted lady is yet living. We hope most earnestly that this information is true, and that she will long enjoy that fame which has already ranked her among the standard authors of her country.

opened to the view a new world of glories and of wonders. In her works the majestic castles, far enthroned among mountains, lift their conscious battlements 'cased in the unfeeling armour of old time'—a bright succession of moonlight scenes are ever glittering—and the sad presages and symbols of dire events whisper with unearthly sound. In the works of no other author has so much genius been displayed in tales of guilt and horror. She does not excite interest by the mere accumulation of outrages and massacres. A single murder—and that, perhaps, not of the most aggravated nature—becomes the source of more than human terror, in her romances. Her tales are not merely unrivalled in the interest which they sustain, but full of scenes, in themselves, of inimitable beauty. The scene in the Romance of the Forest, where Adelaide discovers the narrative of a murdered captive, which she reads in her lone apartment, fearing to raise her eyes to the glass lest she should see a face not her own;—the wandering of Emily, in the castle of Udolpho, directed by a track of blood to the chamber of her aunt, whom she believes murdered by Montoni;—and, above all, the stupendous scene in the Italian, where Schedoni, after dreadful note of preparation, glides into the apartment of his young and innocent victim, who lies asleep, and drawing aside her drapery to plunge the dagger into her breast, drops it in dismay on discovering a portrait which induces the belief that she is his own child—are impressed on our souls for ever. Of all her works, the Romance of the Forest, if it does not contain the most astonishing passages, seems to us the most complete. The wild and mysterious introduction of the heroine to a family of wretched fugitives—the life they lead together in the bosom of the forest, so richly romantic—the intense interest excited by the sudden change in the purpose of the Marquis, from seeking the love to attempting the life of Adelaide—and the entire connexion and developement of the story—render the whole one of the most delightful of fictions. This work is not chargeable with the fault which so unfortunately spoils the longer tales for a second perusal—the excitement of curiosity to the greatest height by a succession of prodigies apparently supernatural and pregnant with terror; and, then, the sedulous dissolution of the enchantment, by explaining every thing as produced by merely human and frivolous causes. When the reader looks back, after the catastrophe for which he has ardently panted, the enchantment, so marvellously raised, is gone for ever. He feels that an affront has been offered to his imagination, and that he has been cheated out of his terror by false pretences. He is inclined to regard the whole as an elaborate hoax. Some have complained also of the length of the descriptions, especially in the Mysteries of Udolpho;—but we think the objection arises merely from the curiosity excited by the story, which can endure no obstacle to its progress. Had Mrs. Radcliffe brought to the composition of her awful tales the superstitious feelings which the author of Waverley infuses into narratives to which the supernatural is far less fitted, she would have holden high and lone supremacy over the regions of poetical terror.

The works of Charlotte Smith supply a connecting link between romances and novels. She does not lay her scenes among the mountains of Italy, or tinge them with the fearful view of supernatural terror, but she discloses, with exquisite skill, the sources of high and poetical interest, in the vicissitudes of English life. She makes ordinary things appear romantic. She has, it is true, no power of sketching or of developing characters—her heroes and heroines are, for the most part, alike in all generous sensibilities and personal charms—and when she attempts to draw real portraits from actual observation, she only disgusts with hideous caricatures, or chills with shadowy abstractions. But there is a sweet and gentle interest, a tender charm in her tales, which numerous characteristic sketches would only weaken. The 'purple light of love' is shed over all her scenes. Her Old Manor-House is one of the most exquisite of novels. The very names of Orlando and Monimia are 'silver sweet,' and those to whom they are given are worthy to bear them. This tale seems to us more like a delicious recollection of early youth than an enchanting fiction. Its spell will never be broken. The little turret of Monimia—the curious passage thence to the library—the gentle coming on of love in the sweetly-stolen interviews, seem like remembrances of childhood. The Old Mansion still lifts its towers, fit home for imprisoned love—there Mrs. Rayland yet keeps her state—

> "And there Orlando still adores
> His little captive maid!"

Mrs. Hamilton's works are of a very different order. She is the pleasantest of those writers whose avowed object is to be useful. Her chief talent lay in singular acuteness, and a most vivid perception of the ludicrous. Her delineation of Miss Bridgetina Botherim is the pleasantest of caricatures. We must, at the same time, protest against such a mode of assailing a philosophical theory. It is not well to laugh at the noble though devious aspirations of the soul. Godwin's Political Justice contains, we believe, much that is untrue; but its errings are those of earnest thought, of passionate love of truth, of the most intense and disinterested desire for the advancing glories of the species. The serious ponderings of deep intellect, the high thoughts of a trusting spirit, the delusions of too ardent hope for human good, are not subjects for derision. A theory is not shown to be false by putting some of its deductions into the mouth of a lady with a turned-up nose. Besides, the readers of novels are not in general given to the perusal of philosophical quartos; and, therefore, the humour is little understood, and the design often fails. Of far more unquestionable benefit is the Cottagers of Glenburnie. If not so amusing as the best works of Miss Edgeworth, it has finer touches of nature, and enforces higher duties by nobler sanctions.

The writings of Mrs. Brunton display no very elevated talents, but a singular harmony and proportion in the author's powers. Nothing stands so prominent in them as to excite deep emotion, but all is in beautiful keeping. They are instinct with cheerful piety. They will never be perused without shedding a calm over the soul, or exciting the tenderest regret for the early fate of their excellent and gifted author.

Of female authors now living, Joanna Baillie is, perhaps, endowed with the richest poetical genius. She first in our own time dared to seek those old and long-neglected fountains of inspiration in which the dramatists of Elizabeth's age delighted. In her expression of deep feeling she has all their intensity and grandeur, and, in her airy playfulness, much of their fantastical beauty. She has greatly injured her own popularity by her perverse determination to make the developement of a single passion the sole purpose of a play. The passions, in nature, are not simple. Even in the sternest and most decided characters, a thousand varieties of emotion are blended. Besides, the contest of high passions, the struggle and contention of noble natures, are the grandest subjects of tragedies. The tragic poet should not confine his efforts to the framing one image of inimitable sublimity and grace, and to the endowing it with energetic life; but should strive to complete groups of exquisite workmanship, where the figures contend with others or with destiny in mortal strife, but over which one harmonizing and softening atmosphere breathes.—Miss Baillie has failed also in attempting comedy. Her stately language cannot be festooned into light and graceful varieties. But in her own high and peculiar walk she is unrivalled and alone. No female step has ever penetrated so far as her's into those regions of poetry which are sacred to tragic passion—where the lone and dark stream of emotion flows mournfully on, reflecting tender images of over-arching groves, and the silent grandeur of the heavens.

Nearest to Miss Baillie in poetical genius is, perhaps, Mrs. Hemans, who has recently started into fame. As the genius of the former leads her to romantic poetry, that of the latter tends to the classical. Her images are more "in the sun," more bright and goodly in palpable form than those of any other author of the present time. Her poetry is full of glorious shapes instinct with spirit. She has little of sad retrospection, little of the "pale cast of thought," and nothing of metaphysical subtlety. Her muse wears no pensive livery, but is "sky-tinctured" and radiant in youthful bloom. Her poetry is scarcely in the spirit of these times, which leans to the philosophic or the intense, but is replete with grace and beauty which can never become obsolete while nature shall endure.

With these great names that of Miss Mitford is worthy to be united. Her poems are replete with all the sweetest and most characteristic qualities of womanhood. A sensibility the finest and the most genuine, and a perception of beauty the most quick and refined, are manifested in all her writings. The colours of her fancy are of the most delicate hues. The gleams of her imagination constantly fall on little tendernesses and dear immunities of heart, and shed on them a sacred radiance. She is able to seize and to perpetuate those graces of nature which are in themselves the most evanescent and subtle. Her images often seem to be of the rainbow and of

the golden and fleecy clouds. Her Maid of the South Seas is one of the most captivating of poetical romances.

It would be unjust to decide on the merits of Mrs. Hannah More, chiefly from her poetry. In verse she seldom attains higher excellence than elegance of style and correctness of expression. Her tragedies are cold dialogues in stately blank verse, which exhibit occasional vigour of thought, but are not steeped either in fancy or in passion. The violence of her catastrophes forms a singular contrast to the declamatory expressions of sorrow, not deep but loud, by which they are preceded. It is on her moral and religious essays that she will build the most enduring part of her fame. She has great earnestness of expostulation, great purity of thought, and great felicity of language. Without any inane gaudiness of phraseology—with no seeming effort to write splendid things—she illustrates every subject with beautiful images. If she clothes truth, it is in the chastest attire. Her only fault as a moralist is her want of genial and expansive sympathy. She looks on humanity as from a distance, from a height of personal virtue, like a being of another sphere. It is not that she wants charity—for she pities all human weaknesses, and is anxious to relieve all human distresses—but she does not grasp her fellows with a warm and cordial hand, or regard their errors with that spirit of allowance which those always feel who live tenderly along the lines of human sympathies. We are not in love with the heroine of Cœlebs. Still we must not forget that Mrs. More has done much to soften the prejudices of bigotry among those who would scarcely have listened to her had she been less apart from the world. Those will read Cœlebs, who turn from the divine Clarissa with pious horror. The admirers of Mrs. More can scarcely regard the drama as an accursed thing. Thus are bigots carried a little out of themselves and their sect, and made to feel that humanity is made of other stuff than systems or ereeds.

Mrs. Barbauld, like Mrs. More, excels chiefly in prose. She is one of the most elegant of modern essayists. The justice, the wisdom, and the beauty, of her "Essay on the Folly of Inconsistent Expectations," cannot be praised too highly. Without in the least overstepping the fit limits to ornament in prose, she often gives a pleasure nearly similar to that excited by exquisite poetry. Her hymns for children breathe a tenderness which Christianity so divinely inspires for 'those little ones.'

In extent and accuracy of observation Miss Edgeworth has no rival. Her vivacity is equable—her good sense striking—and her raillery graceful, beyond that of any living writer. Her delineations of fashionable manners are delightfully spirited. She catches, with infinite skill, the gay bubbles that float on the light stream of fashion, and fixes them as delicate crystallizations for ever. Nor are her pictures of rustic life, especially those taken from the Irish poor, less true. But it is only in her characters or in detached scenes that she excels. She has no felicity of conceiving, or skill of developing, the plot of a novel. She contrives, indeed, to cover the ill-united parts of her story by a veil of airy and glittering drapery: but we can scarcely avoid feeling the want of unity and strength. In consequence of this defect, the practical good sense of her novels is often singularly contrasted with the improbable and wild incidents on which they are founded. The change in Ennui of the earl into a peasant, and the strange catastrophe of Belinda, are striking examples of an error into which writers of novels who have no touch of the romantic necessarily fall. They strive to supply the deficiency by resorting to mere extravagance of incident, as those who would be orators without feeling or imagination, accumulate a profusion of gorgeous epithets. As a moral teacher, Miss Edgeworth 'wants a heart.' We do not mean that she fails to advocate kind affections, or that a spirit of tenderness does not breathe in her works, but that the virtues she recommends have no root in feelings or in principles that cannot be shaken. Their fibres are not inherently entwined in the living rock which no mortal changes can alter. They are planted in the shifting sands of earthly utility and expedience. She does not warm our hearts with sentiments or pictures of pure disinterestedness—she incites us not to goodness because it is in itself lovely—she exhorts us to virtue only by showing how great are its gains. Variously and admirably as she has treated of human life, she never seems to regard it as the infancy of an eternal being. She does not represent the noblest feelings of the soul as having the principle of eternity in them, nor its affections as

casting influences beyond the grave. In her works there is little devoted heroism—no beauty of soul assoiled from encumbrances of time—no 'glorious triumph of exceeding love.' Lady Delacour appears to us the loftiest and most imaginative of her creations. This lady, who, believing herself afflicted with a loathsome disease, and approaching speedily to a terrible death, continues nightly to enchant the unsuspecting world of fashion, has something of a martyr's spirit. Her inimitable grace—her brilliant wit—the careless charm of all her actions in the foreground—with the contrast of her anguish and heroism in deep shadow—form a picture which we scarcely hesitate to regard as sublime. Why will not Miss Edgeworth exhibit the heroism with which she has invested a woman of fashion, as resting on a moveless principle, and exerted in a generous cause?

Mrs. Opie's powers differ almost as widely as possible from those of Miss Edgeworth. Her sensibility is the charm of her works. She is strong in the weaknesses of the heart. Did she not fall into one unhappy error, she would have few rivals in opening 'the sacred source of sympathetic tears.' She too often mistakes the shocking for the pathetic,—'on horror's head horrors accumulates,'—and heaps wrongs on wrongs on the defenceless head of the reader. This is the more to be regretted, as she has shown herself capable of that genuine pathos which calls forth such tears only as are delicious. But who can endure a madman, who, having broken from his keepers, unconsciously pursues his daughter, whose conduct has occasioned his insanity, and bursts into horrid laughter? Human life has enough of real misery, without those additions being made to it by an amateur in sorrow. It is neither pleasant nor profitable to contemplate in speculation unadorned, unrelieved agonies. It may be laid down as an axiom, that, when we feel inclined to resort to the recollection that the tale is fictitious, in order to relieve our feelings, its author is mistaken. Let Mrs. Opie give us pictures of exquisite tenderness as well as grief—of love enduring amidst distress—of hope building up, amidst earthly woe, its mansions of rest in the skies—or let her fringe her darkest clouds of sorrow with the golden tints of the imagination, and the oftener she will thus beguile us of our tears the more shall we thank and esteem her.

How tender and delicious is the pathos of the author of Mrs. Leicester's school! She does not lacerate, but mellow and soften the heart. How sweet is her story of the child who is often brought by her father as a treat to her mother's grave—who is taught to read there on the tomb-stone, and who thus learns to think of the grave as a soft and green bed of peace and joy! How affectingly does the girl draw her uncle, returned from sea, to the scene of her serious but not mournful ponderings, unconscious of the pain she is inflicting! Most touching is the contrast, thus shown, of the sense of death in childhood and in sadder years! Others have directed their attention to improve the understanding. It has been the better part of this author to nurture the imagination and cherish the affections. She is the only writer for children who seems to have a fitting respect for those whom she addresses. She does not feel for infancy merely as a season of ignorance and want. She knows that it is also the time of reverence and of wonder—of confiding love and boundless hope—of 'splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower.' She strives, therefore, not merely to impart knowledge, but to preserve those high prerogatives of childhood which man is so seldom permitted to retain. And well is she qualified for the delightful work. She assumes the tone, not of condescension, but of equal love. She supplies food for the imagination, by connecting lofty thoughts and glorious images with familiar things, and gently 'laps the prison'd soul' of her young readers 'in Elysium.' In Mrs. Leicester's School, and in the Poetry for Children, she surrounds childhood with kindred sanctities, and spreads over its pictures of serious joy an exquisite enamel, which may long preserve them from the contaminations of the world. She is 'a sister every way,' in mind as in blood, to the author of John Woodville and Rosamond Gray—to him who has revived the antique beauty of a nobler age—and refreshed our literature with old English humour, fancy, and kindness.

T.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

WHAT IS POETRY?

WE live in an age of writing and reading, and seem almost inundated with prose and poetry. But what are these things? Prose seems easily defined; but poetry, by the questions which are still agitated about it, almost eludes definition. On the right hand and on the left I hear that Pope was not a poet; that he had a happy knack of making verses, but that he simply wrote rhymed prose; that he had nothing of a poet's *fire*. This *fire* is all the rage; but, unfortunately, in the attempts at kindling a fire from green materials, the world of poetry is now as much distinguished by smoke. It certainly seems an idle, and almost wicked thing, when a man is reading a book which delights, and soothes, and cheers him, to step in and say—"Sir, you must not be pleased with that book; it is not poetry, it is mere versification, and you will corrupt your taste by reading and enjoying such writing." But if we examine the matter a little closer, this severity of criticism will be found perfectly justifiable. It is by artifice and indolence that taste becomes corrupted; it must be by reflection and activity that taste must be restored to its primitive purity and simplicity. There is no slight connexion between taste and morals, and it is in the cultivation of pure and correct taste that the highest enjoyments of man, as an intellectual and rational being, are to be found. It is this that gives a zest to conversation, a harmony to the spirits, a satisfaction in solitude, and a grace in society.

In pursuing an enquiry into the elements and essence of poetry, it will be necessary to enquire.

1. What are the elements of the poetic feeling? 2. By what means is it developed and exercised? 3. What is the process that perverts it, or corrupts the taste?

1. What are the elements of the poetic feeling? It is not possible to submit the human mind to a chemical analysis, and to ascertain with precision what are its simple elements, which, variously combined, produce every variety of character and disposition, every form of intellect, and every peculiarity of constitution. Yet some approach to this analysis may be made by a consideration of those principles which are obviously common to all, and an examination how far these common principles not merely enter into the composition, but of themselves actually compose and form those traits of character, and those varied shades of mental disposition, which, to a common observer, appear as simple uncompounded intellectual substances. In Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees* an attempt of this kind has been made in morals; and though not sympathizing with his views, nor admitting his conclusions, we may still adopt the general principle, that there is a set of original elements, which, in their combination, produce all the varieties of human character and feeling. *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* Upon this ground then I assume that the poetic feeling is not a simple but a mixed feeling. Some certainly possess it more than others, but none, or very few, are entirely without it. Not being a disciple of Gall or Spurzheim, I do not find it in the shape of the skull; and not being a disciple of Mandeville, I recognise in man more original principles than he has admitted. One of these principles is sympathy. I use the word not merely in its moral but universal sense; I know that attempts have been made to analyse it, but I do not think that these attempts have succeeded. In endeavouring to analyse sympathy, and to refer it to something like calculation, or a reasoning process, these writers have forgotten that it exists most strongly at that age when reasoning powers are undeveloped, and that where it does operate, ratiocination, instead of strengthening, tends to impair it. Long before an infant can possibly know that smiles mean pleasure, and tears betoken pain, he will involuntarily sympathize with these expressions of the human countenance. This principle is generally most powerful in youth: the appearance, and the sounds of misery operate even painfully on the minds of the young, and nothing but long use can so familiarise the mind with such things as to take off the keenness of the impression. It is not the result of reasoning but an instinct of nature; even brute creatures are affected by it. Every one has heard dogs howl at hearing certain loud or shrill sounds, and some have seen cows dance to the music of a bagpipe. I should like to know what association has to do with this. The feeling is not of a moral, nor can it be of an intellectual nature; perhaps it may be mechanical; it should seem so from the well-known fact, that two glasses which would

send forth the same musical note, will both vibrate if one be struck: the same of two strings. This principle of sympathy is universal, and often produces pleasurable sensations; but as of itself it only acts during the time that the object exciting it is present to the senses; there is another principle or power by which the agreeable impression may be renewed and excited *ad libitum*; this is IMAGINATION, a principle peculiar to the human species. Into an examination of this there is no necessity to enter. There is also, as Mrs. Hamilton in her *Popular Essays* has shewn at very great length, a propensity in man to magnify the idea of a self. This propensity is seen in connecting with our idea of self whatever belongs to us more or less remotely—as friends, ancestors, country, &c., and these we magnify and extol: thus the objects which have excited, or can excite our sympathy, we greatly magnify by means of the imagination, and so produce a feeling which is poetical. Hence it arises, that whatever moves our sympathies is more or less poetical, in proportion to the degree of imagination that we possess, by which faculty we may enlarge its dimensions and increase its beauties. All poetical feeling may be referred to two general classes—the sublime and the beautiful; the sublime is sympathy with power—the beautiful is sympathy with kindness. (This I propose a distinct discussion hereafter.)

2. Our next enquiry is concerning the means by which this faculty is developed and exercised. It is often observed, that the earliest mode of composition was poetical. It is known that savage nations have recourse to many beautiful poetical figures, under circumstances where an European would adopt only the language of pure prose. A metrical arrangement of sentences to be remembered is natural enough, but distinct from poetry—sentences may be measured—may have musical sound, but still remain the simple enunciation of plain matters of fact; therein they differ from poetry whose essence is exaggeration. But my enquiry is at present directed to the poetical *feeling* and its developement. That savages or men unpolished should have this in a very high degree is perfectly consistent with the view I have taken of its elements. In their wild and wandering life they are exposed to objects which may lose their novelty, but not their power of exciting wonder; these men have not the means of investigating second causes, and therefore their minds are always, as it were, in immediate contact with the great first cause, and the whole range of nature is to them eminently alive. They have, therefore, a constant exercise for the sympathy with power, and therefore their language, when poetical, inclines rather to the sublime. Again, their passions and affections are not so necessarily disguised as the emotions and feelings of men in civilized life; hence an energy and sublimity in their tenderest feelings, and a degree of grandeur in their most beautiful thoughts. The speech of Logan, which every one has read, may illustrate these observations. The two earliest subjects of poetry—of course the first nourishers of the poetic feeling, are WAR and LOVE; and in the expression of this poetry there may be eminently seen the three principles which I have alluded to above. The soldier, who conquered under his leader, sympathized, in the energies of the battle, with the might of his leader, and the valour of his companions; imagination recalls the emotions, and the propensity to magnify the idea of self enlarges every object, and gives to the arm of a mortal the might of a God: and as emotions, rather than outward forms, are the subjects of the pleasant recollection, and the narrator would impress his hearers with the feelings that dwell in his own bosom, and as he feels that no conflict could be so great as that of his hero's battle, no valour so transcendent, he exaggerates by means of similes, and draws his comparison from the objects of the natural world, the agitations of those elements in which he sees the present God. A specimen of this kind of figure is given in Homer, where the poet, who had probably collected many figures from the old war-songs, after describing the Grecian army with great minuteness, throws into one mass of poetry the movements of this body against the enemy.

"Fire seem'd to scorch the plain where'er they trod,
And the earth groan'd as when the lightnings, hurl'd
By angry Jove, in Arimi descend
On Typhon's rumour'd bed, and lash the ground.
Il. 2, v. 781. *Cowper's Trans.*

Now it might have sufficed for the narration of a simple fact to say, that the army was numerous—that the soldiers were resolute—that they marched in good order; but this would not have conveyed to the hearer the feelings of the narrator; it would have presented the report of the senses, but have given no transcript of the living mind. Hence poetry may be called the parent of his-

tory, for it is the impression of greatness or beauty that excites the mind to remember and relate; and it is sympathy, with these emotions, in him who hears or reads, that renders him so delighted as to listen and read, from the simple satisfaction that he takes in it, rather than from any wish for information. The introduction and use of figures in poetic writing manifestly shews the mode in which the poetical feeling is exercised, namely, by recollecting and enlarging the sympathies of the mind; and whenever similes or figures are not capable of producing that effect, it is manifest that their use is merely from imitation, and not the result of poetic thought or feeling.

By a similar process does the mind conduct itself in the more tender branches of poetry. The lover compares the charms of his mistress to the various beauties of the natural world. And as omnipotent grandeur is recognized in the more awful scenes of nature, omnipotent kindness is sympathized with in its milder and more beautiful scenes. The three principles or elements of the poetic feeling are, in the beautiful and tender, as much exercised as in the magnificent and sublime; and whether it be a parent's delight with the innocence of its child, or a lover's extacy with the charms of a mistress—there is in its poetical expression the same character of sympathy, imagination, and the magnifying the idea of self. The season of love is a time of poetry to all, and even in the very devotedness that would die for a beloved object—is to be traced that spirit of magnifying self which is apparently extinguished and absorbed. In pastoral indolence the poetry of love most prevails—and its similes are of course from those objects with which the pastoral life is most familiar, and as by suppressing the expression of a feeling we in time destroy the feeling itself—so will the free and copious expression of a feeling, provided that feeling meet with sympathy, always tend to increase in strength. The lover then pleased with his passion, and even with its pains—gives utterance in the language of poetic exaggeration to his feelings—and his hearers, sympathizing with these emotions, listen with pleasure to his tale of love.

I have treated the developement of the poetic feeling as if with reference only to the first introduction of poetic composition: but it is the same with every generation of the race of man, and I have used the above illustrations as the most simple, and to avoid as much as possible the introduction of metaphysical subtleties. Another reason for thus considering it may be found in the circumstance that poetry in a more advanced state is so much a thing of imitation, and so frequently blended with other feelings—This is our next enquiry.

3. What is the process that perverts or corrupts the poetic taste. This is found in the organization of civilized society, and the construction of civilized language. In the more barbarous or uncouth tongues, there is a natural darkness which can only be irradiated by the pure light of poetry—a ruggedness which can only be softened by the energy of actual feeling—but in languages which are polished by daily accuracy, and rendered smooth to the ear by a general musical arrangement, it becomes very easy to heap together unmeaning though beautiful sounds, and to tell a tale in language of poetry without the least spark of poetic feeling. There is often a pleasure derived from metrical language which is not poetical enjoyment—but as custom prescribes this language for the purposes of poetry—the readers confound the sentiment with the expression, and while their sense is gratified by sweet sounds, they fancy their souls are delighted with the moral harmony of poetry. Some of the best poets have themselves contributed to this perversion and corruption of the taste. From a facility of making verses, they have thrown into metrical forms those thoughts which are purely didactic. An essay written in verse is still an essay, even though occasionally embellished with the flowers of poetry—and of all things that are called poems nothing can be less like poetry than Pope's Essay on Man. There may be plausibility and sweet sophistry in the philosophy—there may be music in the lines, and point in its countless epigrams—but still it partakes, in its conception—in its expression, of nothing like poetry. The object of that treatise is to present to the mind objects as they really are, as they should appear to sense—but poetry's peculiar province is exaggeration, is strong feeling, is intensity of thought applied to its own object. When Homer describes the march of the Grecian army, he does not speak of it merely as the ordinary movement of a multitude of men—but he compares it to the irresistible energy of lightning—when he speaks of the strength of Ajax, he does not merely

tell us that Ajax was a very strong man, there have been thousands such—there is nothing poetical in that—but it is highly poetical when he compares his personal resistance against a multitude of the enemy pressing forwards, to the fragment of a rock resisting and breaking the current of a mountain river. The object of prose is to give the record of the senses aided by reflection and reason; the object of poetry is to convey the impressions of the imagination. The more remote any sensible object is from our immediate sensation the more poetical it may be made. The battle of Waterloo may be a poetical subject, but not yet—nor perhaps ever till the present system of fighting with guns and bayonets, and in red and blue coats, is passed away. The steel-clad warrior is more poetical than the laced and gorgetted hero. And I much question whether the Greeks themselves so thoroughly enjoyed Homer as a poet, as we of modern days—the more his heroes approached to manners then modern, the less were they poetical. The Greeks might have imbibed patriotic feeling, but the moderns enjoy from it the mellow richness of poetry. One cause of the corruption of poetic taste then, is putting into verse that which is not poetical, but simple fact.

Another source of its corruption may be found in grievously mistaking the language of poetic exaggeration—and so swaggering in bombast to avoid the insipidity of prose. Outrageous exaggerations always defeat their own object. There are subjects which in themselves are purely poetical, provided we catch those points alone which speak at once to the sympathy, picking as it were the sweet grains, but leaving the husks and the chaff. The lines on the burial of Sir John Moore, are an illustration of this pure species of poetry—the reverse is also as completely illustrated in some lines on the execution of Gen. Lacey. The only stanza that has a poetical thought is indebted for that thought, expression and all, to the lines on Sir John Moore.

"But there let him lie in his greatness alone,
With the adamant rock for his pillow;
And mourn'd thro' all time by the tremulous moan
That comes from the shore-stricken billow."

These last three lines are all very fine in sound, but they are not expressive of feeling in the writer, nor capable of exciting sympathy in the reader, except as that reader may be a lover of fine words. There is one more source of corruption, and that warns me to leave off—*criticism.* But I shall proceed, or rather begin again, if I should be encouraged by the insertion of this fragment.

M. N.

ON THE MOTION OF THE SAP IN PLANTS.

THE interesting discoveries of Signor Amici, professor of mathematics in the university of Modena, of which we intend to give some account, were made by means of his improved catadioptric microscope, which he affirms, on a comparison with the best English microscopes of Adams and Dolland, to shew the object more clearly, with an equal degree of magnifying power. He states too, that his microscope magnifies the area a million times; and endeavours to prove mathematically, that so great a magnifying power can hardly be obtained by any dioptric instrument. Signor Amici has published a memoir on his microscope, with a description and enumeration of its advantages.

In the experiments which Professor Amici had occasion to make with his new microscope, and for which he chose not only very small and delicate objects, but especially such as gave reason to hope for an interesting discovery with respect to their organization, he made some very remarkable observations on the motion of the sap in the plant called the *chara.*

As far back as the year 1774, the Abbé Corti had observed a certain circulation of the sap in this very simple plant. (*Osservazioni microscopiche sulla Tremella el sulla circolazione del fluido in una pianta acquajuola dell' Abate Bonaventura Corti, Prof. di fisica, &c.* Lucca, 1774, 8vo.) Amici, with the aid of his microscope, discovered new laws of motion, and new organs in it, which had escaped that diligent observer, and which throw a new light on the physiology of plants in general, and in particular on the much disputed porous tubes of Mirbel, and their functions in the economy of plants. The observations which he made in the years 1814 to 1818, and regularly noted in a journal, are described at length in this essay, and contain in substance the following particulars.

In all the parts of this plant, in the tenderest fibres of the roots, as well as

in the finest green threads of the stem and branches, a regular circulation of the sap is perceived.

White transparent little globes of various sizes move constantly and regularly in uninterrupted circulation, with a celerity gradually increasing from the centre to the sides, in two alternately opposite currents up and downwards, and this in the two halves of one and the same simple cylindrical canal, or vessel (divided by no partition), which runs lengthwise through the fibres of the plant, but is interrupted at intervals by knobs, or joints, and closed by a partition.

Thus the circulation proceeds in the whole plant, and in all the fibres from one joint to the other, and in each space thus limited, independently of the others.

In general the motion is perpendicularly up and down, but in some fibres it is spiral. In the fibres of the roots there is only a simple circulation of this kind, there appearing only one such central vessel; but in the green fibres of the plant it is complex, the great central vessel being surrounded with many smaller ones, which are all perfectly like it, but are divided from it by partitions, so that they may be perfectly separated from it, and in these there is a perfectly similar perpendicular or spiral motion of their own, corresponding with that of the central vessel.

If such a vessel is gently tied up, or bent in an acute angle, the circulation is then interrupted as by a natural joint; and proceeds above and below the tie or bind as it did before in the whole length; if the previous state is restored, the original motion also returns, unless the plant has been materially injured at the place, or the artificial state has not lasted too long. The circulation also proceeds in one half of the length when the other above the tie is cut off.

When such a vessel is cut directly through, the sap contained in it does not flow immediately and entirely out, but only that in one half, namely the current which is flowing towards the cut, while the other continues its revolution. Vinegar checks the motion, and even binders the sap from flowing out of a vessel that is cut.

The vessels are formed of an extremely delicate, smooth, white, transparent membrane, which appears to be striped lengthwise with parallel greenish stripes, either in a perpendicular or spiral direction, in which direction the motion of the sap always takes place. Between the stripes of the one and of the other, half of the vessel, i. e. between the two currents, up and downwards, there is always a smooth, unstriped space of the membrane, of the breadth of five, six, or more stripes. Of such smooth intervals there are two in each vessel directly opposite each other, and of equal breadth, and between them are other stripes, which, if the vessel itself is perfectly cylindrical, are divided by them into two equal half circles.

These unstriped intervals which intersect diametrically the circle of the cylindrical vessel, form, as it were, the partition between the two currents; and here in fact there is either none, or only a very slight and by fits interrupted motion of the globules of sap. The stripes, of which above a hundred may be counted in the two half circles, are raised, and attached to the inner coat of the membrane, and of different closeness and strength. There, where they are the closest together, thickest and strongest, and in general, in their proximity, and consequently towards the sides of the vessel, the globules of sap are always observed to have the strongest and quickest motion. These stripes have, therefore, an evident influence on the manner and degree of the motion of the sap.

When magnified 207,025 times, these stripes appear to be composed of small green globules, or atoms, of irregular shape, attached together like a rosary, differing from the sap globules by the green colour, (and to judge by the print, by much inferior size, and less sphericity,) and which do not mix with the others, when they flow simultaneously from a cut part of the plant into water.

When the vessel is cut off, many of those globules (of the stripes) near the section, separate from the membrane; but the more distant remain attached to it, and retain the form of stripes; only that the tension being destroyed, the direction of the stripes is altered, and they appear bent in various curves from or towards each other, in places unnaturally brought nearer to or farther from each other; and in this case the motion of the sap globules, as far as it still takes place, (where, as said above, all the sap does not flow out at once,) follows this new and unnatural direction, and is the most rapid in those places where the stripes are now accidentally the closest together.

If the membrane of the vessel is gradually pressed, all these globules (of the

stripes) may, by degrees, be squeezed out of the section *en masse*, and the membrane then appears quite smooth, pure white, and transparent as glass. Vinegar makes these globules come out singly, or in pairs, or several together, like fragments of a chain, and they then seemed to be united together by an extremely delicate membrane.

Now, as the cause of the constant and regular motion of the sap in this plant can by no means be ascribed to any of the powers hitherto assumed by botanical physiologists, neither to capillarity, nor to the alternate contraction and dilation, or the irritability of the vessels, since these evidently remain quite passive; as, on the other hand, those stripes symmetrically composed of little globules, have the clearest influence not only on the manner, but also on the degree and the reality of the motion; the ingenious observer believes himself authorised to hazard the conjecture, that the stripes are to be considered as voltaic piles, and that the galvanic agent is the cause of the motion; which conjecture is supported, on the one hand, by the construction of the stripes; and, on the other, by the well known (but in some degree, however, not yet sufficiently certified,) experiments shewing that by this agent water may be led from the positive pole to the negative, raised above the level contrary to all laws of hydraulics, and led through the pores of a bladder, otherwise impermeable to it.

It is not a little remarkable that another natural philosopher made the same uncommon and difficult phytotomic microscopic experiments, and that on the very same plant, exactly at the same time, and published the results of his experiments in the same year; so that there is the highest probability, that neither of them had the most distant knowledge of the labours of the other. The zealous German botanist, Dr. K. Ph. Fr. Martius, (now in the Brazils, whither he was sent by the King of Bavaria, to study the natural history of that country,) wrote, in the year 1815, a Memoir on the Construction and Nature of the Chara, which was read to the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Munich, but not published till last year, when it was printed with the Memoirs (Nova Acta Physico-Medica,) of the Leopold-Caroline Academy of Enquirers into Nature. Vol. I., 4to. Eslanger, 1818.

With respect to the internal organization, Dr. Martius found in several kinds of plants of this species, namely, the *chara vulgaris* (to which Mr. Amici's experiments were confined), *chara flexilis*, and *hispida*, the same construction, which he describes even more clearly than Mr. Amici, and renders more intelligible by more detailed drawings; only he sometimes found the central tube surrounded by several smaller vessels, symmetrically arranged in three rows, and these not always running parallel to the other; but sometimes spiral when that was perpendicular, and differing in some other respects.

As for the sap and the green globules, Dr. Martius found a pulpous slimy matter, which surrounded the vessels *externally*, covered their whole surface, and seemed to him to be the protecting covering, and the connecting medium of the central tube, and the small vessels surrounding it, when there are any such. When this matter was carefully separated from the surface of the vessels, it appeared to the naked eye, slimy, semi-transparent, white or greenish, and under the microscope, of a shapeless, jelly-like, transparent white substance, mixed with very minute green globules.

In the chara flexilis, Dr. Martius observed these green globules lying very close together, and almost arranged in regular rows, forming the external periphery of the vessels, so that it was not till they were removed that the other transparent white substance appeared. Shall we conjecture that owing, perhaps, to the imperfection of the instrument, to some defect in the observation, or to an injury done to the plant, a deception took place, which made Dr. M. find the green globules externally and between the tubes, and not entirely arranged regularly in stripes?

The vessels themselves contained a watery, transparent fluid, and the green globules in greater abundance (which after a chemical analysis of the plant, by Dr. Buchner, he declares to consist of resinous colouring matter). These globules appear in the microscope, partly as globular smooth bodies, partly without definite form, like coagulated lymph. And here Dr. Martius says not a word of his having observed any regular position of these globules, or of their being joined together in stripes on the internal surface of the vessels.

As for the motion of the sap, to which the attention of Dr. Martius was drawn, not only by the anterior obser-

vations of Abbé Corti, but by the later ones confirming them, made by Dr. L. C. Treviranus, of Bremen, he was unable (perhaps from the imperfection of the instrument, or from not managing the plant in the most convenient manner,) to discover any regularity in it; and in general no motion, least of all such a one in contrary directions, which might not be explained mechanically, and from the accidental position of the part of the plant; though he examined the plant, particularly the chara flexilis, in a quite fresh state, and at all seasons of the year in this view. It is farther remarkable that Professor Treviranus observed the regular motion of the sap, and exactly so as Professor Amici states it, but only in the chara flexilis, and no trace whatever of it in the chara vulgaris. Professor Treviranus, however, does not notice the regular division of the green globules, and their arrangement in stripes, and attachment to the inside of the vessels, nor does he in the remotest degree consider them as the cause of this motion.

What makes these observations more important is the circumstance that Professor Amici says he has discovered a similar organization in several other plants, as *tropeolum majus*, *humulus lupulus*, and several others; and thinks himself justified in believing that the little grains which Sprengel found in the cells of some plants, and which often appear regularly disposed, are similar stripes, formed of globules, and may be considered as a similar galvanic apparatus. He, therefore, thinks it probable that the cause of the motion of the sap in all plants depends on a similar, though variously modified organization, a similar principle and power.

Professor Amici has, we hear, made several interesting observations on the globules of the blood, their shape and motion, in the veins of animals, the publication of which may be expected.

ON GHOSTS IN TRAGEDY, &c.

IN Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, for December last, is given what is called a short account of a tragedy from the pen of Francis Grillparzer, a German. The title of it is "*The Ancestress.*" This heroine of the piece is nothing more or less than a *ghost*. Great praise is given to the author as a man of genius, and likely "to perform wonders in the departments which he has chosen." All this may be very true, but it may be asked, Is it not highly improper to introduce ghosts at all in modern tragedy? When dramatic and epic poetry had its birth, the machinery was of course, and with great propriety, adapted to the superstitions, the religion, the belief of the times. Thus the spectators or audience could fairly sympathize with the actors. They believed in the reality of ghosts; that these shadowy substances of departed souls could, and often did, hold converse with living men; they believed that after death, the soul could feel distress or mortification at the indignities offered to the body; and still retain, and often, in the shadowy form of living men, express to survivors their interest in the fate of their offspring. They had a full belief in those tales which spake of the affairs of men as influenced by these supernatural appearances; and as it was only on great occasions, or on matters which involved deep and awful feelings, that such beings made their appearance, their introduction into works of fiction had a degree of grandeur and interest. Some of the spectators, perhaps, did not hold the popular belief, and could not, therefore, sympathize with the popular feelings; these were too few to cause any objection to the introduction of such personages, and enough was left them in the actual passions of men living, to excite interest and sympathy. Nay, they could scarcely be said to feel any impropriety in such representations, for they were aware that the mass of the spectators sympathized with them. These things might even have been consistent in the days of Shakspeare; but there is now an obvious change in public sentiment and opinion; and those views of being which were formerly confined to a few speculative men calling themselves philosophers, are now common to the whole mass of our well informed population. To have recourse then for dramatic effect to the assistance of ghosts, seems to indicate a mind barren of invention; and to a modern eye it must have all the appearance of sheer pantomime and shew; it is just the same as a Christian poet's invocation of the muses, who dwelt on Olympus' fabled top; it is in fact not the dictate of poetical feeling, but the result of imitation; and in the

ducing great effect; and says that ... lies at the root of all those Greek tragedies in which the early history of the heroic houses is ... and in later times it has been frequently used both by Calderone and Shakspeare;" instancing the *Meditation on the Cross*, by the one; and the *Macbeth* of the other. The same objection lies against this as against the actual introduction of ghosts on the stage. The doctrine of fatalism is not a doctrine with which we can now sympathize. The Greeks had been accustomed to it; they saw in their theology a gloomy, unintelligible destiny, which hung as a dark canopying the throne of Jove himself, the king of gods and god of men. More enlightened views of religion ... to us a living Supreme, place destiny ... the hands of intellect, and teach us to delight in vindicating the ways of God to man. The Greek tragedians were great writers, their model was nature as they found it. Modern tragedians would lose no real grandeur if they were content to study nature as they find it. The doctrines of fatalism cannot have for the mass of modern minds a deep interest; it is only capable of producing a bewildering and perplexing sensation. It is dangerous to step out of the line of nature. Shakspeare is accused, for it is no better than an accusation, of having "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new." Nature is inexhaustible; combinations of events and circumstances—shades of character—are infinite as the varieties of the human countenance; and poets can no more exhaust the combinations of mental feeling than can painters depict every possible human face. Whenever Shakspeare went beyond tangible and actual nature, he still had in the superstitions of his audience a sympathy with his creations. There may be in German minds an interest in this fatalism; but surely the English mind is capable of a greater interest, where the catastrophe partakes of that uncertainty and unexpectedness which are so much in unison with the reality of nature, and the course of human events.

On some future occasion we may, perhaps, enter into a particular examination of these celebrated German tragedies.

M. N.

ON THE LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE OF NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND ICELAND.

BY R. K. RASK.

THE Norwegians speak and write the same language as the Danes. In Norway, however, as well as in Denmark, this language is corrupted into various dialects among the common people, who, in both countries, retain many words belonging to the old Scandinavian (Icelandic), which are obsolete in polite com-

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fine arts an imitation of any thing but nature is productive of the most deadening effects. But though the popular opinion rejects the reality of ghosts, yet a disturbed, a weak, or guilty mind may have the imagination alive to sights which fall not on the body's eye. It is no violation of propriety to represent such as having seen, or seeing, or hearing a ghost, provided that no information is given by this spiritual personage which may not be accounted for in the ordinary course of nature, or from the actings of the disordered mind. Macbeth's horror at the sight of the empty chair, in which his imagination places the ghost of his victim, is far more natural and more capable of exciting sympathy than when, as it is sometimes performed, a gentleman sits there personating the ghost. When ghosts are brought upon the stage in *propria persona*, we do not, and from our habitual belief cannot, clothe them in imagination's attire; but they are before our eyes simply as they are decorated by the art of the draper. To appeal, therefore, to an exploded superstition of this nature, is as much in bad taste as to bring the machinery of Homer's gods into an epic poem on the crusades.

Another impropriety in modern tragedy may be here noticed (leaving the farther consideration of the tragedy above named till the translations have made it public,) that is, *the doctrine of fatalism*. "The German poets of the present day," says the writer, "are very fond of the doctrine of fatalism; indeed very few of them seem to think it possible to compose a powerful tragedy without introducing the idea of some dark impending destiny long predetermined, long announced imperfectly, long dreaded obscurely, in the accomplishment of which the chief persons in the drama are to suffer miseries, for which their own personal offences have not been sufficient to furnish any cause." The writer of the article in question does not commend the choice, but allows it to be the means in their hands of producing great effect; and says that "it lies at the root of all those Greek tragedies in which the early history of the heroic houses is embodied, and in later times it has been frequently used both by Calderone and Shakspeare;" instancing the *Meditation on the Cross*, by the one; and the *Macbeth* of the other. The same objection lies against this as against the actual introduction of ghosts on the stage. The doctrine of fatalism is not a doctrine with which we can now sympathize; the Greeks had been accustomed to it; they saw in their theology a gloomy, unintellectual destiny, which hung as a dark cloud o'ercanopying the throne of Jove himself, the king of gods, and god of men. More enlightened views of religion give to us a living Supreme, place destiny in the hands of intellect, and teach us to delight in vindicating the ways of God to man. The Greek tragedians were great writers, their model was nature as they found it. Modern tragedians would lose no real grandeur if they were content to study nature as they find it. The doctrines of fatalism cannot have for the mass of modern minds a deep interest; it is only capable of producing a teazing and perplexing sensation. It is dangerous to step out of the line of nature. Shakspeare is accused, for it is no better than an accusation, of having "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new." Nature is inexhaustible; combinations of events and circumstances—shades of character—are infinite as the varieties of the human countenance; and poets can no more exhaust the mines of mental feeling than can painters depict every possible human face. Whenever Shakspeare went beyond tangible and actual nature, he still had in the superstitions of his audience a sympathy with his creations. There may be in German minds an interest in this fatalism; but surely the English mind is capable of a greater interest, where the catastrophe partakes of that uncertainty and unexpectedness which are so much in unison with the reality of nature, and the course of human events.

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THE Norwegians speak and write the same language as the Danes. In Norway, however, as well as in Denmark, this language is corrupted into various dialects among the common people, who, in both countries, retain many words belonging to the old Scandinavian (Icelandic), which are obsolete in polite com-

versation and writing. Yet the dialects of these languages, from the river Eider to Finmark, scarcely present so much variety as the dialects of Germany; they gradually blend one into the other, and are not, like the German, distinctly divided into the high and the low; though in other respects, the Norwegian may be compared to the high German. Consequently, there is no Norwegian language in literature; but one language common to Denmark and Norway, which may be termed Norwegian as well as Danish, with the exception of some variations and new introductions. Since the reformation the Norwegians have honourably contributed to what is usually styled Danish literature. Baron Holberg, the first truly great author who wrote in the Danish language, was a native of Bergen in Norway.* Schöning is justly celebrated as a historian and antiquarian. Among the most distinguished Norwegian authors and scholars of the present day, we may mention the State Counsellor Pram, who resides at Copenhagen, and Steffens, who is well known in Germany. Those who wish to obtain more extensive information respecting the general merits and the particular works of these and other authors of both nations, may consult Professor Nyerup's *Dansk-Norsk Literaturlexicon*, published at Copenhagen in 1818:—and Professor K. L. Rahbeck's excellent selection of Extracts, published at Copenhagen in 1816, affords an idea of the state of literature in both countries. Those, however, who may be inclined to trace the gradual progress of the literature of Denmark and Norway, and to compare the merits of both nations with those of Sweden, may refer to *Nyerup's Forteguelse over Böger som udkomme i de tre nordiske Riger* (Notices of the books which annually appear in the three Northern kingdoms)—which in some measure corresponds with the Leipsick-fair catalogue.

The Swedes speak a somewhat different dialect, which, with regard to its inflections, more nearly resembles the ancient Scandinavian (Icelandic), but which in variety and richness differs from it the more widely, as it has adopted many foreign words, particularly from the French: the pronunciation of the Swedish more nearly resembles the German, while that of the Danish is more like the ancient Icelandic; perhaps, however, the greatest difference between the two modern Scandinavian languages consists in the orthography, which is established on very various principles. The Swedish words, derived from the Danish, are collected in *J. K. Höstes' Svenske Haandordbog for Danske* (Swedish portable Dictionary for Danes), published at Copenhagen in 1799, which, compared with the radical words of the German, may afford an idea of the great similarity of the northern languages.

The immortal fame of Linnæus, Celsius, and others, is widely diffused. Ihre is the most celebrated linguist of Sweden, and Lagerbring the best historian; his great history of Sweden was, however, never completed. Kellgren claims the first rank among Swedish poets; he wrote several tragedies; the subjects and plots of which were furnished to him by King Gustavus III. Lidner is a highly esteemed writer in the higher class of lyric poetry. Bellman was an anacreontic popular poet, and few countries can boast of having produced his parallel; he usually recited his songs after the manner of the *improvisatori*, and the words as well as the music were afterwards noted down by his friends. Elegant editions of the works of the above and other writers, but particularly of Bellman, have been published at Stockholm. Baron Adlerbeth's poetical translation of Virgil and Horace is regarded as a master-piece. Among the celebrated authors of the present day, we may mention Af Leopold, whose collected works have gone through two editions at Stockholm. The court chaplain Afzelius, who is the author of several learned works, has made a collection of the ancient Swedish popular and heroic ballads, with their melodies, which are published in three neat octavo volumes.* An edition of the Swedish heroic ballad melodies, with a German preface, has been published at Copenhagen by Grönland, the counsellor of justice. The celebrated Swedish national historiographer J. Af Hallenberg, is industriously engaged, even at his present advanced age, in investigations respecting oriental coins; he is the author of several historical, antiquarian, and philological works, partly in Swedish and partly in Latin,

* A selection of Holberg's works have lately been published at Copenhagen, by Professor K. L. Rahbeck, in twenty-one volumes.

* Professor Nyerup has also published a collection of the Danish heroic ballads, in five small octavo volumes.

for example, a historical-philological explanation of the revelations of St. John, in three volumes (Swedish). *De nominibus lucis et visus—Collectio nummorum Cuficorum, &c.* Some very extensive and perfect information concerning the historical writings of the Swedes, may be found in Barmholtz's *Bibliotheca Historica.* The Danes and Norwegians have a far more compendious work of this kind, by G. L. Baden. (Odense, 1815.)

In Finland, the Swedish is also the prevailing language among the higher classes, and the Finns have taken an honourable part in Swedish literature. The following are the most celebrated of the native Finnish writers:—Professor Porthan, who has made many valuable contributions to the history of Finland (for the most part written in Latin), from which Rühs and Lehrberg have abundantly borrowed. Professor Franzen is still living in Sweden, and is highly and universally esteemed both for his amiable private character and his talent as a Swedish poet. The lecturer, G. Renval, has written a series of dissertations on the Finnish language (particularly the orthography, declensions and prepositions), which display a profound spirit of philosophical investigation; he is at present engaged in preparing a complete Finnish dictionary and grammar, to be published at the expense of the Russian Count Romanzoff, who is well known for his great exertions and sacrifices in the cause of philosophy. Secretary Inden, who resides at Wiborg, has written a short but excellent treatise on Finnish grammar, in Swedish (published in 1818), and several little Finnish poems and popular essays, which within a very short period have passed through three editions. The Swedish language, like the Danish, is multiplied into a variety of dialects; in Finland the Uyländisch is the most remarkable; in Sweden the Dalekarlisch (dalskan), which is perfectly intelligible to the natives of every part of Sweden, though it is spoken only in three parishes, and there with considerable variations. The little district of Roslagen in Upland, has also its own peculiar dialect, which, though it differs from that of the surrounding country, is not unintelligible. An investigation and accurate description of this dialect would be extremely interesting, as the ancient Russian may be supposed to be derived from it.

The Scandinavian nations understand each other without difficulty, and people of education can read the writings of both languages; perhaps, however, the Swedish is most difficult to the Danes, and Danish literature is more widely diffused in Sweden than the reverse. Yet any one of these languages is universally understood throughout Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland. The affinity between the Finnish and the Danish is totally different from that which prevails between the Danish and the Norwegian. In Finland the popular language, (the Finnish) is so essentially and wholly different from the Swedish, that Swedes can scarcely understand a word of it, and the Finnish is universally preached in the churches. In Norway, on the contrary, the popular dialect, which is not written, is, even to the boundaries of Lapland and Finmark, merely a variation of the polite language. The territory over which the Scandinavian language prevails, extends from Schleswig in Denmark to St. Petersburg, and together with the German, flows along the banks of the Neva as well as those of the Eider. The Scandinavian is spoken on the northern banks and islands of the Eastern Ocean, and German on the southern. The northern languages differ so entirely from the German, that no inhabitant of the north, when he hears German, (whether high or low) can understand a single word. The difference consists in the pronunciation, as well as in the formation of the words; the inflexions and the construction, and also in many wholly different words, though to a learned linguist the resemblance is in most cases sufficiently distinct.

The Icelandic language is the ancient Scandinavian, whence the modern Danish and Swedish are derived: it is uniformly spoken, written and preached throughout the whole island, and is used in all law proceedings. In Denmark and Sweden no traces of the common mother-tongue remain, except a few of the oldest Runic inscriptions: yet the language of some of the old provincial laws approaches very nearly to it. In Norway there are also some written laws and other native books in the pure Icelandic language, such as it was before it became corrupted and changed. The Icelandic is a regular and cultivated language, subject to grammatical rules, similar to those of the Latin, and these rules are so accurately observed by the natives, that the most trifling blunder immediately marks a foreigner. The people every where take great delight in reading the old Sagas, particularly those

which relate the achievements of the Icelandic heroes. What the historical circle of Icelandic literature is, appears from Dr. B. E. Müller's short but excellent essay, *On the Origin and Decay of the Icelandic Historiography.* An idea of the merits and contents of all the Sagas may be obtained from the Saga-bibliothek. But the Icelanders are eminently distinguished in other branches of literature, particularly in poetry. The old (Samundish) Edda is their most celebrated poem; it consists of thirty-four heroic songs, two of which are by Christian authors; many of these songs relate to the Nibelungen, and others to the Deities. MM. Von der Hagen and Grimm have already made the German public acquainted with this northern Homer. A complete critical edition of the whole text, forming altogether six-and-thirty, or seven-and-thirty songs, was published by Afzelius at Stockholm, in 1818; and his Swedish translation will shortly make its appearance. It is to be hoped that the great Copenhagen edition, which Professor Magnusen has begun, will speedily be completed. The whole of the modern (Snorrisch) Edda, with Skalda, will soon be published at Stockholm, and a Swedish translation is also in the press. Poetry has always flourished among the Icelanders. There are yet many Skalds who write the old style of poetry (with alliterations, &c.) who are celebrated throughout all Iceland, and whose fame deserves to be more widely diffused. The psalms of H. Petursson have gone through above fifteen editions in Iceland. To mention another instance, the aged and estimable preacher, J. Thorlakson, besides many original works of imagination, both in the serious and the sportive style, has produced an excellent translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost.* Iceland also possesses a distinguished Saga-writer in J. Espolin, who has continued the history of Iceland from the period when the ancient Sagas ceased, up to the present day. The very copious *Historia Ecclesiastica Islandiæ*, by Fruni Johannai, is well known. The *Icelandic Royal Society, for promoting public instruction*, has made the most praise-worthy efforts for the diffusion of knowledge. Within the two last years the *Icelandic Literary Society* has been established in Iceland as well as in Copenhagen; this society has already published the great Icelandic history *Sturlungasaga*, in the original text, established an Icelandic Journal, and commenced many other important labours. H. Einari's *Historia literaria Islandiæ* contains a complete review of Icelandic literature from the year 1777. It scarcely needs to be mentioned, that Torfaus (Torfason) and Thorlacius were natives of Iceland, as was also Hialtalin, the painter; Thorwaldson, the sculptor, is of Icelandic family, though he was himself born in Copenhagen. When it is considered that the whole population of the immense Icelandic deserts scarcely amounts to fifty thousand souls, we may with justice apply to Iceland the words which the Swedish poet wrote in allusion to Denmark:—

Och namn pra jordens rund ett enda land, som giort
Med mindre talrik makt sitt rykte mera stort.

Shew me the land where so small a population has obtained such wondrous fame.

ON MUSICAL EXPRESSION. FROM THE GERMAN OF L. SCHUBART.

[If to increase and to improve the rational pleasures of mankind be the increase of general happiness, it will be admitted, that whatever tends to give expression to musical composition, and intenseness to musical feeling, must be interesting to all those whose souls are the seat of melody and harmony. Strongly impressed with this sentiment we present our readers with some very ingenious observations from the pen of a German writer, who seems to have studied his subject *con amore*—nay, with a degree of enthusiasm which has perhaps led him further into the regions of Fancy than all will be inclined to follow him. In fact, his ideas appear to have been drawn rather from the artificial arrangement of tones, subjected to the rules of temperament, than from the absolute unaccompanied modulation of the human voice, that original musical instrument, of which all others are but imitators. But if ever it shall happen that keyed instruments shall be tuned expressly for one mode, the *major*, or *minor* only, so that the performer, having two instruments, may adapt his instrument to the music before him, and find himself free from the difficulty of playing the flat of one note on the sharp of another, then indeed it may be more strongly and perspicuously felt, as here asserted, that each specific key has its own peculiar expression, or characteristic; though even then we suspect that the distinctions of expression here described will be found to be, *without a pun*, rather *wire-drawn*, and leading more to affectation than to truth.

The

The attempts at musical imitation of extraneous sounds and practical facts have been already carried too far. We have seen a Sonata on the Peace, in which the courier travels on crotchets and knocks at the door of the Foreign Office in staccato; after which M. Otto signs his name with quaver rests, and Hawkesbury flows on in adagio. With the admirers of such a style the following observations may lead even to greater absurdities: at the same time they cannot fail to be highly interesting to all persons of true musical taste; in particular, they will be found most peculiarly useful in improving the theory of extemporaneous modulation.]

MUSICAL expression is the golden axis on which the æsthetick* of harmony turns. It consists in giving to every individual piece, and every single idea, its *appropriate execution.*

Correctness, intelligibility, and beauty, are the three great requisites of that execution, and consequently of musical expression.

Correctness consists in accurate reading, and the strict observance of rythm.

Reading is far more difficult than is frequently supposed. As in every musical idea is comprehended its own peculiar execution, the difficulty consists in the necessity of entering into the spirit of those ideas, and forming a representation of them which shall be truly characteristic. In music, as in rhetoric, accurate and clear reading must precede fine declamation. To attain the power of reading correctly long and continued practice is necessary; the scores of eminent masters must be repeatedly studied, and the hand exercised in the execution of difficult passages. But, at the same time, the most simple passages must not be neglected, for it not unfrequently happens that they are really the most difficult. This is no longer a paradox, when it is considered that to give effect to simple music a profound feeling of its beauties is indispensable, whilst the execution of what is commonly called difficult composition depends, for the most part, merely on mechanical dexterity. I have known great singers, both male and female, and eminent piano-forte players, who could perform a difficult air or concerto with astonishing execution, and yet were incapable of doing justice to the simplest hymn or ballad. It is only by the strenuous practice of Solfeggi, and instrumental lessons, that the singer or player can acquire facility of reading.

The second requisite of good musical performance is *intelligibility;* for that which is not understood can never make an impression on the heart. The performer should clearly mark every passage, nay, every note, or, as a painter would say, give it a sharp outline; he should practice the separation of the notes (for nothing is clearer than a staccato passage;) he ought not to mutter when he should speak: and should particularly endeavour to render his tones as full and round as possible. In the singer this distinctness is particularly necessary; for, unfortunately, the most beautiful poetry is often lost between the lips and the teeth. Thus the effect is merely single when it ought to be double; for both the music and poetry should make an equal impression on the heart. This negligence on the part of singers may perhaps account for the inattention that is frequently observable in the audience during a concert. But whenever a simple and beautiful song is sung distinctly and expressively, all eyes and hearts are immediately open. Every singer should carefully study his text, enter into the spirit of every word, give it its appropriate expression, and, above all, should guard against the practice of drawling out and torturing the vowel sounds, by which the whole articulation is often rendered unintelligible.

Finally, *beauty* is the third property of musical execution.

He who has a truly susceptible heart, capable at once of feeling both with the poet and the composer—whose soul is taken captive and is carried along with the tide of the song—who has seen the heavenly beauty of harmony unveiled in the hours of devotion;—he needs only a hint to enable him to enter into the spirit of any piece he may have to sing or to play.

Beauty in music, however, consists of so many minute and exquisitely delicate shades, that its definition is impracticable. But a young woman, full of innocence and grace, is not the less beautiful because the beholder cannot particularize all her charms. Whatever difficulty may be experienced in analyzing her beauty, it is still a subject which may give rise to many interesting observations.

* By the word æsthetick, which the German writers have borrowed from the Greek, is generally meant the philosophy of the fine arts, as respects the feelings.—TRANSLATOR.

The constituent elements of correct musical expression are: the full pouring out of the tones, light and pleasing *portamento*, or the blending of one note into the other; the swelling, rising, falling, and dying away of the tones; the introduction of little ornaments with grace and simplicity; the giving to every passage a beautiful and clearly marked outline; the soft *tremolo*, the management of the breath in the singer; the beautiful shake; the melting *appogiatura*; and finally, the proper position of the performer, and the traces of just feeling in his countenance.

As every idea has its own peculiar colour, and as there are a countless variety of intermediate shades between the ardent glow of pathos, and the rosy hue of joy; it is, as has already been observed, quite as impossible to define all these gradations as to mark the various tints of a Titian, a Correggio, or a Mengs.

These and many more duties are required of the performer, who merely executes what another has composed. But the art of musical expression is far more important, as it regards the composer himself; he should know all that the poet and the orator ought to know, while at the same time he must possess the profoundest knowledge of musical art.

The pathos of church music has a simple, sublime, solemn, and impressive character. Some compositions of this class have for centuries wrought an effect on the human heart. This is to be accounted for by their simplicity, devotional feeling, and sublimity, which subdues all hearts, and draws them towards heaven. The composer of sacred music should possess religious enthusiasm, sublimity of genius, and the tenderest susceptibility of heart, to enable him to lend the accents of music to the simplest prayer.

Musical expression in ecclesiastical pieces varies according to the subject. For example, the triumphal style prevails in festivals, agitates the flood of harmony, and wafts its glad feeling to heaven. If a composer intended to set to music the words:

"Gott fahrt auf mit Jauchzen und Frohlocken."

God ascends midst shouts of joy and exultation.

His prevailing idea should be the triumphant ascension of Christ, as Klopstock has described it.

The composer must dwell on the word "God," frequently invert it, and should endeavour to impress it on the hearts of his hearers, by a general pause wherever it occurs.

As the idea expressed by *ascends*, is the prevailing one, it should be prominent throughout the whole composition. The tones should all gradually rise, and, as it were, waft the Saviour to heaven.

"*Shouts of joy and exultation*" are merely secondary ideas. It would therefore be folly in the musician by elaborate working to render them the main points of his composition. "Shouts of joy and exultation," are certainly suitable ingredients for the piece, but above all things, the ascending God should shine forth from amidst the joyful tumult.

A *Requiem*, or mass for the dead, ought to be clothed in the hue of melancholy. The words:—"Requiem æternam da nobis, Domine!"—seem to have only one mode of expression. Consequently, they cannot be set in a brilliant toned key, such as A♮ major, E♮ major, B♮ major, &c. C♮ major and A♮ minor are too light for this theme. Thus there remain only the keys containing flats, which not only lull to rest, but are, by their hollow and languishing tones, expressive of death. For such a theme the composer should select E♭ major or C♮ minor; A♭ major, or F♮ minor, and particularly B♭ major, or B♮ minor.*

As with regard to musical expression, much depends on the choice of the key, the following characteristics of the different keys may not be here out of place.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE KEYS.

Every key is either coloured or uncoloured. The uncoloured keys are expressive of innocence and simplicity. The keys containing flats are characteristic of soft melancholy feelings; while those containing sharps are appropriate to the expression of wild and powerful passion.

C♮ major is quite pure. Its character is innocence, simplicity, naïveté, and the artlessness of childhood.

A♮ minor represents the cheerful feminine character, gentleness and gaiety.

F♮ major, pleasure and repose.

D♮ minor, the melancholy feminine character; the spleen and the vapours.

* This last key contains no flats, but on the contrary has two sharps. Its expression, however, is highly proper for the purpose to which the author would apply it.—*Translator.*

B♮ major, expresses happy tranquil love, peace of mind, hope, and the longing for a better world.

B♭ minor, dissatisfaction, uneasiness, the anguish of disappointment, spiteful gnashing of teeth; in a word, rancour and despair.

E♭ major, is the key of love, devotion and confiding intercourse with heaven; —representing by its three flats the sacred Triad.*

C♮ minor, the declaration of love, and also complaints of unhappy love;—every tender reproof, every anxious expectation, every sigh of the deeply-enamoured soul, is comprehended in this key.

A♭ major embraces within its compass the tones of death, the grave, corruption, judgment, and eternity.

F♮ minor, sorrow, funeral lamentation, groans, and sepulchral aspiration.

D♭ major, is an equivocal key—degenerate in sorrow and in joy. It can simper though it cannot laugh, it can ape the shedding of tears, though it cannot truly weep. Only very particular traits of character and sentiment can be depicted by this key.

B♭ minor.—An eccentric character, generally clothed in the garb of night. It is morose, and very seldom assumes a gay aspect. The mockery of heaven and earth; misanthropy and self-dissatisfaction and preparation for suicide resound through this key.

G♭ major.—Triumph over difficulty, —free respiration upon ascended hills. The echoings of a soul that has powerfully struggled, and has been finally victorious, are heard in compositions in the key of G♭ major.

E♭ minor.—Feelings of dread, of the deepest despondency, of brooding despair, of the bitterest anguish, of the most gloomy state of the soul, are here expressed. Every torment, every frightful foreboding of the heart is breathed forth by the horrific E♭. When ghosts speak, they must doubtless borrow the tones of this key.

B♮ major.—A strongly coloured key, indicative of fierce passions, concentrated under the most vivid hues. Within its jurisdiction lie anger, fury, jealousy, phrenzy, despair, and every violent emotion of the heart.

G♯ minor, vexation of spirit, painful oppression of the heart, sighs of lamentation which resound in the double sharp; finally all that is distressing is characterized by the colour of this key.

E♮ major expresses loud exultation, laughter-loving joy, but still not full and perfect delight.

C♯ minor.—The language of penitence, intimate converse with heaven, with a friend, and with the loving companion of life; the sighs of unrequited friendship and love lie within the compass of C♯ minor.

A♮ major. This key contains the declaration of innocent love, contentment, the parting lovers' hope to meet again, youthful cheerfulness, and confidence in heaven.

F♯ minor is a dismal key:—it lacerates the feelings like a surly dog tearing a beggar's garment. It speaks the language of enmity and aversion. It usually appears dissatisfied with itself, and is therefore always languishing after the tranquil repose of A major, or the triumphant beatitude of D major.

D♮ major is the key for songs of triamph, hallelujahs, the war cry, and the shout of victory. Introductory symphonies, marches, festival hymns, and hallelujah chorusses are therefore set in it

B♮ minor may be regarded as the key of patience, silent resignation to fate, and submission to divine Providence. Its tones are accordingly soft, without ever breaking into offensive murmuring and complaint. Its practice is rather difficult on all instruments; and thus it happens that but very few pieces expressly set in it are to be met with.

B♮ major is the key for idylls, eclogues, and all rural songs, for every tranquil and peaceful passion, for every tender return to sincere friendship and faithful love: in a word, every soft and tranquil emotion of the heart is admirably expressed by this key. What a pity that it is so much neglected, on account of its apparent difficulty! It should be recollected that no key is either easy or difficult, and that all difference in these respects depends entirely on the composer.

E♮ minor.—Here is to be found the

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* "Die heilige Trias," is the phrase of the author, by which he seems to allude to that which is too mysterious to be represented or expressed by music. The word *trias* is used by writers on music in the Latin tongue to express the common chord or triad, composed of the key note, its third and fifth. There would, perhaps, have been more consistency in the author's idea, had the flats of the key fallen both on the third and fifth as well as the key note, but this is not the case.—*Translator.*

unaffected, tender, and innocent declaration of love; complaining without murmuring; sighs unaccompanied by tears. Here also is expressed the near hope of perfect blessedness, by gliding back into C♮ major. Nature having given this key only one colour, it may be compared to a young virgin dressed in white, with a rose-coloured bow on her bosom. It gracefully modulates into C♮ major, and thus produces a delightful effect, in which both the ear and the heart are completely satisfied.

If it should be alleged against this sketch of the expression peculiar to each key, that in consequence of the variety of modulations no key can have a fixed character; it must be considered that it behoves every composer to study deeply the nature of his key, and to admit within its orbit only such as bear a sympathetic affinity to it. The friend of social intercourse will not invite to his parties incongruous characters whose irreconcileable humours would disturb all the harmony of the confidential circle, but will rather select congenial spirits capable of giving the highest zest to the pleasure of the company. A free-thinker noted for levity, would be very discordantly situated in a solemn religious assembly, though elsewhere he might find his proper place. It is even so with the musical composer. When he has once fixed on a key suited to the prevailing sentiment of his composition, he cannot with propriety glide into other keys which contradict that sentiment. For example, it would be insufferable were an air in C♮ major to end with its first strain in B♮ major; or, were one in F♮ minor suddenly to modulate into F♯ major. In short, musical expression is, throughout all the keys, so distinctly marked, that though it has not yet been sufficiently investigated by the philosophic critic, it nevertheless, with regard to completeness of effect, surpasses poetic and picturesque expression.

Devotion and sublimity constitute the appropriate expression of church music:—the wonderful, the heroic, the majestic, the deeply moving, the melancholy, the gay and the joyful, are the characteristics of the dramatic style.

Confidential familiarity, sociability, conformity to every character, the construction of every musical idea, belong to the expression of chamber music.

Finally, popular music, devoid of natural expression, is a worthless carcase which justly deserves to be buried on the bare common or at a cross road.

ON THE AGRICULTURAL QUESTION.

THE present period of national distress is regarded by the watchful egotism of certain classes as a favourable opportunity of obtruding on the public their own selfish views, and urging the legislature to adopt their destructive measures;* it therefore becomes the duty of every one who loves his country, to lift up his voice, however feeble, in reprobation of the insidious councils which threaten the ruin of all that is valuable to us as a nation. The great desideratum in human industry has hitherto been, to manufacture *cheap*; and all wise governments have encouraged and rewarded those, who either lowered the price, or improved the quality of their productions. It was reserved for this patriotic age to behold a body of men stand forward with the modest proposal—"Compel yourselves to pay us still higher prices for our wares, than those you already cannot afford, and we will promise you to fabricate plenty of them: forbid yourselves to buy them from a cheaper manufacturer, and we will take care to make enough for all your consumption."

Thus speaks the farmer, or his advocate the philosopher. "Give us employment," (say the labouring people), "and we do not regard the price of corn."* Let us reason the point a little with one of these "labouring people," in the untutored dialectics of the rural shed.

Labourer. We are, sir, ten in number, and our weekly consumption of bread is fifteen quartern loaves.

Answerer. And those cost you——?

L. Our baker's bill is about twelve shillings and ninepence one week with another.

A. And your weekly wages average—

L. Nine shillings from master, and seven from the overseer. How is it possible a poor man can live? But my master and our steward say it's all along

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* See "The Analysis of Human Nature, or an investigation of the means to improve the condition of the poor, and to promote the happiness of mankind in general; comprising also the progress and present state of political, moral, and religious society."—By Phelps. London, 1818.

of letting so much foreign corn come in—

A. That means, if foreign corn were prohibited, they could obtain their own price for theirs.

L. To be sure, sir!

A. And for every thing else. For I suppose you are aware these people ask for the exclusion of every foreign product of animal and vegetable nature, down to an egg, and a twig of Dutch willow.*

L. I cannot say, sir. But it's an old saying and a true one, when bread gets up every thing else does.

A. And they pretend that if they had corn at their own price, they could afford you better wages?

L. Yes, sir; or else employ more of us—Master ploughed up his allotment of the heath, and our landlord grubbed Little-wood. That was in the war time, when corn was at a guinea the bushel, and no oak bark to be got from abroad for the tanners, for love nor money. But master grumbles, and says the moor inclosure does not leave him two-pence, when the parson's sheaves are carried off, and he will lay it down to grass; and between you and me, that's what it were ever fittest for. And the squire is ready to hang himself, that he was ever persuaded to cut down that lovely wood, and mar all the beauty of his prospects. But if corn can be got up to war prices, master is to plough all the moor-side that's walled in already for planting firs; for between rock and shingle it was thought nought else would grow there. And then there'll be work and wages for more of us.

A. Who doubts them? Give them a patent and they will undertake to drain Loch-Lomond for a potatoe bog, and turn the top of Ben Nevis into a wheat farm.—You have a brother, who is a family man too, I believe?

L. Yes, sir, he is a razor maker at Birmingham, with a numerous family.

A. I am fearful these new inclosures will do little for *him*.

L. No, sir. But if corn is to be made dear on purpose, they will bring his nose nearer to the grindstone than it is already, poor fellow!

A. That observation did not come from the squire!

L. No, sir, nor from master neither.

A. Do you imagine these hill sides can be brought to produce wheat?

L. They may be made to grow *some in time*, with plenty of manure, and plenty of labour.

A. But will they have money and patience to wait that time?

L. If they are sure of prices beforehand.

A. For the first crops?

L. For ever, as I understand. They only want a law that there's never to be no more grain imported no how.

A. So the people of England are to stand pledged that they, and their children's children, for a hundred years to come, are to eat their bread three times dearer than other nations do.*

A. I would now ask you, if corn were kept up at a war price, what difference do they talk of making in your wages?

L. They would pay us up, poor's money and all, out of their own pockets, and set all hands to work.†

A. In dibbling in wheat on Arthur-seat, and Boston sea-washes, I suppose. But be it so. You now receive for your wages about fifteen quartern loaves per week?

L. Or the worth of them.

A. If corn were at war prices, we will say seven pounds a quarter, would your baker give you the same number of quartern loaves for your sixteen shillings as he does now at three pounds ten?

L. To be sure not, sir. And you know, we were used to save a trifle for a bit of butter, cheese, bacon, and now and then a bit of flesh-meat.

A. My unfortunate friend, you must no longer dream of dainties. If all the grass lands and commons are to be

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* See various late agricultural petitions to both houses of the Legislature.

* "Do what we will, we cannot bring the price of provisions in this country to the level with that of other countries, while we have an enormous debt and taxes, *without injuring the agricultural and landed interests of the country by importations of corn.* How are proprietors of land, or farmers to pay poors' rates, taxes, and labourers, and a dear rate for other articles, if they cannot sell their corn at a *fair price?* And if they cannot profit by it, they cannot be expected to grow corn! Nor will they employ labourers, or till the land as they otherwise would do. *Better to pay a reasonable price for corn, than suffer the industry of the country to be checked.*—Analysis, &c.

† "Manual labour by the spade, *drilling excepted, and a slight harrowing, to cover the seed.*" So that the substitution of men for horses, on which so much stress has been laid, amounts to no more than exactly that of the spade for the plough.

ploughed up for corn,* and all imports prohibited, what is to become of butter and cheese, bacon, and butchers' meat. In order to maintain an artificial monopoly in grain, they would create a real want of every thing else.

L. I do not much understand these matters, but I suppose we must turn to the overseer again.

Indignation compels us to resume a more serious strain.

Labour must feed itself. The only permanent standard of relative value, is, *a day's subsistence commuted for a day's toil.* But this applies rigorously and practically to agricultural labour only; to that work for which little else is required than the mere physical powers of the workman, to the craft which is the shortest to learn and the simplest to perform, and in which a minimum both of mental exertion and of practical skill is put forth; for in more artificial branches of industry many variable elements enter as factors into the expression of their relative values. This agricultural labour, as related to, and represented by the necessary means of the labourer's support, affords a quantum, which, under every fluctuation of circumstances, varies less than any other remuneration of human industry; for "food and shelter" is at all times, and in all countries, nearly the equivalent of hired labour in the field.

If these premises be true, it follows that a given quantity of bread is the expression of a given duration of labour.

Monetary denominations enter for nothing into this scheme of proportion. Whether it be gold or cowry shells, slips of paper or disks of metal that are given him in remuneration, each one is in the labourers' hands a mere title to a variable portion of the means of existence, and he must have so many of them paid him as shall form together warrants for obtaining as much food and shelter as he requires during the performance of so much work.*

A slight attention to the astutious manner in which the demands of the agriculturists are *insinuated* into the public mind, will render it obvious that the farmers studiously affect to identify their interests with those of the labourer, by setting themselves up as the legal representatives, and natural advocates of the whole rural population; nay more, of the whole industrious population of the state. Upon this deceitful centre turns all the studied fallacy of their pretensions. The farmers are master manufacturers, who devote their capitals to the production of certain articles of universal necessity, with the aid of a numerous body of workmen, whose labour they compensate in monetary payments, at the lowest rate which the former can be persuaded or compelled to accept; and the payment so received, is expended in the purchase, through intermediate dealers, of those necessaries their own hands have produced. Were a Glasgow manufacturer to pretend, that if parliament would empower him to exact a higher price for his goods, he would, by working on inferior cotton, and with ruder mechanism, enable his weavers to clothe their wives and children in embroidered muslins, his conduct would not be more absurd than the farmer's who asserts, that by working on sterile soils, in bleak and alpine exposures, which require a vast increase of labour, and yield a far scantier product, he shall be enabled to feed all these labourers more abundantly out of his own crops;† for

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* "It may be allowed that all the good and well-situated lands are occupied, but it cannot be said that even these are all appropriated to yield food for man. A great part may be said to be applied not only to the comforts but to the luxuries and extravagances of life. It requires as much food to support a horse, or at least as much land to produce it, as would sustain a large family, or even several families, were it cultivated to the utmost extent, and made to produce the most productive food for man."—*Analysis, &c.*

* "Money, however, is a variable commodity, and the rise of wages, as well as of commodities, is frequently occasioned by a fall in the value of money. A rise of wages from this cause will, indeed, be invariably followed by a rise in the value of commodities; but in such case it will be found that labour and all commodities have not varied in regard to each other, and that the variation has been confined to money."—Ricardo, c. i.

† "There are more lands uncultivated in the three kingdoms than would subsist double the number of its present inhabitants, if properly laboured and cultivated; and this assertion must not be put down by the popular cry that they are not worth cultivating, or that it would require more labour than they are worth. This is the very thing *we* want. Land and labour, will always be better than spontaneous productions which create idleness."—Analysis, &c.

mediately or immediately, the agricultural workman can only exist by eating a certain portion of what himself has raised.

The *market price* of corn is always fixed by *the cost of its production on the worst lands on which it is grown;* while the modicity of that product has a constant tendency to keep down the monetary wages of the labourer employed upon them, in an exactly inverse ratio; till at length the strife between the farmer and his hands ends in his abandoning such lands, either to pristine sterility, or into the sole possession of those who instead of raising crops for wages, can barely make it yield food for themselves.

At no former period of English history was there so much land under tillage throughout the whole British empire as at present, or was that tillage conducted with so much science and accuracy. Yet no complaints were heard, at least none so loud as now, of a want of agricultural employment. "Because," the farmers answer, "the population has greatly increased."* It were strange, methinks, that the *whole* population of England should have so greatly increased, as is pretended, in the face of an exterminative warfare of five and-twenty years. But admitting that it be so, numbers create employment. Population will always feed itself, if dealt fairly by. "That," replies the farmer, "is what we propose. Prohibit imports, and we will employ a greater number than we do, in raising food for themselves and others." You mean in manufacturing produce for you to sell to them and others, at prices of your own stipulating. And even supposing that you compensate your workmen in monetary wages for the augmented prices you exact for your produce, (which you cannot do, for all you mean, and all you promise, is not to pay more wages, but to employ more labourers, and to relieve, not the peasant, but the poor's rate;) what advantage do you offer in all this to the great mass of manufacturing population!

The farmer's answer is ready prepared. "If," says he, "corn could not be imported, ALL hands would then turn to agriculture," (Analysis, &c.). It is not the relief, but the destruction of the inventive arts, it is the "perish commerce" that forms the *coin-de-mire* of this amiable and consistent philosophy. But this empire is not destined for, nor can ever become a second China, "jealous of the mechanism of a wheelbarrow." Nature, climate, position, institutions, alike forbid the thought. With a numerous, and, *perhaps*, increasing population, employed, part in agriculture, part in manufactures, and part in commerce, her territory is too circumscribed, and her soils too limited, to pretend to feed the whole by her own produce. Those exterior relations, which employ the industry of a great part of her inhabitants, can only be maintained BY WORKING CHEAPLY ON THAT FIRST AND CHIEF RAW MATERIAL OF HUMAN INDUSTRY, HUMAN FOOD. To compel an empire which, like Britain, necessarily lives and breathes out of herself, to pay *dearer* for the aliments of existence than other nations, while it is indispensably necessary for her to sell *cheaper* than them, the products of her industry, is calculated to destroy the sanction of law, and dissolve the bonds of society.

The precious metals are, like all other materials of traffic, an exchangeable merchandise. If some portion of them be, or rather have been, exported in barter for grain, that grain has been employed to feed the workmen of Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, and at least half the population of the empire, at prices which should enable them to work cheaply on the confection of such objects of exchange as are destined to bring these metals home again with a due balance of advantage. The fuel which heats the forge, or works the steam-engine, is not more an ingredient of manufacture than are the bread and the barley that invigorate the hammerman's or the weaver's arm.

Encourage then, by that cheapness of food which the freedom of commerce alone insures, your manufacturers to fabricate the best and lowest in the world, those articles which shall pay for this supplementary subsistence, and stimulate their invention to create new wants for the nations. Instead of bribing the farmer to grind the barren rock into bread, like the famished natives of some Oasis in the desart, avail yourselves of the genial distributions of na-

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* One of our favorite poets complains that—

"There was a time, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of land maintained its man."

If the bard would only tell us when that time was! But his assertion is just as false as the farmer's promises are fallacious.

ture towards distant soils. Let the rice of India, the grain of Europe, the maize of the West, come in aid of the subsistence of your people. It is thus you will multiply a race of seamen to convey your commerce, and in the hour of need, to protect it. Reject this artificial insulation, this cloister in the wilderness, in which the *farming interest* would fain impale you. Instead of becoming, at their blind solicitations, the

"Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos,"

avail yourselves of the true advantages of that insular situation they would persuade you to regret; and by deigning to want others in order that others may want you, continue to be the commercial bond of nations.

There is no deficiency of food in this empire. Scarcity is neither felt nor apprehended. Demand and compensation for labour are alone wanting; and to keep out of view the true causes of this public affliction, to avoid incurring their share in that general *subsidence* of interests which must inevitably take place, before the frame of society can be restored to the equilibrium of health, here the farmer born down by high rents, and the land-owner dreading least those rents should undergo a forced reduction, have coalesced to set up the notable outcry that all foreign products must be prohibited, and an artificial famine created; because then "all hands would soon turn to agriculture." Manufactures are to be abandoned, foreign relations renounced, commerce and its ships sunk in the abyss of the ocean, and in Britain, as in Poland and Siberia, there shall only remain three classes of society, land-owners, farmers, and slaves.

The true causes both of agricultural depression and popular distress are *high rents, high tithes, high taxes*, both assessed and indirect; *high poors' rates*. Our farmers cannot supply the manufacturing population with the necessaries of life so cheaply as formerly, and our artizans, paralyzed by the enormous advance on all the means of existence, can no longer contend in cheapness with the rival establishments of foreign nations which rise up on every side, and oppose them in every mart.

For the unnatural advance in the use paid for land, the farming interest is almost wholly indebted to its own avaricious manœuvres. It was the unbridled cupidity of the farmers that threw temptation in the way of the lord of the soil, that did not wait for, but courted and pressed upon him by public and private competition the advance of his rent-roll, that seduced him by extravagant offers to eject the small farmer from his father's holding, to rob the cottage of its garden, the hamlet of its green. It was at that fatal period of illusion, when every large farmer became a speculator, and every little one sunk into a peasant, that the seeds were sown of present confusion. The small farmer spoiled the market. His needs were too proximate to his means to enable him to speculate and keep back. He wanted money, and the surplus of his own consumption he must sell. He was a sad "crook in the path" of the great monied landholder, and there was no alternative but either to buy him out of the market, or drive him from the field. The luxurious necessities of the lord unfortunately conspired with the unfeeling egotism of his bloated yeomanry, to render the last the most expedient measure.

To trace an evil to its source is usually to point out its remedy; and that remedy, which must be constantly kept in view, and systematically persevered in to the utmost verge of *English* practicability, in every attempt to ameliorate the lot of the hired labourer, is to measure back our steps with steadiness and vigour, but not to evaporate the national energy, and waste its means in benevolent but Utopian schemes of *inflicted* happiness. The proposed organization of uniform national establishments to effect this purpose is both chimerical and impossible; for waste lands under the suggested regimen would be wholly unproductive, and the expense of appropriating better soils to these experimental purposes would soon exceed, beyond all calculation, the means of both public and private benevolence. There prevails, moreover, in even the most degraded castes of English character, a certain spirit of wilful independence, which would spurn at conscious felicity itself, if it were a compulsory form. In order to be happy, the British peasant must conceive that the means of becoming so have been of his own adoption, that he has taken advice, not submitted to authority; and this spirit alone will frustrate every improvement of the sort that begins with incorporations and acts of parliament.

It has been proposed, among other expedients, to colonize "some of the *desolate* wastes which *deform* various

parts of the united kingdom."* Why do these wastes remain in this *deformity*? Because they are found not sufficiently productive to maintain the five-fold partnership of landlord, titheman, tax-gatherer, farmer, and hind. The experiment is daily made with all the united means of wealth and skill, stimulated by the love of gain, and pursued till self-interest receives its answer. "Thus far will it pay thee to plough, and no further." The only way in which these untoward tracts can be rendered productive is by investing the peasant with the whole interest in the wastes on which he sits down; by making them his, on the sole condition of improving them—manual labour alone can here find its recompense.

The advocates of these plans of colonization have forborne to dwell on the means of their execution; whether these colonists are to be volunteers, and the degree of labour and consequent improvement left to their spontaneous exertions, or whether (what we should be reluctant to believe) all those whose indigence may stand in need of succour, shall, without discrimination, be sold or leased at per head to the best bidder, company, or contractor. But if this last be the happy thought, let the experiment be made, and it will soon be found whether a band of indolent and reluctant slaves will reproduce from these desolate wastes even the food they will not fail to have consumed.

The suppression of small farms, and the studied solution of every tie of interest which can bind the labourer to his home, are the sole causes of that spirit of migration and vagrancy which is becoming every day more alarming; as it multiplies the representation of the same individual in twenty places at a time, and almost always under the form of useless mendicity. Deprived of every private source of comfort, having no interest in any earthly thing outside the door of his squalid lodging, his only enquiry is, in what part of the world the highest wages are given; and upon each incidental deficiency in the local demand for labour, he and his set off to roam the country, trusting to the overseer and to casual charity for their subsistence on the way, and injuring the fixed population of each stopping-place, by creating the same redundancy of work-people they left their own homes to flee from.

The only way to fix men in stationary usefulness, is to give them a direct, a *vested* interest in staying where they are; but the labourer deprived of his garden, of his patch of ground, the common right for his cow taken from him, has no such interest, unless indeed it be the sad and disastrous one of obtaining what is called a parish settlement.

Would you accomplish this wise purpose? Encourage every cottager to cultivate a garden. Let his infants be taught to work upon it. Let public premiums be bestowed, landlords' encouragements, and village honours be distributed to the best horticulturists. Evoke by every practicable means the magical energies that arise from the sentiment of ownership, or at least of occupation; and you will soon see an Eden spring up in the desart at the enchantment of the words "mine" and "ours." In the extension of parochial aids, let the same principle be kept steadily in view. Distribute seeds, plants, lend implements, cart manure gratis for their little grounds, any thing rather than money. Instead of building workhouses enlarge cottages; for be it remembered, that there is scarcely an individual among the old, the infant, the invalid, the decrepid, who, though rated as non-effective for the farmer's purposes, cannot weed a little, hoe a little, take some small share at intervals in the economy of a kitchen-garden, or a poultry-yard. Persevere no longer in the system that

"Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;"*

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* An admirer of nature will reply to this economist, that her fair face is never *deformed*, except by human hands. It is only lately that the wild undulations of certain small heaths, in the vicinity of the metropolis, which heretofore charmed the eye of the painter, and afforded room for the healthful gambols of childhood, have been *deformed* by the angular monotony of new inclosures, studded, not with trees, but painted boards at each corner, to announce —"paths closed by authority,"—"warnings against trespassers,"—"rewards on information,"—"notices to vagrants,"—"cautions of spring-guns and steel-traps," and other similar denunciations that fatigue the attention and insult the feelings.

* It is scarcely to be credited, that in this age of economy and period of public distress, the two following articles of information should appear in the London newspapers *of the same day*:—

"*Berlin*, 19*th June*.—Twenty thousand linen workmen of Brandenburg and Silesia having been reduced to the greatest distress

but, if the green and the common *must* be enclosed, let them go with the cottages. The difference is almost incredible between the work a man does for his own profit and what he does on hire for others. Still the energy which the more powerful motive inspires, reflects itself advantageously on all his habits; and even the unfortunate negroes, whose Sunday-gardens are in the best order, ever rate as the most industrious and valuable slaves on the plantation. Let the farmer pay less in money than in land and leisure; instead of higher monetary wages, let him employ more hands, and allow to each a portion of his time to his own distinct profit. It is an incalculable advantage of this measure that its results will be almost independent of every fluctuation, both in the market price of produce and in the rate of wages, because the industrious cottager employs, in the consumption of his own family, the greater part of what his labour raises.

The same principle operates with double force to recommend the early restoration of small farms. Even admitting that large ones, conducted by great capitals, return the largest product from the same surface, the argument is wholly irrelevant here. It is not an augmentation of marketable produce but of self-remunerative labour, that forms the desideratum; of labour, of which the labourer shall himself derive all the advantage. If the cottager who never knew what it was to to possess the management of a rood of land, finds he can no longer exist on the monetary pittance assigned him, what must have been the lot of the ci-devant small farmer when, ejected from that ground of which, with the exception of a formerly moderate rent, and more moderate taxes, he enjoyed the whole usufruct, he found himself and his offspring condemned to toil for others' gains, at the price of so much bread, as it pleased the new legislators, the farming interest, to allow them per day.

The absorption of small farms has ever produced the most pernicious effect; monopoly, mendicity, and depopulation, always follow in its train. In small farms, the capitalist and the labourer are one. He that occupies the soil tills it, and what is of more importance, he who tills it feeds on the produce of his own labour. In the wilds of the Illinois, the labourer concentrates the whole interest in himself. A very small sum, and that payable by distant instalments, invests him in the freehold; taxes and tithes he knows nothing of; he and his children labour the ground; and the undivided produce of their industry is his own, Under such circumstances of patriarchal occupation, there is no doubt that very inferior soils, in very unfavourable situations, may be rendered profitable. They form a vast fund of productive labour, and present to the state this further advantage, that by alimenting in a great degree their own consumption, they lessen so much the rural demand for *marketable* produce, and thereby operate as a check on local cupidity.

If the numerous societies established to promote the welfare of *(ostensibly)* the whole rural interest, would converge their attention to this point, of encouraging the labourer to devote his leisure hours, and those of his progeny, to raising the materials of their own consumption, their labours would be more exten-

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by the failure of trade, (through the introduction, it is alledged, of mixed stuffs of British manufacture in immense quantities,) his (Prussian) majesty has ordered the sum of 130,000 rix thalers, for the purpose of affording them not merely a temporary relief but permanent support. Baron von Kotwitz has received full powers, together with the Chief President of Brandenburg and Silesia, to procure these poor spinners and weavers not only the means necessary for their proper employment, but also *dwellings and lands of their own:* and thus to give the plough a place by the side of the loom. 50,000 rix thalers are destined for Brandenburg, and 100,000 for Silesia."

"A letter from the county of Sutherland, dated the 15th instant, states, that from the change of system lately adopted on the extensive estate of the M——— and M——ss of ———, in that country, great numbers are emigrating to America. As the present plan is to convert that estate (except a few spots on the sea-side) into sheep-walks, and that too as quickly as possible, a vast number are removed this year, and their cottages burnt or destroyed. Such as can afford to pay for their passage go to America; others shift for themselves as they can; but many, very many of them will remain, from inability to do otherwise, to starve in the country without house or home."

Whenever a false hypothesis is successfully urged, and the dictate of cupidity listened to, its application never fails to create the very evil it affected to deprecate. A prohibitory duty on foreign wool, the legislature was told, was the only means to encourage British industry. And the first fruits of its enactment are to convert industrious Britons into exasperated foes, by turning their native soil into a sheep-walk.

sively and substantially useful than in conferring idle medals for the production of gigantic specimens of animal food. Honours bestowed for these immense productions only raise instead of lowering the price of provisions; for the preference given by mistaken gourmandise to this sort of meat, has a constant tendency to raise the average prices; this *prime meat*, always *putting up* that of the inferior sorts, as the breeder, the grazier, the jobber, the butcher, know to their profit, and the poor labourer and artizan feel to their sorrow. Premiums these societies indeed affect to bestow on the labouring population, but for what? To reward and distinguish the modest merit of the little family whose industrious leisure has raised a smiling garden, and a profitable *basse-cour* round its humble domain? Nothing of the sort! but the apathetic male or female who, insensible to the impulses alike of nature and reason, has had the patience to waste a life of drawling celibacy in the same domestic service during half a century, may aspire to a splendid *Malthusean* reward of "*three whole guineas*"* once paid for "long and faithful services," while the haughty vassal they serve pockets a rouleau of ten or twenty pounds for every fat ox, or prize wether, the poor man has assisted him in raising.

In the foregoing remarks we have studiously avoided touching on the momentous question that occupies all heads, and comes home to every fire-side, in what way that *subsidence* of all interests and forms of capital, which is as inevitable as fate, can be rendered compatible with the tremendous perpetual annuity with which those interests have saddled themselves, and of which the full burden is now only beginning to be felt; as the weight of his debts never comes home to the spendthrift till he finds that his rental is absorbed, and he can borrow no more. One austere truth must, however, be kept in view. Whatever general compromise shall take place, whatever composition of partial interests may be entered into, the labourer, the artizan, cannot compound. His capital is his arms, his profits are his food; and the equilibrium must not be disturbed.

Let not the farmer attempt to revive the antiquated plea, that his growths being of indispensable necessity, he is entitled to especial protection. If the manufacturer exacts exorbitant prices for his wares, the remedy is at hand—cease to consume them. But if the farmer monopolizes, the only alternative is, to apply to a cheaper market, or—to starve!

ISAAC MOSSE.

London, Feb. 1820.

* See Transactions of the Bath and West of England Society, vol. xiv.

This is all in character, and according to the farming interest and Malthusean system, just as it should be. Induce the peasantry of both sexes, to work out, in strict obedience to the "moral restraint" of the new philosophy, their allotment of existence, as vernacular appendages to the household of the better portioned, though probably not better informed farmer, nor lend an ear to the seductive whispers of nature, unless each pair shall have assured to themselves a previous independence of all present and future rents, tithes, taxes assessed and indirect, poors' rates, bad seasons, scarcities, monopolies, just and necessary wars, and their consequences, militia drafts, &c., &c.

Some of this enlightened class propose to remove from their parents the infant peasantry by a forced apprenticeship at the age of eight or nine years, to domestic employment with the farmers, in order to do away the hankering of the children for "their mothers' fire-sides, and for domestic occupations," and thus "accustom them early to field labour," and "keep the population under." That is right, farmer, make the young *negroes* stick to the plantation! These notions, however, well as they may beseem the cultivator of Barbadoes, or of Brazil, neither suit the moral atmosphere of what once was Britain, nor will tend to redress her sorrows.

ON SHAKSPEARE'S HAMLET.

SHAKSPEARE is the fairest and fullest subject for criticism. "But not such a sort of criticism," says Warburton, "as may be raised mechanically on the rules which Dacier, Rapin, and Bossu have collected from antiquity; but such as judgeth our author by those only laws and principles on which he wrote, NATURE and COMMON-SENSE." The purpose of the drama is to afford rational pleasure; and Shakspeare's works sufficiently prove that the rules which have been confidently laid down for dramatic writing are not essential to its object. Yet by such rules, some men, more learned than wise, have presumed to censure one of the most brilliant productions of human genius, the tragedy of Hamlet; which has been still worse treated by those who have undertaken

its defence: and notwithstanding the labours of all the commentators, and of Mr. Hazlitt, a rational investigation of the plan, conduct, characters, and poetry of this play is still desirable, for the purpose of confounding the puny criticism by which it has been assailed, and teaching men "*with reason to admire.*" Possibly some of the following observations may be found conducive to these objects.

In the character of Hamlet, our immortal poet has introduced to our admiration one of the noblest objects that ever fascinated the gaze of mortals: a youthful, brave, virtuous, and accomplished prince: gifted with intellect of the highest order, improved to excellence by learning and observation.

During the life of his royal father, he basked in the sunshine of perfect felicity. He was the object of general admiration and esteem. Happy in the exquisite enjoyments of love and friendship, he heeded not the present passing hour; in the future he anticipated a glorious reign, over an adoring people. Suddenly these brilliant prospects vanished from his sight. His father's death, strange and suspicious, was followed by his uncle's election to the throne: while Hamlet, almost overwhelmed with sorrow, mistrust, and indignation, was doomed to witness the incestuous, infamous marriage of his mother, (a matron till then irreproachable,) with the man whom his "prophetic soul" regarded as his father's assassin—

——"A cutpurse of the empire,
—— a villain
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket."

This last disgraceful blow, more intolerable to him than the loss of a dear father, and a royal inheritance, reduced the unfortunate prince to a state of gloomy melancholy. He was no longer to be recognised as—

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state;
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form;
The observ'd of all observers!"

He now began to hate the usages of the world, and the desire of quitting life was the usual subject of his meditations—

——"Fye on the world,
'Tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely."

In this state of mind his energies are awakened by the appearance of his father's spirit, "in arms." On the first intimation of this apparition, his expressions evince a just dread of confiding in it, without some corroborating proof: he fears the subtle wiles of the fiend of darkness:

"If it *assume* my noble father's person."—
"Be thou a spirit of heav'n, or *goblin damn'd*,
Thou com'st in such a questionable *shape*—"

The friends of the Prince are no less apprehensive that this shape is merely assumed, by some evil spirit for diabolical purposes, and eagerly dissuade him from trusting himself alone in its presence. When the dreadful tale of fratricide has been unfolded, and Hamlet has engaged to take vengeance on the murderer, he is left in a state of the most dreadful agitation. At this moment his friends assail him with anxious inquiries, but he resolves to leave them in their original uncertainty as to the nature of the apparition. The intention of those phrases of "Old Truepenny"—"this fellow in the cellarage"—"Old Mole," &c. is to persuade them that it was not really the spirit of the king his father.

We now come to his determination "to put an antic disposition on." For this, Dr. Johnson thinks, there was no adequate cause; and Malone tells us, it was injudicious in Shakspeare to make Hamlet feign himself mad. But Shakspeare was in this instance, at least, as judicious as Mr. Malone, or the colossus of literature. Poets are to be found in every alley, who would have made Hamlet implicitly believe all that the ghost should tell him, and then stab his uncle at the head of his council, or perhaps his army; and then the crown would be clapped on Hamlet's head, and the players being handsomely grouped in the front of the stage, the curtain would drop with vast effect. But as the drama had not, in Shakspeare's time, attained its full perfection, he went to work in a different way. He found in "The Hystorie of Hamblet," which was his original, that Hamlet says, "I am well assured that he that hath made no conscience to kill his own brother, (accustomed to murthers, and allured with desire of government without control in his treasons,) will not spare to sate himself with the like cruelty, in the blood and flesh of the loins of his brother, by him massacred: and, therefore, it is better for me to feign madness than to use my right senses; that I may preserve my life for the Danes, and the memory of

my late deceased father; for that the desire of revenging his death is so engraven in my heart, that if I die not shortly, I hope to take such and so great vengeance that these countries shall for ever speak thereof. Nevertheless, I must stay the time, means, and occasion, lest by making over great haste, I be now the cause of mine own sudden ruin and overthrow; and by that means end, before I begin to effect, my heart's desire. For seeing that by force I cannot effect my desire, reason alloweth me by dissimulation, subtlety, and secret practices to proceed therein."

Had Shakspeare taken the precaution to turn this into blank verse, we should never have heard of the criticisms on this subject. But it frequently happens that writers, in composing on a subject extremely familiar to themselves, omit some point of connexion, trivial indeed, but necessary to the perfection of the piece. In this instance, however, it is possible that Shakspeare thought these reasons, with several others, would occur to every mind as readily as they did to his own. By several other reasons, I mean such as these:—That by feigning madness, Hamlet would be enabled to say many things, as if undesignedly, which would search the consciences of the king and queen; he would probably frustrate any machinations against himself: he might also discover his own friends in the Danish court, so as to know with what strength he might strike when the proper time should arrive. And he may be supposed to have thought that if the adventure of the ghost should reach his uncle's ears, nothing but this pretended madness could save his life, and preserve him for the day of retribution.

A tenth part of these reasons would be allowed as sufficient to account for the incidents of a modern play: why then should criticism be so fastidious in quarrelling with the foundation on which the structure of this exquisite dramatic poem is erected? Shakspeare meant us to suppose that Hamlet intended to unmask and expose the murderer to the world, for which purpose he never obtained adequate means; he wished the death of his uncle to be regarded as a just retribution, and not a villainous murder, which it must have been considered had he gone (as Mr. Malone, with native simplicity, calls it,) *naturally* to work. He had, notwithstanding his misanthropic and desponding soliloquies, no intention of perishing by the hands of the assassin or executioner: but expected to succeed the king on the throne.

Love, in so exalted a mind as that of the Danish prince, seldom leads to happiness. Its exquisite refinement precludes the possibility of easily meeting with a congenial soul every way worthy of such homage. But such a mind is constantly accompanied by a force of imagination, which is too apt to dignify the first beautiful object to which it is attracted, with all the rare qualities requisite to constitute a perfect idol for its adoration. This illusion, while it lasts, is probably the most perfect felicity on earth, but it is dearly purchased by the agony of the moment which dissipates the deceitful mist of fancy, and shews the poor, weak, frail reality. Such disappointments are most severely felt by the most excellent natures, and often produce despair and death. Moderate expectations, and a just appreciation of ourselves and others, with a determination to look for human nature, and nothing more in our fellow-mortals, will secure us against such calamitous shocks. But these maxims are only to be gained by experience in the school of life; such characters as Hamlet, therefore, stand wholly exposed and defenceless to this destructive effect of their own heated imaginations.

Hamlet must be supposed to have loved Ophelia to adoration, and to have thought her a being of absolute perfection. She appears, indeed, an innocent, amiable, affectionate, pretty girl; but does not develope a character worthy of the intended wife of Hamlet. We all know many such. Compare her with the noble, generous, all-confiding, all-daring Juliet, or the constant Imogen, and we may see what she was not, and what Hamlet fancied her to be. His many griefs had depressed his spirits, and jaundiced his view of human actions; yet on Ophelia's love he firmly relied, and there was still consolation for him. Most unexpectedly she repels his visits, and rejects his letters. Inferior men, on such occasions, sue for explanation, and reconciliation; submit to the caprice of the imperious fair, and are happy in their restoration to the liberty of resuming their courtship. This is treating women as women, and not as goddesses; and as both parties know it is to be discontinued after marriage, it helps to amuse them in the interval. But the refined and sensitive mind of Hamlet had no affinity to such characters. With him the loss of Ophelia was a total

wreck of happiness; and the Ophelia of his affections was evidently lost for ever. Whether the change of his fortunes, the solicitations of a rival, or natural inconstancy had alienated her affection from him, was of little consequence; the chain of imaginary congeniality was broken, never to be united. Shakspeare well knew that words were incapable of giving utterance to the feelings of the princely lover; but how touching is the description of his one last visit to her he had so lately adored. He sought no information—he uttered no reproaches—but indulged the weakness of human nature, in once more looking on the lovely form that had deceived him.

"*Ophelia.* He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me."

This is the most pathetic parting that could have been imagined. Hamlet is all but heart-broken; nothing could restore the sweet illusion which was his last cherished tie to the world; he came to look on her as he would if she had been dead, and retired as destitute of hope and comfort.

But although she was wholly lost to him, he could not endure the anticipation of her union with another. In the subsequent scenes, he seizes every opportunity of suggesting her retirement to a religious seclusion; and in his interview with her in the third act, vehemently urges this measure, insisting on every motive calculated to influence her to adopt it—the general depravity of mankind—the follies of her own sex; the prevalence of calumny, &c.

The hapless Ophelia, overwhelmed with grief for the loss of her princely lover, is destined to sustain another fatal shock in the death of her father, slain by the erring hand of that very lover. Oppressed by sorrow in so many fearful shapes, her mind sinks under the accumulated weight, and her mental derangement leads to her premature death. Hamlet first learns her melancholy fate at the ceremony of her interment, and the strong tide of recollection renews all his fond affection. He leaps into her grave, and raving outrageously, strives to out-rant her brother in the boisterous lamentations of excessive sorrow.

Hamlet is generally accused of basely or supinely delaying the revenge required by his father's spirit; and the advocates of Shakspeare have repelled the charge, by merely shewing that if Hamlet had proceeded in a more summary way, the play would have ended too soon. The reasoning on both sides is remarkably superficial, consisting of an insufficient answer to an unfounded objection.

The tardiness ascribed to Hamlet does not exist. He does not form his resolution immediately on the suggestion of the ghost.

——"The spirit that I have seen,
May be a devil:—and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this. The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

——"if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damn'd ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy."

It is not until Hamlet is convinced of the murderer's guilt by the terrific effect of the play introduced in the third Act, that he resolves on vengeance; nor would that resolution have been justifiable previously.

But before he can effect his purpose, the royal assassin, full of terror and suspicion, resolves to send him to England, in order to remove one cause of his fears. A masterly scene exposes the anguish of the king's mind, who attempts to petition Heaven for grace to repent of his enormities. Hamlet entering at this moment, is tempted by the opportunity to kill him—but resolves to defer it, till he can take him in some act

"That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes"

For this ferocious idea, Shakspeare and his hero have incurred much undeserved censure, from critics who surely never weighed the offence for which Hamlet sought *revenge*, or knew the meaning of that awful word. It was not for the mere loss of life that the royal Dane returned to the world to call for justice. He was

"Cut off even in the blossoms of his sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to his account
With all his imperfections on his head."

He was therefore condemned to horrid sufferings—

"Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away."

Merely to deprive the murderer of life would have been a very inadequate retribution; but, to kill him in the act of prayer, which Hamlet supposes would ensure his forgiveness above,

"Why this is hire and salary, not revenge,"

Instead of limiting the extent of Hamlet's intended vengeance, we ought to feel that *all revenge* is forbidden, therefore our objection should be aimed at the ghost's behest; but that being admitted, we must afterwards reason, not upon what we know to be right, but upon what Hamlet, instructed by such awful means, and believing as he did, in the torments of purgatory, and efficacy of prayer and penitence, was likely to consider a full and ample retribution.

That the completion of Hamlet's purposes should be impeded in the 4th Act, by the circumstance of his exile to England, is strictly dramatic; he overcomes this impediment, and returns. The distraction and death of Ophelia, and the insurrection raised by Laertes, are skilfully contrived to occupy the interval, and to hasten the catastrophe. After the return of Hamlet there is neither time nor opportunity for his attempting to obtain the satisfaction required by the apparition, before the plot contrived against himself involves him in destruction. We cannot omit noticing this catastrophe, as ill understood by those who censure it. At the commencement of the fifth Act, we are aware of the villainous contrivance of the king and Laertes for the assassination of Hamlet; whom we soon afterwards find returned to court, after baffling the former attempt against his life, intent on his great object of vengeance

"To quit him with this arm."

He is even determined to execute this act immediately, without assistance, and to risk all consequences—

"A man's life's no more than to say one."

But the contrivance of the fencing intervenes, and the prince falls into the snare of his sanguinary enemies. This fencing match appears to us greatly misunderstood and mismanaged. The unsuspicious, generous Hamlet, merely inquires whether "these foils have all a length?" The fencing proceeds, and Hamlet receives a scratch; then, (says the stage direction) in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes. It has been observed, that it is difficult to conceive that rapiers can be changed in a scuffle, "*without knowing it at the time.*" So it is; and we always find that in representation, the attempt to do this, *unconsciously*, produces a most aukward and improbable effect: and as the whole catastrophe depends on this incident, the aukwardness and improbability spoil the remainder of the piece. We have no doubt that this was differently managed in Shakspeare's time, when his personal instructions supplied the deficiencies of his stage directions, and probably elucidated many obscurities in his text. If the change of the weapons were properly managed, that incident would produce an interesting and impressive effect. After Hamlet is hurt, in the next round Laertes should master his foil. Hamlet, thus on the point of being disarmed, should by a vigorous effort seize the sword of Laertes. Thus both parties would hold both weapons, and in separating, each would retain that of which he had the better hold. By these means an exchange might easily take place, not only without the offensive improbability of the present practice, but with considerable stage effect. It is quite unnecessary that the parties should be ignorant of the circumstance; Hamlet is not aware of its importance; but Laertes sees his imminent and deserved peril. Horror, remorse, and shame, would make him parry imperfectly in the next round, wherein he receives a mortal wound from the hand of his injured antagonist. The representation of Johnson that Hamlet kills the king to revenge himself and not his father, is a mere quibble, unworthy of that profound commentator, who could not be ignorant that Hamlet, although he would not have killed the king at that precise moment, had not his own approaching death forced him to seize the opportunity, never for an instant through the whole play swerves from the resolution to inflict exemplary punishment on the royal criminal; but naturally seeks an occasion of executing his purpose without incurring destruction or infamy.

We have been led by the interest of the subject into a longer dissertation on the character of Hamlet than we intended; but we cannot conclude the present article without a word in defence of that of Polonius, from the opinion of a late

editor, who insists that Shakspeare intended him for what he is called by Hamlet, "a foolish prating knave." We should have thought Dr. Johnson's luminous observations on this character would have silenced such pretensions to criticism. "The character of Polonius," says he, "exhibits the effects of dotage encroaching upon wisdom." To an unprejudiced mind this character most exquisitely pourtrays a wily experienced courtier, replete with worldly wisdom, accomplished in the tedious fallacies of the old rhetoric, but totally deficient in the philosophy of books, and devoid of real taste for the arts or sciences. The encroachments of age have made him garrulous, and excessively vain of the wisdom and experience for which he finds the world give him credit. His advice to his son and daughter, and his measures for ascertaining his son's conduct in Paris, are extremely judicious; he is foiled and made ridiculous in other circumstances, merely because Hamlet's madness is feigned, which he could not know, and because the character of the latter was above his comprehension, and not subject to the rules by which men conduct the ordinary business of life with respectability. Hamlet indeed calls him "a tedious old fool," and "a foolish prating knave," but that is only Hamlet's opinion; and affords another instance of Shakspeare's universal knowledge, who was well aware that such refined characters as Hamlet sometimes look on the honourable and venerable persons who manage matters of state ceremony, and wear ribbons, with much unjustifiable contempt and dislike.

M. C.

ON THE PROBABLE UNIVERSALITY OF THE ACTION OF LIGHT UPON ALL BODIES CHEMICALLY.

MR. EDITOR,

GREAT as were the discoveries of the IMMORTAL NEWTON, in regard to the properties of LIGHT, yet much remained to be done after him, and much has been already done even up to the present moment, in the investigation of the polarization of light, the separation of the solar rays into *calorific* and *colorific*, &c. But there is a *property* in light, or rather an *application* of one of its known properties, which, though familiar to the human eye, has not been specifically attended to. In your valuable pages, however, it may find a place; for, though I do not pretend to investigate it, I feel strongly inclined to hope that even a hint to the really *luminous* philosophers of the present day may lead to important results.

The first point to which I wish to call attention, is, *that light is an universal solvent as well as heat*, even after a body is reduced to such an elementary state as to bid defiance to all artificial chemical process. We know that there are *substances, solid* or *fluid, opaque* or *transparent*, which baffle all chemical skill at further analization, and may therefore be considered, in the present state of chemistry, as bases or elements. But we are not to assert that they are all absolutely so, because some, even of these, from time to time, are discovered to be capable of separation into other chemical parts; and, therefore, what *has* happened to some, *may* happen to all. I wish, however, to go further, and to assume it as a principle, that no *base* or *element*, however perfectly so in regard to all other tests, is or can be absolutely so in regard to *light* or *heat*.

Suppose a compound earth, or metal, or any other substance reduced to a *base*, as far as artificial chemistry can go. Now that base is either black or white, or of some intermediate colour—and why so? The answer is obvious: because it either absorbs all the *colorific* rays, or reflects them all *nearly*, or absorbs some and reflects others. Now, if light is a material fluid, subject to the laws of matter, to prove which many reasons may be brought, *here is clearly a chemical combination and a chemical action*. Again, we know of no solid base that cannot be made *hot*, though not chemically separable by heat, as far as our senses go; it is clear, therefore, that *caloric combines* with that *base*.

In regard to *transparent elements*, the passage of light through them proves its action. Whether caloric will combine with them or not, I am not certain; but if the experiment has not been tried, it deserves the investigation of the philosopher.

There is also another point, Mr. Editor, to which I wish to call the attention of your learned readers, in regard to the difference of *colour in the human species*.

Take the fairest of European dames or damsels, pure as the driven snow, and more unsullied than the dove; place her in the dark, and along with her the jettiest of Afric's *sable* beauties, and in ap-

parent colour there will be no difference, nor indeed in any colour at all, unless we believe in the *feline* proverb, that *grey is the colour of darkness.*

But *admit the light*, and mark the difference! one resembles the *snow* because she *reflects* all rays; the other resembles the *jet*, because she *absorbs* all. This then shews the *proximate* causes of difference in colour, and the anatomist will look for their *remote* causes in the lymph, in the cutis, and in the cuticle, of which *they* are the effect; but he merely gives facts without reasons; what I wish however is, that the investigation should be taken up on this view of the subject, as connected not only with the properties of the human frame, but with the properties of light itself!

That light will thus arise out of darkness I cannot pretend to prophesy: but that the investigation may lead to useful or curious discussion, is not, I trust, a far-fetched expectation. L.

P. S. Query? May not the absorption of light produce specific effects upon the human frame?

THE SKETCH BOOK.*

ELEMENTARY knowledge is pretty generally diffused throughout the United States; but accomplished scholars are rarely to be found among the native Americans. At a very early age they plunge into the busy and lucrative avocations of agriculture and commerce, and pursue them with an undeviating eagerness which precludes the attainment of profound erudition, and the cultivation of literary taste. The poverty of their colleges, and the inattention of their government to the promotion of learning, are calculated to repress the increase of instructors. Hence, although most of the Americans read, few can appreciate literary productions; and as these are amply supplied from Great Britain, there remains but little encouragement for the exertion of the small portion of native genius, which the unauspicious state of the country suffers to attain a productive maturity. Great mental vigour is nevertheless evinced in many of their periodical works; but from the disadvantageous competition with British productions, an ephemeral existence is commonly their lot. The work before us, by its originality, its social and conciliating spirit, the poetic feeling which pervades its imagery and descriptions, and the chastity of its style, merits a more permanent esteem than is usually enjoyed by those of its class, and is calculated to improve our opinion of American literature. We learn that some of the first numbers are reprinting in London.

The author complains, with reason, of the illiberality of some English writings on the affairs of America; nor is he much mistaken in the causes to which he attributes the injury.

"It has been the peculiar lot of our country to be visited by the worst kind of English travellers. While men of philosophical spirit and cultivated mind have been envoys from England to ransack the poles, to penetrate the deserts, and to study the manners and customs of barbarous nations, with which she can have no permanent intercourse of profit or pleasure, it is left to the broken-down tradesman, the scheming adventurer, the wandering mechanic, the Manchester and Birmingham agent, to be her oracles respecting America—to treat of a country in a singular state of moral and physical developement; where one of the greatest political experiments in the history of the world is now performing, and which presents the most profound and momentous studies for the statesman and the philosopher.

"That such men should give prejudiced accounts of America is not a matter of surprise. The themes it offers for contemplation are too vast and elevated for their capacities."

We cannot but sympathize with the following just observations:—

"For ourselves it is comparatively of but little importance whether England do us justice or not, it is perhaps of far more importance to herself. She is instilling anger and resentment into the bosom of a youthful nation, to grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. If in America, as some of her writers are labouring to convince her, she is hereafter to find an invidious rival, and a gigantic foe, she may thank those very writers for having provoked that rivalship, and irritated that hostility. Every one knows the all-pervading influence of literature at the present day, and how completely the opinions and passions of mankind are under its controul. The mere contests of the sword are temporary; their wounds are but in the flesh, and it is the pride of the generous to forgive and forget them; but the slanders of the pen pierce to the heart; they rankle most sorely and permanently in the noblest spirits; they dwell ever present in the mind, and make it morbidly sensitive to the most trifling colli-

* The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. New York, 1819.

sion. It is not so much any one overt act, which produces hostilities between two nations; there exists most commonly a previous jealousy and ill-will, a predisposition to take offence. Trace these to their cause, and how often will they be found to originate in the mischievous effusions of writers—who secure in their closets, and for ignominious bread, concert and circulate the venom that is to inflame the generous and the brave.

"I am not laying too much stress upon this point; for it applies most emphatically to our particular case. Over no nation does the press hold more absolute control, than over the people of America; for the universal education of the poorest classes makes every individual a reader. There is nothing published in England, upon the subject of our country, that does not circulate through every part of it. There is not a calumny dropt from an English pen, nor an unworthy sarcasm uttered by an English statesman, that does not go to blight good will, and add to the mass of latent resentment. Possessing then, as England does, the fountain-head from whence the literature of the language flows, how completely is it in her power, and how truly is it her duty, to make it the medium of amiable and magnanimous feeling, a stream where the two nations might meet together, and drink in peace and kindness."

The *Sketch Book* consists of miscellaneous delineations of the characters and incidents which have most forcibly arrested the author's attention in the course of his peregrinations. Impelled by an inherent rambling propensity, he has wandered through various countries, and witnessed many of the different scenes of life. An irresistible desire of seeing "the great men of Europe" led him to cross the Atlantic.

"I had read," he says, "in the works of various philosophers, that all animals degenerated in America, and man among the number. A great man of Europe, therefore, thought I, must be as superior to a great man of America, as a peak of the Alps to a highland of the Hudson; and in this idea I was confirmed, by observing the comparative importance and swelling magnitude of many English travellers among us, who, I was assured, were very little people in their own country."

Some passages, descriptive of the voyage, are replete with poetic feeling, and prove the author no common observer.

"To one given to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea. To gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own. To watch the gently undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores."

"**** It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was given from the mast-head. I question whether Columbus, when he discovered the New World, felt a more delicious throng of sensations than rush into an American's bosom, when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with every thing of which his childhood had heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

"From that time until the moment of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants along the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey I reconnoitred the shore with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies, and green grass-plats. I saw the mouldering ruin of an abbey over-run with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighbouring hill—all were characteristic of England.

"All now was hurry and bustle. The meeting of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land."

The universal influence of genius, and fascination of literary excellence, must be generally felt in reading the following:—

"As I was once visiting this haunt of the learned, (the Athenæum) my attention was attracted to a person just entering the room. He was advanced in life, tall, and of a form that once might have been commanding, but it was a little bowed by time, perhaps by care. He had a noble Roman style of countenance; a head that would have pleased a painter; and though some slight furrows on his brow showed that wasting thought had been busy there, yet his eye still beamed with the fire of a poetic soul. There was something in his whole appearance that indicated a being of a different order from the bustling race around him. I enquired his name, and was informed that it was ROSCOE. I drew back with an involuntary feeling of veneration. This then was an author of celebrity; this was one of those men, whose voice has gone forth to the ends of the earth; with whose mind I have communed even in the solitudes of America. Accustomed, as we are in our

country, to know European writers only by their works, we cannot conceive of them, as of other men, engrossed by trivial or sordid pursuits, and jostling with the crowd of common minds in the dusty paths of life. They pass before our imagination like superior beings, radiant with the emanations of their own genius, and surrounded by a halo of literary glory. It is a beautiful incident in the story of Mr. Roscoe's misfortunes, and one that will be appreciated by the studious mind, that the parting with his books, seems to have touched upon his tenderest feelings, and to have been the only circumstance that could provoke the notice of his muse. The scholar only knows how dear these silent, yet eloquent, companions of pure thoughts and innocent hours, become in the time of adversity. When all that is worldly turns to dross around us, these only retain their steady value. When friends grow cold, and the converse of intimates languishes into vapid civility and common place, these only continue the unaltered countenance of happier days, and cheer us with that true friendship that never deceived hope nor deserted sorrow.

"I do not wish to censure; but surely if the people of Liverpool had been properly sensible of what was due to Mr. Roscoe and to themselves, his library would never have been sold.

"The man of letters who speaks of Liverpool speaks of it as the residence of Roscoe. The intelligent traveller who visits it enquires where Roscoe is to be seen. He is the literary landmark of the place, indicating its existence to the distant scholar. He is like Pompey's column at Alexandria, towering alone in classic dignity."

The subjects of these "Sketches" are so various, that the following cannot be properly called a *specimen*, yet it will afford a fair idea of the merit of the work.

THE ART OF BOOK MAKING.

"If that severe doom of Synesius be true—'It is a greater offence to steal dead men's labours, than their clothes.' what shall become of most writers?" *Burton's Anat. Melancholy.*

I HAVE often wondered at the extreme fecundity of the press, and how it came to pass that so many heads, on which nature seemed to have inflicted the curse of barrenness, yet teemed with voluminous productions. As a man, however, jogs on in life, his objects of wonder daily diminish, and he is continually finding out some very simple cause for some great matter of marvel. Thus it has been my hap, in my peregrinations about this great metropolis, to blunder upon a scene which unfolded to me some of the mysteries of the book making craft, and at once put my astonishment on this head at an end.

I was one summer's day loitering through the great saloons of the British Museum, with that listlessness with which one is apt to saunter about a museum in warm weather; sometimes lolling over the glass cases of minerals, sometimes studying the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian mummy, and sometimes trying, with about equal success, to comprehend the allegorical paintings on the lofty ceilings. While I was gazing about in this idle way, my attention was attracted to a distant door, at the end of a suite of apartments. It was closed, but every now and then it would open, and some strange-favoured being, generally clothed in black, would steal forth, and glide through the rooms, without noticing any of the surrounding objects. There was an air of mystery about this that piqued my languid curiosity, and I determined to attempt the passage of that straight, and to explore the unknown regions that lay beyond. The door yielded to my hand, with all that facility with which the portals of enchanted castles yield to the adventurous knight errant. I found myself in a spacious chamber, surrounded with great cases of venerable books. Above the cases, and just under the cornice, were arranged a great number of quaint black looking portraits of ancient authors. Long tables, with stands for reading and writing, were placed about, at which sat many pale, cadaverous personages, poring intently over dusty volumes, rummaging among mouldy manuscripts, and taking copious notes of their contents. The most hushed stillness reigned through this mysterious apartment, excepting that you might hear the racing of pens over sheets of paper, or, occasionally, the deep sigh of one of these sages, as he shifted his position to turn over the page of an old folio; doubtless arising from that hollowness and flatulency incident to learned research.

Now and then one of these personages would write something on a small slip of paper, and ring a bell, whereupon a familiar would appear, take the paper in profound silence, glide out of the room, and return shortly loaded with ponderous tomes, upon which the other would fall, tooth and nail, with famished voracity. I had no longer a doubt that I had happened upon a body of magi, deeply engaged in the study of occult sciences. The scene called to mind an eastern tale I had read, of a philosopher who was shut up in an enchanted library, in the bosom of a mount-

tain, that only opened once a year; where he made the spirits of the place obedient to his commands, to bring him books of all kinds of dark knowledge, so that at the end of the year, when the magic portal once more swung open on its hinges, he issued forth so versed in forbidden lore, as to be able to soar above the heads of the multitude, and control the powers of nature.

My curiosity being now fully aroused, I whispered to one of the familiars, as he was about to leave the room, and begged an interpretation of the strange scene before me. A few words were sufficient for the purpose. I found that these mysterious personages, whom I had mistaken for magi, were principally authors, and were in the very act of manufacturing books. I was, in fact, in the reading room of the great British Library, an immense collection of volumes of all ages and languages, many of which are now forgotten, and most of which are seldom read. To these sequestered pools of obsolete literature, therefore, do many modern authors repair, and draw buckets full of classic lore, or "pure English, undefiled," wherewith to swell their own scanty rills of thought.

Being now in possession of the secret, I sat down in a corner, and watched the process of this book manufactory. I noticed one lean, bilious looking wight, who sought none but the most worm-eaten volumes, printed in black letter. He was evidently constructing some work of profound erudition, that would be purchased by every man who wished to be thought learned, placed upon a conspicuous shelf of his library, or laid open upon his table; but never read. I observed him, now and then, draw a large fragment of biscuit out of his pocket, and gnaw; whether it was his dinner, or whether he was endeavouring to keep off that exhaustion of the stomach, produced by much pondering over dry works, I leave to harder students than myself to determine.

There was one old gentleman in bright coloured clothes, with a chirping, gossipping, expression of countenance, who had all the appearance of an author on good terms with his bookseller. After considering him attentively, I recognised in him a diligent getter up of miscellaneous works, that bustled off well with the trade. I was curious to see how he manufactured his wares. He made more stir and show of business than any of the others; dipping into various books, fluttering over the leaves of manuscripts, taking a morsel out of one, a morsel out of another, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." The contents of his book seemed to be as heterogeneous as those of the witches' cauldron in Macbeth. It was here a finger and there a thumb, toe of frog and blind worm's sting, with his own gossip poured in like "baboon's blood," to make the medley "slab and good."

After all, thought I, may not this pilfering disposition be implanted in authors for wise purposes; may it not be the way in which Providence has taken care that the seeds of knowledge and wisdom shall be preserved from age to age, in spite of the inevitable decay of the works in which they were first produced. We see that nature has wisely, though whimsically, provided for the conveyance of seeds from clime to clime, in the maws of certain birds; so that animals, which, in themselves, are little better than carrion, and apparently the lawless plunderers of the orchard and the corn field, are, in fact, nature's carriers to disperse and perpetuate her blessings. In like manner, the beauties and fine thoughts of ancient and obsolete writers, are caught up by these flights of predatory authors, and cast forth, again to flourish and bear fruit in a remote and distant tract of time. Many of their works, also, undergo a kind of metempsychosis, and spring up under new forms. What was formerly a ponderous history, revives in the shape of a romance—an old legend changes into a modern play—and a sober philosophical treatise furnishes the body for a whole series of bouncing and sparkling essays. Thus it is in the clearing of our American woodlands; where we burn down a forest of stately pines, a progeny of dwarf oaks start up in their place; and we never see the prostrate trunk of a tree, mouldering into soil, but it gives birth to a whole tribe of fungi.

Let us not, then, lament over the decay and oblivion into which ancient writers descend; they do but submit to the great law of nature, which declares that all sublunary shapes of matter shall be limited in their duration, but which decrees also, that their elements shall never perish. Generation after generation, both in animal and vegetable life, passes away, but the vital principle is transmitted to their posterity, and the species continues to flourish. Thus, also, do authors beget authors, and hav-

ing produced a numerous progeny, in a good old age they sleep with their fathers, that is to say, with the authors who preceded them—and from whom they had stolen.

While I was indulging in these rambling fancies, I had leaned my head against a pile of reverend folios. Whether it was owing to the soporific emanations from these works; or to the profound quiet of the room; or to the lassitude arising from much wandering; or to an unlucky habit of napping at improper times and places, with which I am grievously afflicted, so it was, that I fell into a doze. Still, however, my imagination continued busy, and indeed the same scene remained before my mind's eye, only a little changed in some of the details. I dreamt that the chamber was still decorated with the portraits of ancient authors, but that the number was increased. The long tables had disappeared, and in place of the sage magi, I beheld a ragged, thread-bare throng, such as may be seen plying about that great repository of cast-off clothes, Monmouth Street. Whenever they seized upon a book, by one of those incongruities common to dreams, methought it turned into a garment of foreign or antique fashion, with which they proceeded to equip themselves. I noticed, however, that no one pretended to clothe himself from any particular suit, but took a sleeve from one, a cape from another, a skirt from a third, thus decking himself out piece-meal, while some of his original rags would peep out from among his borrowed finery.

There was a dapper, rosy, well-fed parson, who I observed ogling several mouldy polemical writers through an eye-glass. He soon contrived to slip on the voluminous mantle of one of the old fathers, and having purloined the gray beard of another, endeavoured to look exceeding wise. But the smirking commonplace of his countenance set at nought all the trappings of wisdom. One sickly looking gentleman was busied embroidering a very flimsy garment with gold thread drawn out of several old court dresses of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Another had trimmed himself magnificently from an illuminated manuscript, had stuck a nosegay in his bosom, culled from "The Paradise of dainty Devices," and having put Sir Philip Sidney's hat on one side of his head, strutted off with an exquisite air of vulgar elegance. A third, who was but of puny dimensions, had bolstered himself out bravely with the spoils from several obscure tracts of philosophy, so that he had a very imposing front, but he was lamentably tattered in rear, and I perceived that he had patched his small clothes with leaves from a Latin author.

There were some well-dressed gentlemen, it is true, who only helped themselves to a gem or so, which sparkled among their own ornaments, without eclipsing them. Some, too, only seemed to contemplate the costumes of the old writers, to imbibe their principles of taste, and catch their air and spirit; but I grieve to say, that too many were apt to array themselves, from top to toe, in the patchwork manner I have mentioned. I should not omit to speak of one genius, of an arrant cockney demeanour, who had a violent propensity to the pastoral, but whose rural wanderings had been confined to the classic haunts of Primrose Hill, and the solitudes of the Regent's Park. He had decked himself in wreaths and ribbands from all the old pastoral poets, and hanging his head on one side, went about with a fantastical, lack-a-daisical air, "babbling about green fields." But the personage that most struck my attention, was a pragmatical old gentleman, in clerical robes, with a remarkably large and square, but bald head. He entered the room wheezing and puffing, elbowed his way through the throng, with a look of sturdy self-confidence, and having laid hands upon a thick Greek quarto, clapped it upon his head, and swept stately away in a formidable frizzled wig.

In the height of this literary masquerade, a cry suddenly resounded from every side, of "thieves! thieves!" I looked, and lo! the portraits about the walls became animated! The old authors thrust out first a head, then a shoulder, from the canvass, looked down curiously, for an instant, upon the motley throng, and then descended, with fury in their eyes, to claim their rifled property. The scene of scampering and hubbub that ensued, baffles all description. The unhappy culprits endeavoured in vain to escape with their plunder. On one side might be seen half a dozen old monks, stripping a modern professor; on another, there was sad devastation carried into the ranks of modern dramatic writers. Beaumont and Fletcher, side by side, raged round the field like Castor and Pollux, and sturdy Ben Jonson enacted more wonders than when a volunteer with the army in Flanders. As to the gossipping compiler of

farragos, mentioned some time since, he had arrayed himself in as many patches and colours as Harlequin, and there was as fierce a contention of claimants about him, as about the dead body of Patroclus. I was grieved to see many men, to whom I had been accustomed to look up with awe and reverence, fain to steal off with scarce a rag to cover their nakedness. Just then my eye was caught by the pragmatical old gentleman in the Greek grizzled wig, who was scrambling away in sore affright with half a score of authors in full cry after him. They were close upon his haunches; in a twinkling off went his wig; at every turn some strip of raiment was peeled off of him, until in a few moments, from his domineering pomp, he shrunk into a little, pursy, "chopp'd bald shot," and made his exit with only a few tags and rags fluttering at his back.

There was something so ludicrous in the catastrophe of this learned Theban, that I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which broke the whole illusion. The tumult and the scuffle were at an end. The chamber resumed its usual appearance. The old authors shrunk back into their picture frames, and hung in shadowy solemnity along the walls. In short, I found myself wide awake in my corner, with the whole assemblage of bookworms gazing at me with astonishment. Nothing of my dream had been real but my burst of laughter, a sound never before heard in that grave sanctuary, and so abhorrent to the ears of wisdom, as to electrify the fraternity.

The librarian now stepped up to me, and demanded whether I had a card of admission. At first I did not comprehend him, but I soon found that the library was a kind of literary "preserve," subject to game laws, and that no one must presume to hunt there without special license and permission. In a word, I stood convicted of being an arrant poacher, and was glad to make a precipitate retreat, lest I should have a whole pack of authors let loose upon me.

MEMOIRS OF BONAPARTE.*

THE treaty of Fontainebleau, wisely made, in 1814, for the purpose of stopping the further effusion of blood, and avoiding the dangerous consequences of driving Bonaparte and his adherents to desperate extremities, has incurred the shallow and illiberal censure, of politicians of little judgment, whom, nevertheless, the course of events has enabled to glory in their sagacity. In leaving Bonaparte in possession of the sovereignty of Elba, the title of Emperor, and a large revenue, the allied sovereigns acceded to the terms on which he consented to withdraw from the government of France. They were not absolutely sure of attaining this object by force; but they were certain of the horrible carnage and destruction which awaited the attempt. They could not be expected to sympathize in the barbarous sentiments of some among us, who urge the murder of captive princes as the only safe mode of disposing of them: they respected the sovereign character, which is not personally amenable to any earthly tribunal. An honourable retreat was assigned to Bonaparte, from which he would never have emerged but through the faults of his successor. Yet timid men saw, in his very existence, but still more clearly in his residence at Elba, cause for continual apprehensions; they afterwards considered his return to France, and the dreadful consequences which ensued, as completely verifying their predictions. But had not the king of France been unfortunately led by fools and traitors into the greatest mistakes, the army would have been satisfied or held in check, the people content with their freedom from a military despot, and Bonaparte forgotten. The prudent, conciliatory, and popular conduct which the allies expected from Louis, would have re-established harmony and social confidence in France; and enabled them to return to their dominions, and disband their forces with a firm reliance on the continuance of the peace established by their arms and their treaties. But the restored French noblesse pant-

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* Memoirs of the Private Life, Return, and Reign of Napoleon, in 1815. By M. Fleury de Chaboulon, Ex-Secretary of the Emperor Napoleon and of his Cabinets, Master of Requests to the Council of State, Baron, Officer of the Legion of Honor, and Knight of the Order of Reunion. London, 1820.

Historical Memoirs of Napoleon. Book IX. 1815. Translated from the original MS. By B. E. O'Meara; with an Appendix of Proofs that the pretended Manuscript from St. Helena was not written by Napoleon. London: Printed for Sir Richard Phillips and Co. Bridge-street. 1820.

ed after their old privileges, and were willing to violate charters, contracts, and popular rights, in order to make the honest king an absolute despot, that they might be the most distinguished and powerful of his slaves. Their rashness and insolence was insupportable, almost inconceivable: the women exceeded the men in the eagerness with which they seized every occasion of mortifying the upstart gentry of the late dynasty; the throne was surrounded by men who dared to insist on the absolute power of the crown, even in opposition to the king himself; the French people, protestant in principle, and more attached to morals than ceremonies, were disgusted at the silly old-fashioned superstition of the new comers; the soldiers, long accustomed to obey superior talents and experience, disdained the pretensions of mere rank and birth, the sole recommendations of their new officers; but they were most effectually disgusted and enraged at the foolish and wicked attack made on the legion of honour, by bestowing its decorations on what was called *civil merit*, and by attempting to suppress the imperial establishment for the maintenance of its orphan daughters.

The courts of justice were filled with new judges, whose opinions were known to be inimical to the property acquired by the purchase of national domains, and it was publicly declared by some of the court party, that the confiscation of those domains was a robbery, and that the property ought to be restored. These sentiments and proceedings alarmed the interest of above nine millions of people. It was not extraordinary, under all these circumstances, that the popular recollections should again revert to Bonaparte. But the army began to lament their own misfortunes in his fall, and were almost to a man prepared to hail him as their deliverer.

Bonaparte was not ignorant of what was passing in France. He perceived the dawn of returning greatness. But M. Fleury insists that no conspiracy had been formed in his favour when he returned to France, relying on the general discontent, as represented by some intelligent individuals, particularly by a French officer, who fell at Mont St. Jean, and whose name is concealed. Previously to the campaign of 1815, this officer entrusted to M. Fleury the written narrative of his voyage to Elba, and interviews with Bonaparte; which is now, for the first time, made public. The following are extracts from this interesting document:

"We entered the road of Porto Ferrajo* without any difficulty, at the moment when the cannon fired, announcing that the harbour was about to close. I heard the French drums sounding the roll; my heart beat high; I passed the night on the deck of the boat. Notwithstanding the joy which I felt at my arrival, I could not help indulging in a certain degree of melancholy, inspired, perhaps, by the silence of the night, and the aspect of the arid and gloomy mountains which surrounded me. 'Ah, how vain is human grandeur!' thought I. 'The air of that steril islet is breathed by that incomprehensible man who lately felt that he had not breathing-room in Europe. It is in that humble hovel that he now dwells, with his scanty train of faithful followers; he whom I have seen in the palace of the Cæsars, receiving the homage and the worship of the most brilliant court in the world; he whom I have seen sitting covered, whilst eight kings stood before him with their hats in their hands.' * * * *

"The sun rose and put an end to my musings. My joy was inexpressible when I recognised on the ramparts those old grenadiers whom I had so often admired and honoured on the field of battle"

On landing he was secured and interrogated by Bertrand, who procured him an interview with Bonaparte, which is thus related:—

"Half an hour afterwards the Marshal desired me to proceed as quickly as possible to the Emperor's garden-gate; the Emperor would come there, and speak to me without appearing to know me. I went accordingly: the Emperor, according to his custom, was walking with his hands behind his back. He passed several times before me without lifting up his eyes; at last he looked at me; he stopped, and asked me, in Italian, what countryman I was. I answered in French that I was a Parisian; that business had called me to Italy: and that I could not resist the desire of seeing my old sovereign. — "Well, sir, talk to me about Paris and France;"—and as he finished these words he began to walk again. I accompanied him; and after he had put several indifferent questions to me aloud, he

* I had believed, according to the statements in the ministerial journals, that the sea was covered by French and English ships, by which all vessels and passengers proceeding to the island, were intercepted. I did not meet with a single ship of this description. The ports were placed under a "surveillance" equally brutal and tyrannical, but the sea was free. All vessels went in and out of Porto Ferrajo, without experiencing the slightest obstacle.

desired me to enter his apartments: he then ordered Bertrand and Drouot to retire, and forced me to sit down by his side. Napoleon began in a reserved and absent manner: "The grand Marshal tells me that you have just arrived from France."—"Yes, Sire." —"What do you want here?"—"Sire, I wish to offer my services to you; my conduct in 1814—" Napoleon interrupting me,—"Sir, I do not question but that you are a very good officer, however I have so many officers with me already, that it will be very difficult for me to assist you; yet we will see: it appears that you know M. X***."—[A fictitious designation of a partizan of much power.]—"Yes, Sire."—"Has he sent a letter for me by you?"—"No, Sire."—Napoleon, interrupting me, "I see he forgets me just like the rest; since I have been here, I have not heard a word of him or of any body."—I interrupted the Emperor in my turn, "Sire, he has never ceased to entertain those sentiments of devotion and attachment towards your Majesty which are still cherished by all true Frenchmen; and—" —Napoleon, with disdain; "what, do they still think of me in France?"—"Never will they forget you."—"Never! that is a strong expression; the French have another Sovereign, and they are commanded both by their duty and their tranquillity to think on him alone." This answer did not please me: The Emperor, thought I to myself, is out of humour because I have not brought him any letters; he mistrusts me: it was not worth while to come so far for the sake of an ungracious reception. Napoleon, continuing, "What do they think about me in France?"—"There, your Majesty is universally deplored and regretted." —"Yes, and there, also, they manufacture all sorts of lies concerning me. Sometimes they say that I am mad, sometimes that I am ill, and you may see (here the Emperor looked at his *embonpoint*), if I look like an ailing man. It is also given out that they intend to transport me either to St. Helena, or to Malta. I would not advise them to try. I have provisions for six months, and brave followers to defend me: but I cannot think that Europe will be so dishonourable as to rise in arms against a single man, who has neither the power nor the inclination of hurting others. The Emperor Alexander has too much love for posterity to lend himself to such a crime. They have guaranteed the sovereignty of the Isle of Elba to me by a solemn treaty. Here I am in my own home; and as long as I do not go out to pick a quarrel with my neighbours, they have no right to come and disturb me... have you served in the grand army?"—"Yes, Sire, I had the felicity of distinguishing myself under your Majesty's eyes in the plains of Champagne; your Majesty appeared to take such particular notice of me, that I had dared to hope that your Majesty would recollect me."—"Why, yes; I thought, somehow, that I knew your face when I saw you, but I have only a confused recollection of you." Poor mortals, thought I to myself, go, and expose your lives for the sake of kings, go and sacrifice your youth, your repose, your happiness for their sake! —"In what affairs have you distinguished yourself?"—"Sire, at ****, and at **** Marshal Ney there presented me to your Majesty, saying, 'Sire, here is the intrepid S....P....of whom I have spoken to your Majesty.'" "Ah! ah! I really do recollect --yes, I was very well pleased indeed with your behaviour at *** and at ***; you showed much resolution, much strength of character. Did I not 'decorate' you on the field of battle?"—"Yes, Sire."—Napoleon, with greater warmth and confidence "*Eh bien!* how are they all treated in France by the Bourbons?"—"Sire, the Bourbons have not realized the expectations of the French, and the number of the malcontents increases every day."—Napoleon, sharply; "So much the worse, so much the worse: but how, has not X. sent me any letters?" "No Sire; he was afraid lest they might be taken from me; and as he thought that your Majesty, being now compelled to be vigilant, and to distrust all the world, might distrust me also, he has revealed several circumstances to me which are only known to your Majesty, and to himself; thus enabling me to give a proof that I am worthy of your Majesty's confidence."—"Let us hear them." I began my detail, but he exclaimed without allowing me to finish, that's enough; why did you not begin by telling me all that? there is half an hour that we have lost." This storm disconcerted me.* He perceived my confusion, and resumed his discourse with mildness.—"Come, make yourself easy, and repeat to me, with the greatest minuteness, all that has passed between you and X***. I then related the circumstances which had induced me to have an interview with Monsieur X*** I repeated our conversation word for word. I gave him a complete account of all the faults and excesses of the royal govern-

* Napoleon usually liked to intimidate and disconcert those who approached him. Sometimes he feigned that he could not hear you, and then he would make you repeat in a very loud tone what he had heard perfectly well before. However, he was really deaf in a slight degree. At other times he would overwhelm you with such rapid and abrupt interrogatories, that you had not time to understand him, and were compelled to give your answers in confusion. He used then to laugh at your embarrassment; and when he had driven you out of your presence of mind and confidence, he amused himself at your expense.—*Note of the author of the work.*

ment; and I was going to draw the inferences which had occurred to Monsieur X*** and me. But the Emperor, who, when he was affected, was incapable of listening to any recital without interrupting it, and making his comments at every moment, stopped my mouth, "I thought so, too," said he, "when I abdicated, that the Bourbons, instructed and disciplined by adversity, would not fall again into the errors which ruined them in 1789. I thought that the king would govern you *en bon homme*.' This was the only way by which he could obtain a pardon from you, for having been put upon you by foreigners. But since they have stepped into France, they have done nothing but acts of madness. Their treaty of the 23d of April, (raising his voice,) has made me deeply indignant: with one stroke of the pen they have robbed France of Belgium, and of all the territory acquired since the revolution. They have deprived the nation of its docks, its arsenals, its fleets, its artillery, and the immense *materiel* which I had collected in the fortresses and the ports which they have ceded. Talleyrand has led them into this infamous business: he must have been bribed. Peace is easy upon such terms. If, like them, I had consented to the ruin of France, they would not now be on my throne: (with energy,) I would sooner have cut off my hand. I preferred renouncing my throne rather than to retain it by staining my glory, and the honour of the French nation.....A degraded crown is an intolerable burthen. My enemies have published everywhere, that I obstinately refused to make peace. They have represented me as a wretched madman, eager only for blood and carnage: this language answered their turn. When you wish to hang your dog, you give out that he is mad: [*Quand on veut tuer son chien, il faut bien faire accroire qu'il est enragé.*] But Europe shall know the truth: I will let the world know all that was said and done at Chatillon. I will unmask the Austrians, the Russians, and the English, with a powerful hand. Europe shall judge:—Europe shall say who was the rogue, and was wishing to shed human blood. If I had been mad for war, I might have retired with my army beyond the Loire, and I might have enjoyed mountain warfare to my heart's content. I would not; I was tired of carnage...., my name, and the brave fellows who remained faithful to me, yet made the allies tremble, even out of the capital. They offered Italy to me as the price of my abdication. I refused it. After once reigning over France, one ought not to reign any where else. I chose the Isle of Elba. They were too happy to give Elba to me. This position suited me. I can watch France and the Bourbons. All that I have done has been only for France. It is for her sake and not for mine that I wished to render her the first nation in the universe. My glory is made for myself* ..... If I had thought of myself, I would have returned to a private station, but it was my duty to retain the imperial title for my family and my son.... Next to France, my son is the dearest object in the world to me."

"During the whole of this discourse, the Emperor continued striding up and down, and appeared violently agitated. He paused a little while, and then he began again. "They (i. e. the emigrants) know too well that I am here, and they would like to assassinate me. I discover new plots, new snares, every day. They have sent to Corsica one of the assassins of Georges, a wretch whom the English journals themselves have pointed out to Europe as a bloodthirsty assassin; but let us be on the alert. If he misses me I won't miss him. I shall send my grenadiers after him, and he shall be shot as an example to others.

After a few moments of silence, he said, "Do my generals go to court? they must cut a sad figure there." I waited for the end of this digression, in order to resume the thread of my discourse. As I was convinced that I could not possibly lead the conversation, I resolved to let the Emperor have it according to his own way, and I answered, "Yes, sire, and they are furious to see themselves suspended in favour by emigrants who have never heard the sound of a cannon."—"The emigrants will never alter. As long as they were only required to dance attendance in my anti-chamber, I had more than enough of them. When it was necessary to shew any heart, they slunk away like..... I committed a great error, when I recalled that anti-national race into France. If it had not been for me they would have died of starvation abroad; but then I had great motives. I wanted to reconcile Europe to us, and to close the revolution....., What do my soldiers say about me?"—"The soldiers, sire, talk constantly about your immortal victories. They never pronounce your name but with respect, admiration, and grief. When the princes give money to the soldiers, they drink it out to your health, and when they are forced to cry *Vive le Roi!* they add in a whisper, *de Rome*."—"And so they still love me?" (smiling).—"Yes, sire, and I may even venture to say, more than ever."—"What do they say about our misfortunes?"—"They consider them as the effect of treachery; and they constantly repeat, that they never would have been conquered, if they had not been sold to their enemies. They are particularly indignant with respect to the capitulation of Paris."—"They are right; had it not been for the infamous defection of the Duke of Ragusa, the allies would have been lost. I was master of their rear, and

* Ma gloire est faite a moi; *mon nom vivra autant que celui de Dieu.*

of all their resources; not a man would have escaped. They too would have had their twenty-ninth bulletin. Marmont is a wretch: he has ruined his country, and delivered up his sovereign. His conversation with Schwartzenburg would alone suffice to dishonour him. If he had not known when he surrendered, that he compromised my person and my army, he would not have found it necessary to make stipulations in favour of my liberty and life. This piece of treachery is not the only one. He has intrigued with Talleyrand to take the regency from the Empress, and the crown from my son. Caulincourt, Macdonald, and the rest of the marshals, have been cheated and gulled by him in the most shameful manner. All his blood would not be sufficient to expiate the harm which he has done to France. I will devote his name to the execration of posterity. I am glad to learn that my soldiers retain the feeling of their superiority, and that they attribute our great misfortunes to the right authors. I collect with great pleasure, from the intelligence which you have brought, that the opinion which I had formed respecting the situation of France, is correct. The family of the Bourbons is not fit to reign. Their government may be good for priests, nobles, and old fashioned countesses; it is good for nothing for the present generation. The revolution has taught the people to know their rank in the state. They will never consent to fall back into their former nullity, and to be tied up by the nobility and clergy. The army can never belong to the Bourbons. Our victories and our misfortunes have established an indissoluble tie between the army and myself. It is only through me that the soldiers can earn vengeance, power, and glory. From the Bourbons they can get nothing but insults and blows. Kings can only retain their power by the love of their subjects or by fear. The Bourbons are neither loved nor feared. At last they will throw themselves off their throne; but they may yet retain their position for a long time. Frenchmen do not know how to conspire"

In pronouncing these words, the Emperor continued walking hastily, and using many gestures. He rather appeared to be soliloquizing than addressing any one else: he then continued, looking at me aside, "Does M. X * * * think that these people can stand much longer?"—"His opinion on this point is exactly conformable to the general opinion; that is to say, it is now the general impression and conviction, that the government is hastening to its fall. The priests and the emigrants are its only partisans; every man of patriotism or soul is its enemy."—Napoleon (with energy), "Yes, all men in whose veins any national blood is flowing must be its enemies; but how will all this end? Is it thought that there will be a new revolution?"—"Sire, discontent and irritation prevail to such an extent, that the slightest partial effervescence would inevitably cause a general insurrection, and nobody would be surprised if it were to take place to-morrow."—"But what would you do if you were to expel the Bourbons, would you re-establish the republic?"—"The republic, Sire! nobody thinks about it; perhaps they would create a regency."—Napoleon (with vehemence and surprise), "A regency? And wherefore? Am I dead?"—"But your absence..."—"My absence makes no difference. In a couple of days I would be back again in France, if the nation were to recal me. Do you think it would be well, if I were to return?" The Emperor turned away his eyes, and I could easily remark, that to this question he attached more importance than he cared to manifest, and that he expected my answer with anxiety."—"Sire, I dare not personally attempt to answer such a question, but...."—Napoleon (abruptly), "That's not what I am asking you: answer yes or no."—"Why then, Sire,—yes."—Napoleon (with tenderness), "You really think so?"—"Yes, Sire, I am convinced, and so is M. X * * *, that the people and the army would receive you as their deliverer, and that your cause would be embraced with enthusiasm."—Napoleon (appearing agitated and impatient) "Then X * * * advises me to return?"—"We had foreseen that your Majesty would make inquiries on this point, and the following is literally his answer. You will tell his Majesty that I would not dare to decide so important a question, but that he may consider it as a positive and incontrovertible fact, that our present government has wholly lost the confidence of the people and of the army: that discontent has increased to the highest pitch, and that it is impossible to believe that the government can stand much longer against the universal dislike. You will add, that the Emperor is the only object of the regret and hope of the nation. He, in his wisdom, will decide what he ought to do."

"The Emperor became silent and pensive; and after a long meditation, he said, "I will reflect upon it; I will keep you with me. Come here to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock."

* * *

"At eleven o'clock I attended, to present myself to the Emperor. They made me wait in his saloon on the ground floor. The striped silk hangings were half worn out and faded; the carpet was threadbare, and patched in several places; a few shabby arm-chairs completed the furniture of the apartment. I thought upon the splendour of the imperial palaces, and I drew a deep and melancholy sigh. The Emperor arrived: he had assumed a degree of calmness in his manner, which was belied by his eyes. It was easy to see that he had been violently agitated. "Sir," said he, "I declared to you yesterday, that I retained you in my service. I repeat the same to you to-day,

From this instant you belong to me, and I hope you will fulfil your duties towards me like a good and faithful subject: you swear that you will—is it not so?"—"Yes, Sire, I swear."—"That's right." After a pause, "I had foreseen the crisis to which France would come, but I did not think that things were so ripe. It was my intention not to interfere any longer in political affairs. The intelligence which you have brought to me has changed my resolutions. I have caused the misfortunes of France; therefore I must remove them: but before I commit myself, I wish to have a thorough knowledge of the state of our affairs. Sit down: repeat to me all that you told me yesterday; I like to hear you."

"Re-assured by these words, and by a look full of kindness and benignity, I abandoned myself without reserve to all the inspirations of my heart and soul. The picture which I drew of the sufferings and hopes of the nation, which I presented to the Emperor, was so touching and so animated, that he was astonished. "You are a noble young fellow," said he, "you have truly the soul of a Frenchman; but are you not carried away by your imagination?" —"No, Sire; the recital which I have made to your Majesty is quite faithful. I may have expressed myself with warmth, because I cannot express my feelings otherwise; but all that I have told you is exact and true. Under such important circumstances, I should have thought it a crime to substitute the inspirations of my imagination in the place of truth."—"You therefore think that France awaits her redemption from me; that I shall be received as a deliverer."—"Yes, Sire; I will even say more: the royal government is so exceedingly hateful and disgusting to the French, the government weighs so very heavily on the nation and the army, that not only your Majesty, but any body else who would endeavour to liberate the French would find them disposed to second him."—Napoleon (with dignity): "Repeat that to me again."—"Yes, Sire, I do repeat it. The French are so wearied, and degraded, and incensed, by the anti-national yoke of the emigrants and the priests, that they are ready to join any one who will promise to deliver them."—"But if I were to disembark in France, is there not reason to fear that the patriots may be massacred by the emigrants and the Chouans?"—"No, Sire, I do not think so; we are the most numerous and the bravest party."—"Yes, but they may heap you in the prisons, and cut your throats."—"Sire, the people will not let them do that."—"I hope you may not be deceived; to be sure I shall get to Paris so speedily, that they won't have time to consider where they are to hide their heads. I shall be there as soon as the news of my disembarkation... Yes," the Emperor continued, after taking a few steps, "I have resolved... It was I who gave the Bourbons to France, and it is I who must rid France of them... I will set off... The enterprise is vast, it is difficult, it is dangerous, but it is not beyond me. On great occasions fortune has never abandoned me.....I shall set off, but not alone; I won't run the risk of allowing myself to be collared by the gens-d'armes. I will depart with my sword, my Polanders, my grenadiers... all France is on my side, I belong to France; and for her I will sacrifice my repose, my blood, my life, with the greatest joy." After this speech, the Emperor stopped; his eyes sparkled with hope and genius: his attitude announced energy, confidence, victory; he was grand, he was beautiful, he was adorable!—he resumed his discourse, and said, "Do you think that they will dare to wait for me?"—"No, Sire."—"I don't think so, either: they will quake when they hear the thunder of my name; and they will know that they can only escape me by a speedy flight. But what will be the conduct of the national guards? Do you think they will fight for them?"—"I think, Sire, that the national guards will remain neutral."—"Even that's a great deal; as to their 'gardes du corps,' and their red regiments, I am not afraid of them: they are either old men or boys; they will be frightened by the mustachios of my grenadiers. I will make my grenadiers hoist the national flag;" lifting up his voice and his hand: "I will appeal to my old soldiers; I will speak to them. None of them will refuse to hear the voice of their old general....It is certain that the soldiers cannot hesitate to choose between the white flag and the tricoloured flag; between me, by whom they have been covered with rewards and glory, and the Bourbons, who wish to dishonour them.... And the Marshals, what will they do?"—"The Marshals, who are full of money and titles, have nothing to wish for but repose. They would fear to compromise their existence by embracing a doubtful party; and perhaps they will continue merely spectators of the crisis. Perhaps even the fear lest your Majesty may possibly punish them for their defection or treason in 1814 may induce them to adhere to the king."—"I will punish no one. Do you take me rightly? Tell M * * * * clearly that I will forget every thing. We have all reason to reproach each other."—"Sire, I will tell him so with the greatest joy. This assurance will completely gain all opinions over to your side; because even amongst your partisans there are men who dread your return; lest you should revenge yourself."—"Yes, I know that it is thought that I am revengeful, and even sanguinary; that I am considered as a kind of ogre, as a man-eater. They are mistaken: I will make every one do his duty, and I will be obeyed; and that's all. A weak sovereign is a calamity to his subjects. If he allows criminals

and traitors to fancy that he does not know how to punish, there is no longer any security either for the state or for individuals. More crimes are prevented than repressed by severity. A sovereign must govern by his head, and not by his heart. Yet tell X * * * that I except Talleyrand, Augereau, and the Duke of Ragusa, out of the general pardon. They caused all our misfortunes. The country must be revenged." —" But why exclude them, Sire? Is there not reason to fear that this exclusion may deprive you of the fruits of your clemency, and may even raise doubts as to your sincerity in future?"—" It would be much more exposed to doubt were I to pardon them."—" But, Sire....."—" Don't you trouble your head about it... what is the strength of the army?"—" Sire, I do not know; I only know that it has been much weakened by desertion and by discharges, and that few of the regiments consist of more than three hundred men."—" So much the better; those who are good for nothing have probably left the army; the good soldiers will have remained. Do you know the names of the officers who command the maritime districts, and the eighth division?"—" No, Sire."—Napoleon (out of temper),—" Why did not X * * * give you that information?"—" Sire, both M. X * * * and myself were far from supposing that your Majesty would immediately embrace the glorious resolution of re-appearing in France; besides which, he might believe, according to the common report, that your agents did not allow you to remain in ignorance of any circumstance which might interest you."—" I do know that the newspapers gave out that I had agents.... It is an idle story. It is true that I sent some of my people to France, in order to learn what was going on; but they stole my money, and only treated me with the gabble of the canaille. C * * * * has been to see me, but he knew nothing. You are the first person from whom I have ascertained the situation of France and the Bourbons under all its extensive bearings. Had it not been for you, I should never have known that the hour of my return had struck. Had it not been for you, they would have left me here to dig in my garden. I have received—I do not exactly know from what quarter—the description of certain assassins, hired against me; and one or two anonymous letters besides—all from the same hand, in which I was told to remain quiet, that the embroideries were coming into fashion, and other nonsense in the same style; but that's all. It is not upon such data that one is induced to attempt a crash. But how do you think foreigners will like my return: there is the great question?" " Foreign nations, Sire, have been compelled to confederate against us, in order to protect themselves; allow me to say it...."—" Speak out, speak out."—" In order to protect themselves against the effects of your ambition, and the abuse of your strength. Now that Europe has recovered her independence, and that France has ceased to be dangerous, foreign powers will probably be unwilling to run the risk of a new war, which may end by restoring to us that ascendancy which we have lost."—" If the allied sovereigns were at home in their capitals they would certainly consider the matter twice before they would take the field again; but they are yet face to face; and it is to be feared that war may become an affair of vanity. Do you think it is true that they are on ill terms with each other?" —" Yes, Sire, it appears that discord reigns in the congress; that each of the great powers wishes to seize the largest share of the booty."—" It appears also, that their subjects are discontented: is it not so?"—" Yes, Sire; kings and people, every thing seems to unite in our favour. The Saxons, the Genoese, the Belgians, the inhabitants of the banks of the Rhine, the Polanders, all refuse the new sovereigns to whom they are to be given. Italy, tired of the avarice and the grossness of the Austrians, pants for the moment of withdrawing from their sovereignty. Experience has taught the king of Naples that you are his surest protector, and he will assist the rising of the Italians whenever you wish it. The princes of the confederation of the Rhine, warned by the example of Saxony, will become the allies of your Majesty after the first victory. Prussia and Russia will sit quiet, if you will only allow them to retain their new acquisitions. The Emperor of Austria, who has every thing to fear from Russia and Prussia, and nothing to hope for from the King of France, will easily consent, if you only guarantee Italy to him, to allow you to do what you think best with the Bourbons. In short, all the powers of Europe, England only excepted, are more or less interested in not declaring themselves against you; and before England can have corrupted, or raised the continent, your Majesty will be so firmly fixed on the throne, that your Majesty's enemies may try in vain to make you totter."

Napoleon (shaking his head), " All this is very fine;.... however, I consider it as certain, that the kings who have fought against me are no longer guided by the same unity, the same views, the same interests. The Emperor Alexander must esteem me: he must be able to estimate the difference which exists between Louis XVIII. and myself. If he were to understand his policy rightly, he would rather see the French sceptre in the hands of a powerful sovereign, the relentless enemy of England, than in the hands of a weak sovereign, the friend and vassal of the Prince Regent. I would give him Poland, and a great deal more, if he wished it; he knows that I have been always more inclined to tolerate his ambition than to restrain it. If he had continued my

friend and my ally, I would have made him greater than he ever will be now. Prussia, and the petty kings of the Rhenish confederation, will follow the lot cast by Russia. If I had Russia on my side, she would secure me all the second-rate powers. As to the Austrians, I do not know what they would do: they have never treated me candidly. I suppose I could keep Austria in order by threatening to deprive her of Italy. Italy is yet very grateful to me, and much attached to me: if I were to ask that country for an hundred thousand men, and an hundred millions, I should have the men and the money. If they were to force me to make war I could easily revolutionize the Italians: I would grant them whatever they might wish, independence or Eugene. Mejean and some others have done him harm, but, in spite of that, he is warmly loved, and highly esteemed: he deserves to be so; he has shown that he possesses a noble mind. Murat is ours. I have had great reason to complain of him. Since I have been here he has wept for his errors, and has done his utmost to repair the injuries which he has inflicted upon me. He has regained my friendship and my confidence: his assistance, if I were engaged in war, would be very useful to me. He has little brains; he has nothing but hand and heart; but his wife would direct him. The Neapolitans like him tolerably well; and I have yet some good officers amongst them who would keep them in the right way. As to England, we should have shaken hands from Dover to Calais, if Mr. Fox had lived; but as long as that country continues to be governed by the principles and passions of Mr. Pitt, we must always be as hostile as fire and water.... From England, I expect no quarter, no truce.... England knows that the instant I place my foot in France, her influence will be driven back across the seas... as long as I live I will wage a war of extermination against her maritime despotism. If the continental powers had seconded me; if they had not been afraid of me, if they had understood my ambition, their flags would have floated from the mast-head throughout the universe, and the world would have enjoyed peace. All things considered, foreign powers have great reasons to declare war against me; whilst there are also great reasons to induce them to remain at peace with me. It is to be feared, as I have already said to you, that they may turn the war into an affair of vanity, or that they make it a point of honour. On the other hand, it is possible that they may renounce their coalition, which has now no longer any object, in order to watch their subjects; preserving at the same time an armed neutrality, until I shall have given them sufficient guarantees.

"Their determinations, whatever they may be, will not influence mine. France speaks, and that is sufficient for me. In 1814 I had to deal with all the powers in Europe, but they should not have laid down the law to me if France had not left me to wrestle alone, against the entire world. Now the French know my value; and, as they have regained their courage and their patriotism, they will triumph over the enemies who may attack them, just as they triumphed in the good days of the revolution. Experience has shewn that armies cannot always save a nation; but a nation defended by the people is always invincible.

"I have not settled the day of my departure: by deferring it I should have the advantage of allowing the congress to run out; but then, on the other hand, I should run the risk of being kept here as a close prisoner by the vessels of the Bourbons and of the English, if, as every thing appears to indicate, there should be a rupture amongst foreign powers. Murat would lend me his navy if I wanted it; but if we do not succeed he would be compromised. We must not be anxious about all these matters: we must allow some room for destiny to come into play.

"I think we have considered all the points upon which it was important that I should be settled, and that we should understand each other. France is tired of the Bourbons; she demands her former sovereign. The people and the army are for us: foreign powers will be silent: if they speak, we shall be able to reply: this, in short, is the state of the present time and of the future.

"Depart. Tell X * * * that you have seen me, and that I am determined to expose myself to every danger for the purpose of yielding to the prayers of France, and of ridding the nation of the Bourbons.... Say also that I shall leave this place with my guard on the first of April—perhaps sooner. I pardon every thing. I will give to France and to Europe all the guarantees which can be expected or demanded of me. I have renounced all my plans of aggrandizement, and I wish to repair the evils which war has caused to us, by a permanent peace.

"You will also tell X * * * and the rest of my friends to nourish and strengthen the good disposition of the people and the army by all possible means. Explain to X * * * that if the excesses of the Bourbons should hasten their fall, if the French should drive them out before my disembarkation, then I will not allow of a regency, or any thing in the shape of it; but let them establish a provisional government, composed of.... of..... of... of..... and of... Go, Sir, I hope that we shall soon meet again."—— "Sire, where shall I land?"—"You must proceed to Naples; here is a passport of the island, and a letter for * * * *. Pretend to place great trust in him, but do not trust him with any thing. You will give him a loose account of the French news; and you

may tell him that I send you there to explore the soundings, and settle some concerns of moment. I have directed * * * * to furnish you with a passport, in order that you may be able to return to Paris without meeting with any obstacle or danger."—"Your Majesty has then determined to send me back to France?"—"It must absolutely be so."—"Your Majesty knows my attachment, and that I am ready to prove it in any way which may be required. But, Sire, deign to consider, both for your interest and for that of France, that my departure has been remarked, and that my return will excite still more notice, and that it may give rise to suspicion, and perhaps induce the Bourbons to put themselves on their guard, and cause them to watch the coasts and the island of Elba."—"Bah! do you suppose that fellows of the police know every thing, and can foresee every thing? More is invented than is discovered by the police. The agents of our police were decidedly as good as those of the present people, and yet they frequently knew nothing of what was going on but at the end of a week or a fortnight; and then they found it out only by chance, or incaution, or treason. I don't fear that any disclosures will be obtained from you by any of these means. You are clever and decided, and, if they were to work upon you, you would easily get clear. Besides, when you once arrive at Paris don't show yourself; creep into a corner, and nobody will think of ferreting you out. I could certainly confide this mission to some of the people who are about me; but I do not wish to make any additional confidant; you are trusted by X * * *; I trust you; and, in one word, you are exactly the man whom I want. Your return is certainly exposed to objections, but they are as nothing when compared to its advantages. All that we have said about the Bourbons, and about France, and about myself, is mere talk, and talk won't overturn a throne. In order that my enterprise may not be rendered abortive, it must be seconded, and the patriots must prepare to attack the Bourbons on one side, whilst I shall occupy them on the other. And, above all, it is necessary that they should know that they may depend upon me; that they may know my sentiments, my views, and the resolution which I have made of submitting to every sacrifice, and exposing myself to every danger, for the purpose of saving the country." The Emperor stopped to look at me. He certainly thought that I was one of those men who only appear reluctant to obey, in order to enhance the price of their services, so he said, "Money is always wanted in travelling; I will order them to pay you a thousand Louis, and then you may set off."—"A thousand Louis!" I exclaimed, with indignation. "Sire, I must answer your Majesty in the words with which the soldier answered his general, 'These actions are not performed for pay.'"—"That's very right; I like to see pride."—"Sire, I am not proud, but I have a soul; and if I thought that your Majesty could believe that I embraced your Majesty's cause for the sake of filthy lucre, I should request your Majesty to cease to rely on my services."—"If I had believed that to be the case, I should not have trusted you. No person ever received a more honourable and splendid proof of my confidence, than that which I am now bestowing upon you, in deciding, merely on the strength of your word, to quit the isle of Elba, and in directing you, as my precursor, to announce my speedy arrival in France. But do not let us talk any more on that head; and tell me if you recollect fully all that I have told you."—"I have not lost one of your Majesty's expressions. They are all engraven on my memory."—"Then I have only to wish you a pleasant journey. I have directed that every thing should be got ready for your departure.

"This evening, at nine o'clock, you will find a guide and horses at the gate of the town: you will be taken to Porto Longone. The commandant has been authorized to furnish you with the necessary quarantine documents. He knows nothing; say nothing to him. At midnight a felucca will leave the port, by which you will reach Naples. I am sorry to have hurt your feelings by offering money to you, but I thought you might be in want of it. Adieu, Monsieur; be cautious. I hope we shall soon meet again, and I shall acknowledge, in a manner worthy of your merits, your exertions in favour of the country and of myself."

Hardly had I gone down to the town when he sent for me again. "I have considered," said he, "that it is desirable that I should know what regiments are stationed in the eighth and tenth military divisions, and the names of the commanding officers. You will undertake to procure this information during your journey, and transmit it to me without the slightest delay. Write triplicates of your letters. Send one by way of Genoa, the second by Leghorn, and the third by Civita Vecchia. You will take care to write this name legibly (here he gave me a memorandum containing the name of an inhabitant of the island). Fold your letters in a business-like way. In order that the secret of your correspondence may not be discovered, should any accident happen, you will put your intelligence in the shape of commercial transactions, and you will imitate the usual style of bankers. I will suppose, for example, that between Chambery and Lyon, going by the way of Grenoble, there are five regiments. You will write to me . . . . in my way I have seen the five merchants whom you mentioned; their views continue the same: your credit is increasing daily. The concern will turn out

well . . . . do you understand me?"—"Yes, Sire; but how am I to send the names of the colonels and the generals in command?" —"Transpose the letters of their names, and nothing will be more easy. There is not a single colonel or general whom I do not know, and I shall soon be able to recompose their names."—"But, Sire, the anagrams which I shall make will perhaps be so uncouth, that it will be seen at the post-office, that the names are disguised on purpose." —"Do you think, then, that they amuse themselves at the post-office by opening and reading all the letters of business which pass through? They could not get through them. I have attempted to unravel the correspondence carried on under the disguise of banking transactions, but I could never succeed. The post-office is like the police, only fools are caught; yet think of any other method: I shall have no objection."

After I had considered a little while, I said to the Emperor, "Sire, there is a method which perhaps will do. Your majesty has the imperial calendar."—"Yes, sure." —"Well, Sire, the calendar contains the lists of the general officers and colonels of the army. Now, I will suppose, for example, that the regiment quartered at Chambery is commanded by Colonel Paul. I look into the calendar and I find that Paul stands forty-seven in the list of colonels. I will also suppose that, between ourselves, 'bill of exchange' means 'colonel' or 'general.' Then I shall write to your Majesty, I have seen your correspondent at Chambery; he has paid me the amount of your bill of exchange, No. 47. Your Majesty will turn to your Majesty's calendar, and then your Majesty will see, that the 47th colonel who commands the regiment of Chambery, is called 'Paul.' And, lastly, in order that your Majesty may be able to tell when I speak of a colonel, a general, or a marshal, I shall take care to indicate the rank of the officer by one, two, or three dots, placed after the 'No.' The colonel will have one dot. No. .; the general two, No. .., &c."—"Very good, very good. Here is a calendar for you. Bertrand has one which I will take."

The calendar given to me by the Emperor was richly bound, and stamped with the imperial arms. I tore off the binding. The Emperor kept walking up and down, and saying, as he laughed, "It is really excellent; they will never be able to see through it." When I had finished, he said, "One thought brings on another. I have asked myself how you would manage to write to me, if you should have any thing of unexpected importance to communicate. For instance, suppose any extraordinary event should make you think that my disembarkation ought to be accelerated or retarded; if the Bourbons were to be on their guard; in short, I know not what." He remained silent, and then began again. "I only know one way to provide for it: the confidence which I place in you ought to be unbounded. I will give you the key to a cipher which was composed for my use, in order that I might employ it in corresponding with my family under the most important circumstances. I need not tell you that you must keep it with care: always carry it about you, lest it should be lost: and if the smallest danger arises, burn it or tear it at the slightest suspicion. With this cipher you may write any thing to me which you like. I would rather that you should use it, than be under the necessity of coming back, or of sending any messenger to me. If they intercept a letter written in my cipher, it will take them three months to read it; whilst the capture of an agent might ruin all in an instant." He then went and looked out his cipher; he made me employ it under his eyes, and delivered it to me, exhorting me not to use it unless all other modes of communication should become insufficient.

The Emperor continued, "I do not suppose that you will have occasion to return here before my departure, unless the sudden overthrow of our projects should force you to seek an asylum here. In such a case, apprise me of your intended return, and I will send for you to any place which you may name. But we must hope that victory will declare for us. She loves France . . . . You have not spoken to me about the affair of Excelmans: if such a thing had happened in my time, I should have thought myself lost: when the authority of the master is not recognised, all is over. The more I think upon the matter (here he displayed a sudden emotion), the more I am convinced that France is mine, and that the patriots and the army will receive me with open arms."—"Yes, Sire, I swear to you, upon my soul, the people and the army will declare for you as soon as they hear your name, as soon as they see the caps of your grenadiers."—"Provided the people do seek to do themselves justice before my arrival, a popular revolution would alarm foreign powers: they would dread the contagion of example. They know that royalty only hangs by a thread, that it does not agree with the ideas of the age; they would sooner see me seize the throne, than allow the people to give it to me. They have re-established the Bourbons in order to convince the people that the rights of sovereigns are sacred and inviolable. They have blundered. They would have done more for the cause of legitimacy by leaving my son there, than by re-establishing Louis XVIII. My dynasty had been recognised by France and by Europe; it had been consecrated by the Pope. They ought to have respected it. By abusing the rights of victory, it was in their power to deprive me of the throne: but it was unjust, odious, impolitic, to punish the son on account of the wrongs of

his father, and to deprive him of his inheritance. I was not an usurper: they may say so as-long as they like; nobody will believe them. The English, the Italians, the Germans, are now too enlightened to allow themselves to be crammed with old ideas, with antiquated notions. In the eyes of nations, the sovereign who is chosen by the entirety of the nation, will always be the legitimate sovereign. . . . The sovereigns who sent their ambassadors to me with servile solemnity; who placed in my bed a girl of their breed; who called me their brother, and who, after doing all this, have stigmatized me as an usurper, they have spit in their own faces by trying to spit at me. They have degraded the majesty of kings. They have covered majesty with mud. What is the name of an Emperor? A word like any other. If I had no better title than that, when I shall present myself to future ages they would scorn me. My institutions, my benefactions, my victories—these are the true titles of my glory. Let them call me a Corsican, a corporal, an usurper . . . I don't care . . . I shall not be less the object of wonder, perhaps of veneration, in all future time. My name, new as it is, will live from age to age, whilst the names of all these kings, and their royal progeny, will be forgetten before the worms will have had time to consume their carcases." The Emperor stopped, and then continued; "I forget that time is precious; I will not detain you any longer. Adieu, Monsieur; embrace me, and depart; my thoughts and good wishes follow you."—Two hours afterwards I was at sea.

The return of Napoleon, the flight of the Bourbons, the vain endeavours of Bonaparte to negociate with the allies, his energetic efforts to establish his government, and to meet the impending danger, the dreadful war which ended in his defeat, his subsequent abdication, and the factious contentions from which the re-establishment of Louis delivered the French, are clearly, forcibly, and, we believe, faithfully narrated. M. Fleury, from his situation and employments, had favourable opportunities of learning the truth, and he seems to have dispensed the information thus acquired, with as much impartiality as unavoidable prepossessions, from which no historian is exempt, would permit.

Though enthusiastically devoted to Bonaparte, he attempts not to deny or to palliate his domestic tyranny, or his foreign aggressions, his rashness, vanity, and superstition. His popularity is admitted to have been chiefly confined to the military, and the acte additionel, and assembly of the *Champ de Mai*, are treated as shallow mockeries which disgusted the public. Justice is rendered to the good old French king, and to the skill and valour of the British commander and his army; in both which respects, we are sorry to say, Count Fleury, a Bonapartist and a Frenchman, evinces more candour and integrity than some malignant writers of our own nation. The negociations, public and private, of the respective powers, the intrigues of the treacherous Fouché, the imbecility and arrogance of the party orators in the chamber of deputies, and the tergiversations of courtiers and public characters, are clearly and instructively detailed. A curious narrative, arising out of the plots and counterplots, in which M. Fouché was so active acquits the allies of ever having suggested or countenanced the idea of assassinating Bonaparte, and also of having resolved to restore the Bourbons by force. On the contrary, it appears that if the French would have voluntarily deposed Napoleon, the crown would have been suffered to descend to his son.

Like his *quondam* master, M. Fleury complains of the allies, for declaring that Bonaparte, by his return to France, had thrown himself out of all the relations of civil society; and that as an enemy and disturber of the world, he had rendered himself obnoxious to public vengeance: and also of the close confinement to which Bonaparte has been subjected since his overthrow. M. Fleury's partiality alone prevents his comprehending that Bonaparte was permitted to retain the isle of Elba, and the imperial title, only on condition of ceasing to disturb the world; that by breaking that condition, he exposed himself to the extremes of hostility, and finally, that a strict imprisonment was the mildest fate he could reasonably expect, if unsuccessful in his desperate enterprize. By entering France while the allied sovereigns, whom he had made his implacable enemies, remained with their armies almost on her confines, he involved, without compunction, the thousands of brave men who were devotedly attached to him, in almost certain destruction; involved the country he affected to cherish in the calamities of war, and devoted to carnage the soldiers of England, Prussia, and their allies, without producing any benefit to himself or to France. Posterity will see, in his overthrow and confinement, only the wise, humane, and necessary precautions of monarchs anxious to deliver themselves and their subjects from the dangerous enterprizes of a tyrant, whose

very name is synonimous with the combined extremes of ambition, pride, cruelty, and perfidy.

The other publication is alledged to be the ninth book of Bonaparte's "Great Work." Sir Richard Phillips and Mr. O'Meara pledge their characters for the authenticity of these books; and refer to the original manuscript, to be seen at the publishers, in the same hand-writing as Bonaparte's observations on Lord Bathurst's speech. On the characters of the publisher and translator we need not observe: but the proof to be derived from the hand-writing is open to many suspicions. Nor is it adduced in a very direct and satisfactory manner. The book contains no intrinsic proof that Bonaparte is its author. It is almost confined to an account of the battles of Ligny, Quartre-bras, and Waterloo: and if it be true that "it is Napoleon himself who speaks," he had better, for his own sake, have remained silent. The object of the work is to prove that the English and Prussians were defeated according to all the rules of war, that they had no business to drive their conquerors before them, or to commit so monstrous an irregularity as that of dethroning and capturing the victor. The glory of the French commander is heightened by the circumstance, that not only his own generals, but those of the enemy, were continually acting contrary to his expectations, and violating all the rules of war. But we really think Bonaparte is not silly enough to expose himself to ridicule in this manner. The style of the work is quite unworthy of the leisure hours of a writer so experienced as the Corsican. It is worse than the worst of his bulletins. For example, the day of Waterloo is thus introduced:—

"The dawn having begun to appear, the Emperor returned to his head-quarters, full of satisfaction at the great fault committed by the enemy's general; though very apprehensive that the bad weather would prevent him from profiting by it. But the atmosphere became more clear, and at five o'clock he perceived some feeble rays of that sun, *which, before setting, was to witness the ruin of his opponents—the British oligarchy would be overthrown! France was about to rise again, more glorious, powerful, and grand than ever!!!*"

Now, when we are seriously desired to believe that Bonaparte wrote this *at St. Helena*, nothing but the high character of Mr. O'Meara, and the pledges of the publisher could possibly suppress our laughter.

The calculations of Bonaparte appear, in this work, to be made in a very extraordinary sort of arithmetic, considering his mathematical attainments, and his present opportunities for revision and correction. He says, "there are *ninety* chances in our favor to *ten* against us." Of these *ninety* they lose *thirty*; after which there remain *sixty to forty*. How deplorably must these odds (which are very *nearly* six to four, or three to two,) have been reduced by a discovery which the Emperor soon afterwards made: Although "this was the fiftieth regular battle, in which Napoleon had commanded within twenty years," we are persuaded he never witnessed a circumstance parallel to the following: "All the English, Belgians, and Germans, *who had been sabred by the cavalry*, precipitated themselves on Brussels!" Surely this was contrary to all the "rules of war." But were it not for the high character, &c., we should certainly ascribe an Hibernian, rather than a Corsican origin to this prodigious account.

We are persuaded that the majority of the public, notwithstanding all the pledges and proofs which the translator and publisher tender, will add this volume to the list of "the repeated impositions which have been practised on the world in the name of"—Bonaparte.

REMARKS ON THE ELGIN MARBLES, ADDRESSED TO CANOVA, BY M. QUATREMERE DE QUINCY.

IT is a brilliant epoch in the history of the Fine Arts, when an accomplished and erudite foreigner, deeply imbued with the knowledge and taste of antiquity, can be induced to visit London purely to see the collection of Athenian sculptures deposited in the British Museum. To this extraordinary deviation from the route of a classical traveller, M. Quatremere appears to have been originally impelled by the high and unqualified terms of admiration, in which CANOVA had expressed his opinion of this collection, although he had seen it only in the disorganized state in which it appeared soon after its arrival in England. As an antiquary, the sculptures of the Parthenon had long engaged M. Quatremere's attention; but he was also a lover of the choice remains of

Grecian genius transmitted to us in masterly copies, or original productions; and when he learnt that his ingenious friend Canova avowed his conviction of the superiority of those mutilated fragments to models long and highly esteemed and justly celebrated in Europe, he suspected, with pardonable scepticism, that the artist might have been influenced by the medium in which he had seen the sculptures of the Parthenon, opposed to no parallel work, and confronted by no productions of original genius. But, if he yielded to momentary prejudice, he was not impenetrable to conviction; and when he discovered the sensation that was created even in Rome, by a cast of the Ilyssus, one of the statues transported from Athens, he began to distrust the accuracy of his first conclusion. Whilst he was in this state of indecision, the arrival of another cast, that of the Theseus, at Paris, completely vanquished his doubts, and made him almost a convert to the opinions of his friend Canova. "I saw at Paris," says this candid writer, "a cast of the Theseus, and some other moulds taken from the sculptures of the Parthenon; the sight of them produced in my mind the effect of an immediate revelation; it at once opened my eyes to the fallacy of those systems which we had so often imagined, to illustrate the history of the arts and of taste in Greece; systems unsupported, but by a few isolated facts, without connexion or order; a few disjointed members, instead of a well compacted body. The relics of ancient art may be compared to an imperfect translation of history, of which three-fourths should be wanting, and no two pages succeed in regular progression. With what caution then, should we not attempt to fill up the void? The sculptures of the Parthenon appear to me to fill an immense chasm in the history of taste, nor is it too much to add, that but for their fortunate transportation to the west of Europe, they could never have produced any sensible effects on modern taste. Neither traveller, nor historian, nor artist, had communicated to me the hundredth part of what the Theseus revealed to me in a single instant."

It is pleasing to learn, that the vivid impression which the Theseus had produced on M. Quatremere's mind, was fully confirmed by his subsequent visit to the British Museum. It has been stipulated by Canova, that he should communicate to him, without reserve, the result of his actual examination; and to the scrupulous fidelity with which this engagement was fulfilled, we are indebted for M. Quatremere's valuable correspondence. There is in his strictures, a manly candour, an energy of feeling, seldom to be found in unison with the elaborate minuteness and conjectural criticism of a persevering antiquarian. In retracing those impressions which he experienced in contemplating this collection, the author observes, with his accustomed truth of feeling: "It is peculiarly important to guard against our first emotions on beholding those works of art which are presented to us under that aspect of degradation peculiar to antiquity. This may appear a paradox, but is verified by experience. With the artist, this state of ruinous mutilation is singularly calculated to inspire a favourable predilection, and even to create sentiments of enthusiastic veneration. The imagination not only supplies whatever is wanting, but even adds to whatever remains of positive beauty, a vague and indefinite feeling of the beautiful, scarcely to be realized by an integral object, of which the distinct image is offered to the mind, and which has no boundary beyond the eye: from the merits of the fragment, we are apt to form exaggerated conceptions of the transcendent excellence of the whole work. I am even persuaded that these wrecks of sculpture, thus dilapidated and decomposed, from this very aspect of desolation and ruin, may have acquired the privilege of imparting that instruction, which the spirit of analysis is most ambitious to obtain; whilst the ravages of time are, to the imagination, like venerable scars, impressing on the mutilated forms, a certain sanctity of character that protects it from the attacks of criticism. But, if such be the feelings generally inspired by the remains of antiquity, how much more powerfully must they influence the spectator who contemplates these fragments of a whole, of which the origin was equally pure and sacred. Respecting the genuineness of these productions, no doubt remains. We see, we touch the marbles that Pericles and Plato saw, and WERE WROUGHT *by the* HANDS of AGAROCRITUS or ALCAMENES, or *perhaps*, even *retouched by the chissel of Phidias*. We wander amidst the ruins of the most celebrated temple of antiquity, reared in the happiest age of Athens; that *chef-d'œuvre* of art, which, in the language of Plutarch, was endowed with immortal beauty, and preserved its bloom of youth in perpetual and imperishable renovation. To the con-

templation of these works is attached a value derived from various mental associations, which no other collection could create: what a crowd of ideas rushes to the mind! by what happy chance have so many treasures of art escaped the destruction of time, the havoc of war, the barbarity of the Turks? and how has it been reserved for the most boasted monuments of antiquity that they should be transported from that native soil, which was about to become their tomb, to enlightened, admiring Europe, there to constitute at once the school and the model for the taste of artists, and the enterprizes of art? Is it not an illusion that I behold this temple of Minerva, this glory of Phidias? Such an immense collection of original productions cannot be contemplated without awakening new sentiments. In other collections of antique sculpture we are frequently sensible of a certain monotony pervading forms, which have been copied from age to age, or perhaps transmitted to us without any proofs of genuine extraction, or even exhibit marks of the mechanical labour employed in their production: here, on the contrary, the first sensation is such as only an intrusive perception of originality can create; whether it be that the indisputable fact influences our judgment, or that these objects, so perfectly new to us, are really distinguished by a physiognomy to be found in no other works of art; whether it arises in some from the boldness of the chissel, or in others, from novelty of design and correctness of execution; but, certain it is, that the first glance assures us we are in the presence of an original master. But it is proper to distrust a first impression; I have, therefore, subjected these marbles to a second, and a third, and to repeated examination; they have not shrunk from the test. It is the exclusive privilege of master-pieces to rise in estimation with every succeeding revision; this privilege they possess in a supreme degree, and to a vague sentiment of astonishment succeeds a well-founded admiration, fortified by the conviction of their indisputable claims to pre-eminence."

We pass over M. Quatremere's minute, but excellent remarks on the frieze of the Parthenon, his liberal commendations on the order and arrangement of the collection, and his judicious hints of the dispositions to be hereafter made for its advantageous exhibition to the public. These pages ought, unquestionably, to be read within the walls of the British Museum; but the most important part of the correspondence refers to the previous queries of Canova, at whose requisition our author attempts to ascertain how far Phidias might personally have been engaged in these works; on what principles they are to be compared with other relics of classical antiquity, and how far the admitted comparison may be found to establish their *positive* or *relative* excellence.

With regard to the first question, M. Quatremere succinctly states, on the authority of Plutarch, that the Parthenon was completed with almost incredible celerity, and that in so short an interval as six or seven years, it was morally impossible that Phidias alone should have traced, or exclusively presided over plans of such astonishing extent and almost perplexing variety. Another circumstance which corroborates this presumption is, that Phidias appears to have been at the same time, actually engaged in another work, the colossal statue of Minerva; which might alone have been sufficient to engross all his time and attention. The author, therefore, suggests the probability that Phidias associated in his labours not merely his own pupils, but other distinguished artists; that he furnished the leading subjects of the frieze, distributed the series and revised the various plans submitted to his enlightened judgment; that he, perhaps, sketched some of the metopes as models for his auxiliaries and associates.

In his answer to Canova's second enquiry, M. Quatremere observes, "that criticism has erred, in attempting to establish a regular series in history of ancient art, and to furnish a sort of genealogical succession of monuments: that to acquire a just idea of what should be called the style, the taste, or the manner of any age or school, we ought not only to be furnished with the original productions of that period, we ought also to possess them in sufficient number, to rest assured that their leading features really belong to the age or school in which they were produced. It is thus that in literature we learn to distinguish the style and idioms of the great masters of antiquity."

Having assumed, as a first principle of criticism, that every production of art shall be judged according to the nature and character of its composition, M. Quatremere demonstrates that the character of the antique bas-relief was decidedly different from that of modern sculpture; he argues, that though it

might sometimes be produced after regular models, it was sometimes preceded only by a slight sketch, and, in a manner, called into existence by the extemporaneous labour of the chissel. It is in this view that he contemplates the frieze of the Parthenon. After many ingenious technical remarks in support of his opinion, he adds, "What we call a frieze, is, in reality, nothing more than a sort of picture, gradually unfolded to the spectator: it is this circumstance that prevents us from dwelling long on any particular point of view; from the very nature of the work, it must obviously derive its principle merit from the motion and variety of its objects, and from the rapidity of their succession, rather than from elaborate elegance of design, or a polished correctness of execution, totally foreign to its primitive destination. In carrying the eye over this picture, (180 feet in extent) the spectator constantly invited to turn from object to object, becomes, in a manner, quite subjected to the influence of spectacle. This inexhaustible series of subjects, which leads on the mind, the multiplicity of postures and attitudes of various intentions; that life infused in all the figures, and of which the effect redeems whatever may have been neglected by art; all this removes even the idea of searching for defects, since the faults which might be selected in one figure, are effaced by the obvious beauties of another. We begin, in fact, to comprehend that they are identified with the very qualities to which they owe their greatest excellence, and that what at the first glance we imagined to be defect, was but a property necessarily belonging to a peculiar character of beauty. It may, with truth, be affirmed, that this work, in point of style, is only to be compared with Trajan's pillar, to which it is decidedly superior, in the nobleness and elegance of its forms, the variety of its composition, the grace displayed in the costumes, the ingenuity of the design, the boldness of the chissel, and, generally speaking, the original force developed in the invention and the execution."

In pursuing the subject of comparison, the author observes, that, "the sculptures of the pediment of the Parthenon may be divided into two classes, namely, the *naked* and the *draped* figures." He adds, "in some antique statues, of rare merit, such as the groupes of Monte Cavallo, the muscular forms are pronounced with precision, truth, and majesty; but at the same time, he detects in them something harsh and artificial, that deducts from this excellence, destroys the spirit of system, and gives us the perception of art, at the expense of pleasure. In every human composition, we would rather believe that what we admire has been born, not made.

"And such appears to me to be the charm which resides in the naked figures attached to the pediment of the Parthenon. The art that exists, is invisible; the flesh seems to invite our touch; it is life that pervades the whole, and every part; the lines are correct, but free and flowing; the contours decided, yet undulating; we expect to see the Ilyssus rise, we even believe he is rising, and with astonishment discover that he is fixed to the same spot. I know not of any other antique sculpture which could create a similar sensation."

In the draped statues, M. Quatremere discovers the same pre-eminence. "The charm in these draped statues is analogous to grace; it is the despair of those critics who require for every thing a *why* and *wherefore*: '*E bella, perchè è bella.*' This is the best of all possible expositions, and one that puts the learned on a level with the ignorant.

"I have then but to communicate the impression; which, in common with all the spectators, I have received from these beautiful draped statues. Thir principal charm is to be found in the apparent absence of art, (where art abounds) and the expression of an indefinable something of nature and truth, which gives them less the appearance of marble than the most exquisite or celebrated statues of antiquity. Like the naked figures I have before mentioned, they bear the impressions of that mysterious truth, that real inspiration which so often escapes the artist; and which, if ever to be found, must seem to come unsought."

"One of these draped figures might be compared with the beautiful figure of the sleeping nymph, commonly called Cleopatra; and this is the difference I find between them. The supposed Cleopatra is in a fine style, but if you bring it near the other nymph, it will appear notbing more than marble, admirably executed. The sleeping figures called the fates, discover still more elegance and delicacy of execution; but, above all, prevails a certain charm of grace and indolence, which makes me believe it is a real woman I contemplate; the body bends under its own weight; it is no longer marble; the impression of it, at least, is lost. This," continues

M. Quatremere, with enthusiasm, "is to breathe into matter a living soul; that charm, which so far artists have ever known or expressed, appears to me to form the eminent characteristic excellence of these sculptures. And now, if you still require from me a more direct parallel of comparison between such and such celebrated statues of antiquity, I would say that the head of the horse surpasses every other head of the same animal exhibited in antique statues, and that this pre-eminence is maintained by its anatomical science, the truth and majesty of the style, the force of expression, and the astonishing boldness of the execution; that the figure of the Ilyssus, which, in some respects, may be properly compared with the dying Gladiator, is superior to it in the amplitude of its forms, the sublimity of the design, the appearance of the flesh, and, above all, of the life; that the fragment of the *torso* of Neptune, which, for position and proportion might be compared with the figures of the Monte Cavallo, appears to me to have re-united with more harmony and truth, severity and strength, with the mellowness of expression that belongs to nature. That the statue of Theseus, or the young Hercules, examined on the back, where the parallel is complete, with the fragment of Hercules, called the *torso*, appears to me, and to all who have subjected it to the proof, to have been produced by art equally correct, but more sublime. I have already stated, that with regard to the draped figures, in the Athenian collection, I find no parallel. Antiquity, of which we have lost the finest productions, has transmitted to us a number of copies or repetitions, more or less exact, the greater part are the subjects of imitation on which art was exercised during twelve centuries.

"There exists no variety of subjects, no diversity of nature, of age, sex, and character, that the genius of sculpture has not reproduced at the dictation of the poet, or the inspiration of nature; chance, in preserving for us a certain portion of the sculpture derived from the school of Phidias, has not afforded us data by which to pursue to greater extent the comparison which I have submitted to your judgment; and what inference is to be drawn from this circumstance, is simply, that we must stop where the parallel ends, which, if resumed, can alone be supported by analogy and deduction."

ON THE LIVING NOVELISTS.—NO. I.
MACKENZIE.

ALTHOUGH our veneration for Mackenzie has induced us to commence this series of articles with an attempt to express our sense of his genius, we scarcely know how to criticize its exquisite creations. The feelings which they have awakened within us are too old and too sacred almost for expression. We scarcely dare to scrutinize with a critic's ear, the blending notes of that sad and soft music of humanity which they breathe. We feel as if there were a kind of privacy in our sympathies with them—as though they were a part of ourselves, which strangers knew not—and as if in publicly expressing them, we were violating the sanctities of our own souls. We must recollect, however, that our readers know them as well as we do, and then to dwell with them tenderly on their merits, will seem like discoursing of the long cherished memories of friends we had in common, and of sweet sorrows participated in childhood.

The purely sentimental stile in which the tales of Mackenzie are written, though deeply felt by the people, has seldom met with due appreciation from the critics. It has its own genuine and peculiar beauties, which we love the more the longer we feel them. Its consecrations are altogether drawn from the soul. The gentle tinges which it casts on human life are shed not from the imagination or the fancy, but from the affections. It represents, indeed, humanity as more tender, its sorrows as more gentle, its joys as more abundant than they appear to common observers. But this is not effected by those influences of the imagination which consecrate whatever they touch, which detect the secret analogies of beauty, and bring kindred graces from all parts of nature to heighten the images which they reveal. It affects us rather by casting off from the soul, those impurities and littlenesses which it contracts in the world, than by foreign aids. It appeals to those simple emotions which are not the high prerogatives of genius, but which are common to all who are "made of one blood," and par-

take in one primal sympathy. The holiest feelings, after all, are those which would be the most common if gross selfishness and low ambition froze not "the genial current of the soul." The meanest and most ungifted have their gentle remembrances of early days. Love has tinged the life of the artizan and the cottager with something of the romantic. The course of none has been along so beaten a road that they remember not fondly some resting places in their journies; some turns of their path in which lovely prospects broke in upon them; some soft plats of green refreshing to their weary feet. Confiding love, generous friendship, disinterested humanity, require no recondite learning, no high imagination, to enable an honest heart to appreciate and feel them. Too often, indeed, are the simplicities of nature, and the native tendernesses of the soul nipped and chilled by those low anxieties which lie on them "like an untimely frost."—"The world is too much with us." We become lawyers, politicians, merchants, and forget that we are men, and sink in our transitory vocations, that character which is to last for ever. A tale of sentiment—such as those of that honoured veteran whose works we would now particularly remember—awakens all these pulses of deep sympathy with our kind, of whose beatings we had become almost unconscious. It does honour to humanity by stripping off its artificial disguises. Its magic is not like that by which Arabian enchanters raised up glittering spires, domes, and palaces by a few cabalistic words; but resembles their power to disclose veins of precious ore where all seemed sterile and blasted. It gently puts aside the brambles which overcast the stream of life, and lays it open to the reflexions of those delicate clouds which lie above it in the heavens. It shews to us the soft undercourses of feeling, which neither time nor circumstances can wholly stop; and the depth of affection in the soul, which nothing but sentiment itself can fathom. It disposes us to pensive thought—expands the sympathies—and makes all the half-forgotten delights of youth "come back upon our hearts again," to soften and to cheer us.

Too often has the sentiment of which we have spoken been confounded with sickly affectations in a common censure. But no things can be more opposite than the paradoxes of the inferior order of German sentimentalists and the works of a writer like Mackenzie. Real sentiment is the truest, the most genuine, and the most lasting thing on earth. It is more ancient as well as more certain in its operations, than the reasoning faculties. We know and feel before we think; we perceive before we compare; we enjoy before we believe. As the evidence of sense is stronger than that of testimony, so the light of our inward eye more truly shews to us the secrets of the heart than the most elaborate process of reason. Riches, honours, power, are transitory—the things which appear, pass away—the shadows of life alone are stable and unchanging. Of the recollections of infancy nothing can deprive us. Love endures, even if its object perishes, and nurtures the soul of the mourner. Sentiment has a kind of divine alchymy, rendering grief itself the source of tenderest thoughts, and far-reaching desires, which the sufferer cherishes as sacred treasures. The sorrows over which it sheds its influence are "ill barter'd for the garishness of joy;" for they win us softly from life, and fit us to die smiling. It endures, not only while fortune changes, but while opinions vary, which the young enthusiast fondly hoped would never forsake him. It remains when the unsubstantial pageants of goodliest hope vanish. It binds the veteran to the child by ties which no fluctuations even of belief can alter. It preserves the only identity, save that of consciousness, which man with certainty retains—connecting our past with our present, being by delicate ties so subtle, that they vibrate to every breeze of feeling; yet so strong that the tempests of life have not power to break them. It assures us that what we have been we shall be, and that our human hearts shall vibrate with their first sympathies, while the species shall endure.

We think that, on the whole, Mackenzie is the first master of this delicious stile. Sterne, doubtless, has deeper touches of humanity in some of his works. But there is no sustained feeling—no continuity of emotion—no extended range of thought, over which the mind can brood in his ingenious and fantastical writings. His spirit is far too mercurial and airy to suffer him tenderly to linger over those images of sweet humanity which he discloses. His cleverness breaks the charm which his feeling spreads, as by magic, around us. His ex-

quisite sensibility is ever counteracted by his perceptions of the ludicrous, and his ambition after the strange. No harmonious feeling breathes from any of his pieces. He sweeps "that curious instrument, the human heart," with hurried fingers, calling forth in rapid succession its deepest and its liveliest tones, and making only marvellous discord. His pathos is, indeed, most genuine while it lasts; but the soul is not suffered to cherish the feeling which it awakens. He does not shed, like Mackenzie, one mild sweet light on the path of life; but scatters on it wild coruscations of ever shifting brightness, which, while they sometimes disclose spots of inimitable beauty, often do but fantastically play over objects dreary and revolting. All in Mackenzie is calm, gentle, harmonious. No play of mistimed wit, no flourish of rhetorick, no train of philosophical speculation, for a moment diverts our sympathy. Each of his best works is like one deep thought, and the impression which it leaves, soft, sweet, and undivided as the summer evening's holiest and latest sigh!

The only exception which we can make to this character, is the *Man of the World*. Here the attempt to attain intricacy of plot disturbs the emotion which, in the other works of the author, is so harmoniously excited. A tale of sentiment should be most simple. Its whole effect depends on its keeping the tenor of its predominant feeling unbroken. Another defect in this story is, the length of time over which it spreads its narrative. Sindall, alone, connects the two generations which it embraces, and he is too mean and uninteresting thus to appear both as the hero and the chorus. When a story is thus continued from a mother to a daughter, it seems to have no legitimate boundary. The painful remembrance of the former interferes with our interest for the latter, and the present difficulties of the last deprive us of those emotions of fond retrospection, which the fate of the first would otherwise awaken. Still there are in this tale scenes of pathos delicious as any which, even the author himself, has drawn. The tender pleasure which the *Man of Feeling* excites is wholly without alloy. Its hero is the most beautiful personification of gentleness, patience, and meek sufferings, which the heart can conceive. *Julia de Roubigné* however is, on the whole, the most delightful of the author's works. There is in this tale enough of plot to keep alive curiosity, and sharpen the interest which the sentiment awakens, without any of those strange turns and perplexing incidents which break the current of sympathy. The diction is in perfect harmony with the subject—"most musical, most melancholy"—with "golden cadences" responsive to the thoughts. There is a delicacy of loveliness, a plaintive charm in the image presented to us of the heroine, too sweet almost to dwell on. How exquisite is the description given of her by her maid, in a letter to her friend, relating to her fatal marriage:—"She was dressed in a white muslin night-gown, with striped lilac and white ribbons; her hair was kept in the loose way you used to make me dress it for her at Belville, with two waving curls down one side of her neck, and a braid of little pearls. And to be sure, with her dark brown locks resting upon it, her bosom looked as pure white as the driven snow. And then her eyes, when she gave her hand to the count! they were cast down, and you might see her eye-lashes, like strokes of a pencil, over the white of her skin—the modest gentleness, with a sort of sadness too, as it were, and a gentle heave of her bosom at the same time." And yet, such is the feeling communicated to us by the whole work, that we are ready to believe even this artless picture an inadequate representation of that beauty which we never cease to feel. How natural and tear-moving is the letter of Savillon to his friend, describing the scenes of his early love, and recalling, with intense vividness, all the little circumstances which aided its progress! What an idea, in a single expression, does Julia give of the depth and the tenderness of her affection, when describing herself as taking lessons in drawing from her lover, she says that she felt something from the touch of his hand "not the less delightful from carrying a sort of fear along with that delight: it was *like a pulse in the soul!*" The last scenes of this novel are matchless. Never was so much of the terrific alleviated by so much of the pitiful. The incidents are most tragic; yet over them is diffused a breath of sweetness, which softens away half their anguish, and reconciles us to that which remains. Our minds are prepared, long before, for the early nipping of that delicate blossom, for which this world was too bleak. Julia's last interview with Savillon mitigates her doom, partly by the joy her heart has tasted, and which nothing after-

wards in life could equal, and partly by the certainty that she must either become guilty or continue wretched. Nothing can be at once sweeter and more affecting than her extatic dream after she has taken the fatal mixture, her seraphical playing on the organ, to which the waiting angels seem to listen, and her tranquil recalling the scenes of peaceful happiness with her friend, as she imagines her arms about her neck, and fancies that her Maria's tears are falling on her bosom. Then comes Montaubon's description of her as she drank the poison;—"She took it from me smiling, and her look seemed to lose its confusion. She drank my health! She was dressed in a white silk bedgown, ornamented with pale pink ribbons. Her cheek was gently flushed from their reflection; her blue eyes were turned upwards as she drank, and a dark brown ringlet lay on her shoulder." We do not think even the fate of "the gentle lady married to the Moor" calls forth tears so sweet as those which fall for the Julia of Mackenzie!

We rejoice to know and feel that these delicious tales cannot perish. Since they were written, indeed, the national imagination has been, in a great degree, perverted by strong excitements, and "fed on poisons till they have become a kind of nutriment." But the quiet and unpresuming beauties of these works depend not on the fashion of the world. They cannot be out of date till the dreams of young imagination shall vanish, and the deepest sympathies of love and hope shall be chilled for ever. While other works are extolled, admired, and reviewed, these will be loved and wept over. Their author, in the evening of his days, may truly feel that he has not lived in vain. Gentle hearts shall ever owe to him their sweetest tears, and blend their thought of him among their remembrances of the benefactors of their youth. And when the fever of the world "shall hang upon the beatings of their hearts," how often will their spirits turn to him, who, as he cast a soft seriousness over the mourning of life, shall assist in tranquillizing its noon-tide sorrows!

T. D.

CLARE'S POEMS.*

THESE poems are preceded by an introduction, which, besides a short criticism on their beauties and defects, contains also an account of the few simple, yet interesting incidents, which constitute the biography of their author up to the period of this publication. As the narrative, is drawn up with taste, feeling, and discrimination, we transcribe from it such parts as will enable our readers to appreciate the passages that we shall afterwards extract from the poems. Without the knowledge of these facts, indeed, any decision on the productions themselves would be premature; since, if they possess sufficient intrinsic merit to please, they will obtain some additional commendation from a consideration of the circumstances under which they were composed; whilst those circumstances may fairly be pleaded in extenuation of whatever defects they display, and may serve as an apology for the absence of that transcendent excellence which more favoured poets have attained.

"John Clare, the author of this volume, was born at Helpstone, near Peterborough, Northamptonshire, on the 13th of July, 1793. He is the only son of Parker and Ann Clare, who are also natives of the same village, where they have always resided in extreme poverty; nor are they aware that any of their ancestors have been in better circumstances. Parker Clare is a farmer's labourer, and latterly he was employed in threshing; but violent colds brought on the rheumatism to such a degree that he was at length unable to work, or even to move without assistance. By the kind liberality of Lord Milton, he was then sent to the sea-bathing infirmary at Scarborough, where he found great relief; but returning home part of the way on foot, from a desire to save expenses, his exertions and exposure to the weather brought on the pain again, and reduced him to a more deplorable state than ever. He is now a helpless cripple, and a pauper, receiving an allowance of five shillings a week from the parish.

"John Clare has always lived with his parents at Helpstone, except for those short periods when the distance to which he was obliged to go for work prevented his return every evening. At his own home, therefore, he saw poverty in all its most affecting shapes, and when he speaks of it, as in the Address to Plenty, p. 48.

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* Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire peasant.

"Oh, sad sons of Poverty!
Victims doom'd to misery;
Who can paint what pain prevails
O'er that heart which want assails?
Modest shame the pain conceals:
No one knows, but he who feels."

"And again,

"Toiling in the naked fields,
Where no bush a shelter yields,
Needy Labour dithering stands,
Beats and blows his numbing hands;
And upon the crumping snows
Stamps, in vain, to warm his toes."

He utters "no idly feign'd poetic pains:" it is a picture of what he has constantly witnessed and felt. One of our poets has gained great credit by his exterior delineations of what the poor man suffers; but in the reality of wretchedness, when "the iron enters into the soul," there is a tone which cannot be imitated. Clare has here an unhappy advantage over other poets. The most miserable of them were not always wretched. Penury and disease were not constantly at their heels, nor was pauperism their only prospect. But he has no other, for the lot which has befallen his father, may, with too much reason, be looked forward to as his own portion.

"While such was the destitute condition of his parents, it may seem extraordinary that Clare should have found the means to acquire any learning whatever; but by extra work as a plough-boy, and by helping his father morning and evening at threshing, he earned the money which paid for his education. From the labour of eight weeks he generally acquired as many pence as would pay a month's schooling; and thus in the course of three years he received at different times, so much instruction that he could read very well in the Bible. He considers himself to have derived much benefit from the judicious encouragement of his schoolmaster, Mr. Seaton, of Glinton,* an adjoining parish, from whom he sometimes obtained three-pence a week in rewards, and who once gave him sixpence for repeating from memory, the third chapter of Job. With these little sums he bought a few books.

"When he had learned to read tolerably well, he borrowed from one of his companions that universal favourite, Robinson Crusoe, and in the perusal of this he greatly increased his stock of knowledge and his desire for reading. He was thirteen years of age when another boy shewed him Thomson's Seasons.†

"They were out in the fields together, and during the day Clare had a good opportunity of looking at the book. It called forth all the passion of his soul for poetry. He was determined to possess the work himself; and as soon as he had saved a shilling to buy it with, he set off for Stamford at so early an hour, that none of the shops were open when he got there. It was a fine spring morning, and when he had made his purchase, and was returning through the beautiful scenery of Burghley Park, he composed his first piece of poetry, which he called "The Morning Walk." This was soon followed by "The Evening Walk," and some other little pieces.

* * * * *

"It is now thirteen years since Clare composed his first poem: in all that time he has gone on secretly cultivating his taste and talent for poetry, without one word of encouragement, or the most distant prospect of reward. That passion must have been originally very strong and pure, which could sustain itself, for so many years, through want, and toil, and hopeless misery. His labour in the fields through all seasons, it might he thought, would have disgusted him with those objects he so much admired at first; and his taste might have altered with his age: but the foundation of his regard was laid too deeply in truth to be shaken. On the contrary, he found delight in scenes which no other poet has thought of celebrating. "The swampy falls of pasture ground, and rushy spreading greens, plashy streams," and "weed-beds wild and rank," give him as much real transport as common minds feel at what are called the most romantic prospects. And if there were any question as to the intensity or sincerity of his feeling for poetry and nature, the commendation of these simple, unthought-of, and generally despised objects would decide it.

* * * * *

"It was an accident which led to the publication of these poems. In December, 1818, Mr. Edward Drury, bookseller, of Stamford, met by chance with the sonnet to the Setting Sun, written on a piece of paper in which a letter had been wrapped up, and signed J. C. Having ascertained the name and residence of the writer, he went to Helpstone, where he saw some other poems with which he was much pleased. At his request, Clare made a collection of the pieces he had written, and added some others to them. They were then sent to London, and the publishers selected those which form the present volume. They have been printed with the usual corrections only of orthography and grammar, in such instances as allowed of its being done without changing the words: the proofs were then revised by Clare, and a few alterations were made at his desire. The original MS. may be seen at Messrs. Taylor and Hessey's." *

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* He was instructed in writing and arithmetic by Mr. John Turnill, late of Helpstone, now in the Excise, who was indeed a benefactor to him.

† The perusal of the Seasons first excited a predilection for poetry in the Farmer's Boy.

* We availed ourselves of this permission to inspect the manuscript, which is written

Of the subjects of these poems, and the style in which they are composed, two things are chiefly to be remarked: first, that they contain true and minute delineations of external nature, drawn from *actual observation;* and, secondly, that they abound with provincialisms, and are not unfrequently blemished by grammatical inaccuracies. Clare is strictly a descriptive poet; and his daily occupation in the fields has given him a manifest advantage over those minstrels whose pastoral strains are inspired by the contemplation of the furze and stinted herbage of Hampstead Heath, or the sooty verdure of a London square. In his descriptions we find "no sweet buds" and "wavy grass," and "leafy glories," twice and thrice and thirty times repeated. He revels in an unbounded luxuriance of epithets; in his minuteness of detail he seems at a loss where to stop; he paints every mode of colour and of form, and when his attention is attracted by objects which he cannot define by ordinary language, he invents new forms of expression, as singular as they are vigorous and appropriate. "Thus," it is observed in the introduction, "he frequently makes verbs of substantives, as in the line

"Dark and darker *glooms* the sky."

Or of adjectives, as in the following—

"Spring's pencil *pinks* thee in thy flushy stain."

But in this he has done no more than the man who first employed *crimson* as a verb." He looks on plants, insects, and animals with the eye of a naturalist, and his accuracy, in this respect, shews that he has been a watchful observer of their habits. Thus, in his "Evening,"—

"The dew worms too in couples start,
But leave their holes in fear;
For in a moment they will part,
If aught approaches near."

In his picture of "Noon," when, as he tells us—

"If we earnest look, it seems
As if crooked bits of glass
Seem'd repeatedly to pass."

Every thing is made to feel the effect of the scorching sun-beams; the bees "cease to hum," the birds are mute—

—"No longer on the stream,
Watching lies the silver bream."

The shepherds retire with their flocks to some friendly shade; of the cattle, some try to elude the rays of heat by motion; others again crouch under the hedge-side, or plunge into the wave.

"While to all the flowers that blow,
If in open air they grow,
Th' injurious deed alike is done
By the hot relentless sun;
E'en the dew is parched up
From the teazle's jointed cup."

Again, when he describes "Summer Evening," he fails not to observe with Shakspeare the beetle's "drowsy hum," as well as the homeward flight of the crow, the rallying note of the partridge, the swallow resting on the chimney-top, the bat commencing its airy wheel, the leaps of the "startled frog," at which

"From the grass or flow'ret's cup,
Quick the dew-drop bounces up.
Now the blue fog creeps along;
And the bird 's forgot his song;
Flowers now sleep within their hoods;
Daisies button into buds;
From soiling dew the butter-cup
Shuts his golden jewels up;
And the rose and woodbine, they
Wait again the smiles of day."

If associations are only wanting to convey an image correctly to the mind, Theocritus or Virgil could bring forward none but what this untaught Northamptonshire hind enumerates. Their works are to him, as they were to the Ayrshire peasant, "*a fountain shut up, and a book sealed;*" but Clare is acquainted with a language less understood than Greek or Latin—the language of the human heart, and he reads in a book which requires no commentary—the book of nature. Of the figures of rhetoric he makes no display; but when he does employ them, he employs them with propriety. Thus, when he personifies the Storm, who, "tyrant-like,"

"Takes delight in doing harm,
Down before him crushing all,
Till his weapons useless fall;
And as in oppression proud,
Peal his howlings long and loud,
While the clouds, with horrid sweep,
Give (as suits a tyrant's trade)
The sun a minute's leave to peep,
To smile upon the ruins made."

Can there be a personification more just, or an image more beautiful, than that with which it concludes? He imagines himself protected from the injuries of this tyrant by Plenty, and he has recourse to a simile, which might inspire the most polished poet with emulation.

"Oh, how blest 'mid these alarms,
I should bask in Fortune's arms,

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in a legible and bold hand. It contains many poems not included in the present volume, besides letters, and a list of his books. These latter are chiefly poetical, but it is remarkable, that the poetry is almost wholly of the school of Pope, from which Clare assuredly has not borrowed a single image and hardly an expression.

Who defying every frown,
Hugs me on her downy breast;
Bids my head lie easy down,
And on Winter's ruins rest.
Emblematic simile,
Birds are known to sit secure,
While the billows roar and rave,
Slumbering in their safety sure,
Rock'd to sleep upon the wave."

The poems which please us best are, "Noon;" lines "To a Rosebud in humble Life;" the "Harvest Morning;" lines "On an Infant's Grave;" those addressed "To an April Daisy," "Summer Evening," "Summer Morning," the "Dawnings of Genius," and the Sonnets. The first are all too long to be extracted, but we will transcribe the sonnet to "The Winds," and that to "The River Gwash;" the latter principally on account of the exceeding beauty of the epithets, and that happy sense of "the light, shade, and mezzotint of a landscape," which the introduction properly notices as the chief excellence of poetry of this species.

TO THE WINDS.

"Hail, gentle winds! I love your murmuring sound;
The willows charm me, wavering to and fro;
And oft I stretch me on the daisied ground,
To see you crimp the wrinkled flood below;
Delighted more as brisker gusts succeed,
And give the landscape round a sweeter grace,
Sweeping in shaded waves the ripening mead,
Puffing their rifled fragrance in my face.
Painters of nature! ye are doubly dear;
Her children dearly love your whispering charms;
Ah, ye have murmur'd sweet to many an ear,
That now lies dormant in death's icy arms;
And at this moment many a weed ye wave,
That hides the bard in his forgotten grave."

THE RIVER GWASH.

"Where winding Gwash whirls round its wildest scene,
On this romantic bend I sit me down;
On that side view the meadow's smoothing green,
Edg'd with the peeping hamlet's chequering brown;
Here the steep bank, as dropping headlong down;—
While glides the stream a silver streak between,
As glide the shaded clouds along the sky,
Bright'ning and deep'ning, losing as they're seen,
In light and shade; to where old willows lean,
Thus their broad shadow runs the river by,
With tree and bush replete, a wilder'd scene,
And moss and ivy speckling on my eye,
Oh, thus while musing wild, I'm doubly blest,
My woes unheeding, and my heart at rest."

Clare, as his biographer admits, is addicted to imitation, and we think he imitates Burns too frequently. This is imprudent. The similarity of their conditions will so often induce a comparison, that it would be more judicious in Clare to attempt an original career, than to cramp the vigour of his muse by adopting a manner. He is, like his predecessor, "Nature's never wean'd, though not her favour'd child;" and while he confines himself to the description of her charms, he needs not the aid of any mortal brother; but neither his songs and ballads, his "Familiar Epistle to a Friend," nor his "Dolly's Mistake," and "My Mary," which last are by far the worst pieces in the volume, will bear to be brought in competition with the deep pathos, the rich and genuine humour displayed in similar productions of the unequalled Scottish minstrel. Yet Clare has succeeded admirably in "The Meeting," which is imitated from Burns' "O were I on Parnassus' Hill," and which we feel a pleasure in transcribing, as we have no hesitation in saying we think these verses surpass their original. They were sent to the publishers after the volume was nearly printed, and are therefore inserted in the introduction, where, as they "fitly close the chronicle of his (Clare's) poems," they may also properly terminate our remarks.

THE MEETING.

"Here we meet, too soon to part,
Here to leave will raise a smart,
Here I'll press thee to my heart,
Where none have place above thee;
Here I vow to love thee well,
And could words unseal the spell,
Had but language strength to tell,
I'd say how much I love thee.

Here, the rose that decks thy door,
Here, the thorn that spreads thy bow'r,
Here, the willow on the moor,
The birds at rest above thee,
Had they light of life to see,
Sense of soul like thee and me,
Soon might each a witness be
How doatingly I love thee.

By the night sky's purple ether,
And by even's sweetest weather,
That oft has blest us both together,
The moon that shines above thee,
And shews thy beauteous cheek so blooming,
And by pale age's winter coming,
The charms, and casualties of woman,
I will for ever love thee."

To the poems is subjoined a glossary, that serves to explain the provincial expressions, "many of which," as the writer of the introduction acutely observes, were once general, and "may be called part of the unwritten language of England." We readily subscribe to his opinion, that some of them are "as well sounding and significant as any that are sanctioned by the press." But, surely, such expressions as "bangs," "chaps," (for "young fellows,") "eggs

on," "fex," (a petty oath,) "flops," "snifting and snufting," &c., are mere vulgarisms, and may as well be excluded from the poetical lexicon, as they have long since been banished from the dictionary of polite conversation: neither can we imagine, although we confess ourselves uninformed in this particular, that "to pint it," can be understood to signify, "in the midland counties," or elsewhere, "to drink a pint of ale," any more than to "steak it," or to "chop it" would imply to eat a beaf steak or a mutton chop.

Our readers will, doubtless, now be anxious to learn what are the present prospects of this interesting young man, whose character and habits, we have reason to believe, both from what is stated in the introduction to his poems, and what we have ascertained from other sources, are as irreproachable as his talents are extraordinary. The success of his poems will, inevitably, render him dissatisfied with the situation of a daily labourer, earning "nine shillings a week," and "working for any one who will employ him;" nor is it altogether to be wished that he should be suffered to remain in an occupation to which he must necessarily acquire an utter aversion, and for which his pursuits have obviously rendered him unfit. We would not be thought to undervalue the labours or the fruits of honest industry, but we consider it indispensably requisite, in order to insure content in this, as in any other station, that the disposition should correspond with the employment, and that the fancy should not be indulging in the contemplation of unattainable objects. As far as we can collect from his book, Clare's wishes are moderate. The political poet and courtly satirist of King William's reign, when he amused himself with wishing, desired to have—

——"clear
For life six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood."

Poor Clare's wants are more immediate. His anticipations have not yet learnt to take in superfluities. He asks for little more besides "an easy chair," "a few books," and, what we suspect to have been a deficiency, which he has hitherto had reason to complain of—

"The barrel nigh at hand,
Always ready as I will'd,
When 'twas empty, to be fill'd!
And, to be possessed of all,
A corner cupboard in the wall
With store of victuals lin'd complete,
That when hungry I might eat.

p. 50.

"Yet," says he, in the published extract from one of his letters, "if my hopes don't succeed, the hazard is not of so much consequence: if I fall, I am advanced at no great distance from my low condition: if I sink for want of friends, my old friend, necessity, is ready to help me, as before. It was never my fortune as yet, to meet advancement from friendship: my fate has ever been hard labour, amongst the most vulgar and lowest conditions of men; and very small is the pittance hard labour allows me, though I always toil'd even beyond my strength to obtain it."

There is something very touching in this tone of resignation, which we believe to be real; and, although we imagine, that what we have stated will be a sufficient inducement to every friend of genius to purchase this volume; from the sale of which, we understand, the author is entitled to derive benefit; we do not think such an application of their money will require any very great exertion of liberality in the parties so bestowing it; for we agree with the benevolent individual who has advocated Clare's cause, that "no poet of our country has shown greater ability *under circumstances so hostile to its developement.*"

But we hope the readers of his poems will not confine their encouragement to barren praise; but will benevolently assist in supplying the wants and furthering the honest ambition of a man of talent; and we beg to add the recommendation of the editor of his poems; a recommendation at once judicious and humane, that "those persons who intend to shew him kindness, will not do it suddenly or partially; but so as it will yield him permanent benefit." It is proposed to establish a subscription for Clare, of which his respectable publishers and some gentlemen who interest themselves in his welfare, have undertaken to superintend the application.

ON ILLUMINATION BY ELECTRICITY.

BY PROFESSOR MEINECKE, OF HALLE.

WHO would have ventured twenty or thirty years ago to assert that that little flame of hydrogen gas, which was called the philosophical lamp, would light, in the nineteenth century, streets, public places, whole cities! Yet this is what we now see; and this mode of illumination is justly considered excellent. But I am firmly convinced that it will one day be succeeded by a more perfect and less expensive illumination: I mean by electricity.

I support this prediction on the experiments which have occupied me several years.

Among a great number of instructive or amusing experiments on light, and to which I dedicate the evenings, I have attempted to demonstrate to my hearers, that in the same manner as an electric shock may be continued, or rather repeated, as it were, *ad infinitum*, so also a luminous electric spark is susceptible of being perpetuated an indefinite number of times, if circumstances (a dry atmosphere, conductors well insulated, and placed at a convenient distance,) are favourable, or disposed with some address. I wished at the same time to inform myself to what degree the multiplication of a ray of electric light may extend; and if it would be possible by means of this multiplication, to produce a continual illumination.

With this intention I fixed to the wall of my lecture-room, besides six large glass planes, furnished with lozenges of tin-foil, about a hundred leaden balls, covered with wax, and I suspended to it also a silk string, about forty feet long, surrounded with little laminæ of tin-foil. These insulated pieces of metal were, at the most, an inch from each other, and the apparatus communicated by means of a small metal chain, with the conductor of an electrical machine, so that each spark would be repeated near a thousand times. The machine, which I turned rather briskly, to obtain a constant torrent of light, was good, but of a moderate size, for the plate was not above two feet in diameter, but the beautiful light which it produced surprised both myself and my auditors. It was like a bright moon-light which spread over the whole lecture-room. Afterwards, when instead of connecting with the floor the extremity of the last conducting chain, I made it end in a receiver void of air, on an air-pump into which the electric light was to pass between two balls, distant about three inches from each other; the light became so strong that we could read a small hand-writing in the middle of the room. The light even appeared to become stronger during the continuance of the experiment.

I had thus succeeded in obtaining, without any combustible, a bright and agreeable light; a light more ætherial than that of gas; that is to say, that a very large room was lighted by sparks, repeated or propagated, without this torrent of sparks appearing to grow weaker at the end. I might certainly have repeated these sparks in a second and in a third room, and perhaps lighted the whole building if it had been possible to dry sufficiently, by the heat, the air of all these rooms; and thus to insulate the whole apparatus. This trial is certainly very imperfect; it, however, shows that a considerable illumination may be produced by a very moderate expense of electricity: but it will, perhaps, be found on reflection, that so simple a process, even if it should be improved, is neither sufficient nor admissible; for not to mention that the sparks, repeated in a confined space, emit, after some time, a disagreeable smell, corrupt the air, and even render it injurious to respiration; the atmosphere cannot be sufficiently dried, so that it will no longer be a conductor of electricity, and then the sparks will become fainter, and even be extinguished after some time; of this I have convinced myself by repeating the experiment several times: in damp weather, even when the room was heated, I could produce only a very moderate illumination. In the open air, or in the streets, it would have been impossible.

But if the sparks are conducted, confining them in glass tubes impenetrable to the air, or in glass globes communicating with each other, and if the shining lozenges are introduced in the inside of these tubes and globes, then the inside of this apparatus, remaining constantly dry, the external humidity will be nearly indifferent.

But even then the current of electrical light is still insufficient, and inapplicable to illumination properly so called. For if the luminous globes or tubes are not multiplied in such a manner that the expense becomes too considerable,

we shall never obtain more than a faint moon-light. We must, therefore, still have recourse to chemical means.

Now there are kinds of air in which the electric light is more brilliant than in atmosperical air. According to my experience, it is not in oxygen gas as might be presumed, but principally in hydrogen gas, in nitrous gas, sulphurated hydrogen and carburated hydrogen. But a compound gas, like the three last, cannot be employed to form an electric atmosphere, because it gradually decomposes. Thus hydrogen, even when it is not very pure—since the sparks purify it, remains the only gas to fill the tubes or globes into which the electric light is to be conducted from one lozenge to the other. And this introduction of gas, which is made once for all, is neither difficult nor expensive in the quantity required. In hydrogen the light of the electric spark is at least doubled, without losing any thing of its size and of its vivacity. But if the hydrogen gas is dilated to a certain point, which may be obtained by expelling a part of it by heat, we obtain at the same time a more lively impulsion in the spark, and increase so much the more the electric light. I have convinced myself of this also by experiments on a small scale.

The establishment of an electrical illumination in glass tubes, filled with rarefied hydrogen gas, appears to be practicable with some perseverance, and some technical knowledge. No danger is to be apprehended, the hydrogen cannot burn, nor the electrical sparks inflame, when the former is inclosed in vessels, and separated from the atmospheric air, and the latter is excluded by the glass. The first establishment of the apparatus, that is to say of the glass tubes, and a large electrical machine, moved by a mechanical power, would cost less than the apparatus for lighting with gas; and the subsequent expense would be hardly any thing, since it would be limited to the mere superintendance and some care. Some difficulties in the details, perhaps, too, the prejudice which might at present delay the execution, will be surmounted or dispelled one day by the progress of a bolder and more enlightened philosophy.

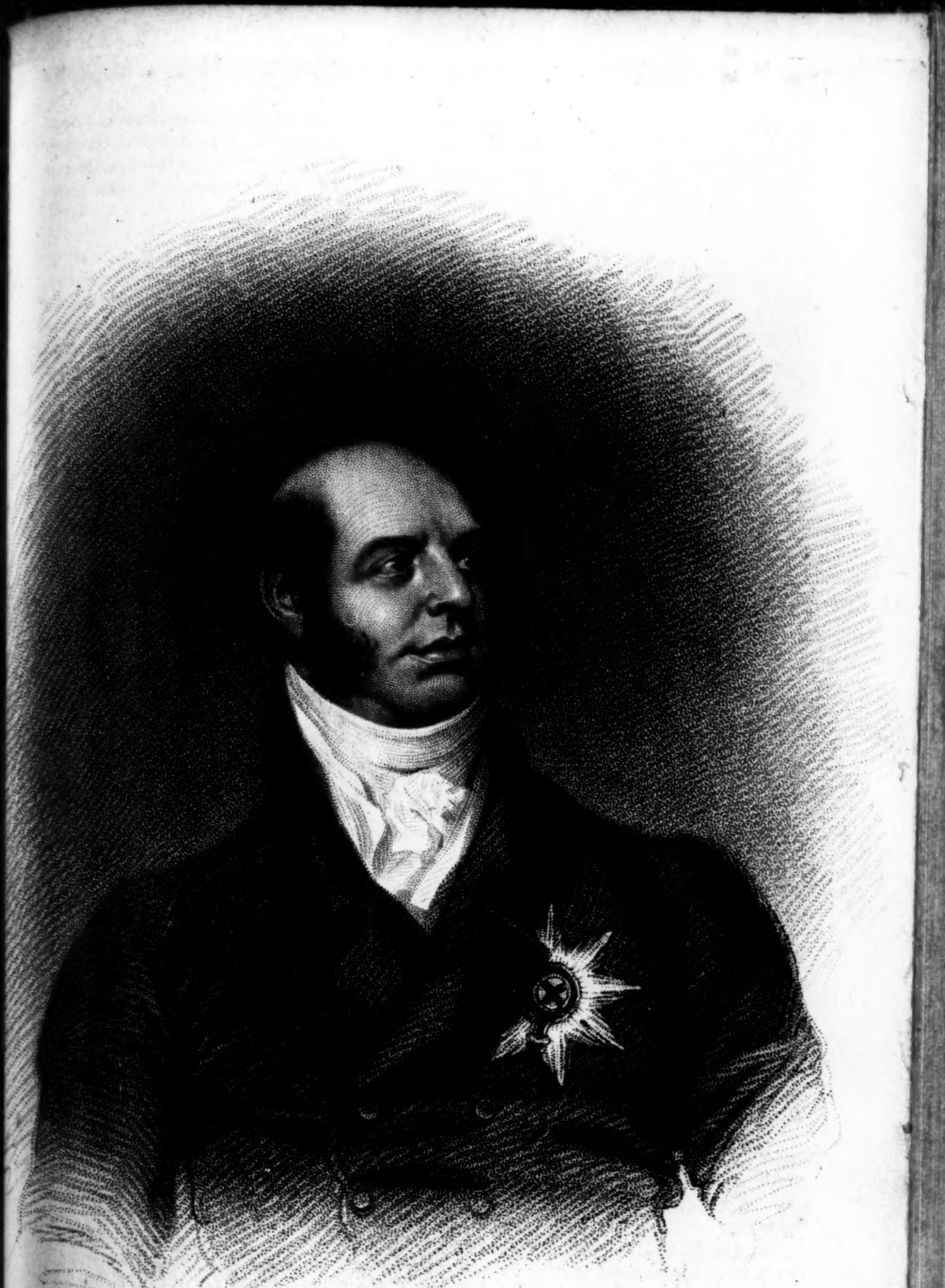
I shall not go farther into the details, as I have not yet had the opportunity of repeating my experiments on a great scale. I with diffidence submit these first trials to the opinion of connoisseurs.

MEMOIR OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE LATE DUKE OF KENT.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

HIS Royal Highness EDWARD, DUKE OF KENT AND STRATHERN, was born Nov. 2, 1767. He was the fourth son of his Majesty the late King George III. From his eighteenth to his twentieth year he resided successively at Luneburgh and Hanover, and afterwards passed two years at Geneva. In 1790 and the following year, he commanded the 7th Fusileers, then part of the garrison of Gibraltar, under General O'Hara. In this station his Royal Highness, impressed with the vital importance of strict discipline, became remarkable for his earnest endeavours to improve the subordination and harmony of his regiment; and as he found it impracticable to pursue these objects without exacting strict punctuality in matters apparently trivial, he unfortunately met with detraction and resistance from those who were incapable of appreciating his conduct, or the value of that exact discipline to which he was desirous of bringing the military under his command. Reports injurious to his character were spread in England, and several mutinies abroad endangered his authority, and even his person. He was removed to Canada in 1791, thence to Halifax, in Nova Scotia; and again to Canada, where, as commander of the forces, he acquired universal esteem. During this service in British America, he received orders to sail for the West Indies, and join in the attack on the French islands under Sir Charles Grey.

On this expedition the impetuous bravery of his Royal Highness was manifested at St Lucie, with too little consideration for his own safety, and too much disregard for the enemy's position. The troops were repulsed; but the Duke of Kent's high personal courage obtained him the applauses of the soldiers, and a flattering rebuke from the commander-in-chief. The next theatre of his Royal Highness's public life was Gibraltar, the scene of his earliest military service. His Royal Highness was appointed governor of that important garrison. A mass of abuses here awaited his correcting hand. The establishment of wine-houses,



Engraved by Thomson from an original Drawing

His Royal Highness

THE DUKE OF KENT.

Published by Henry Colburn, Conduit Street, March 1 1820

for the sale of liquors to the troops, had been encouraged to an extent not more subversive of the health, discipline, and morals of the garrison, than perilous to the safety of the place itself. The Royal Duke resolved to cleanse the Augean stable, and to sweep away the abomination of many years. The wine-house licences were withdrawn: the peaceable inhabitants were enabled to carry on their business, and walk the streets, and repose within their dwellings at less risk of insult, outrage, or robbery, than before; drunkenness disappeared among the regiments; cleanliness and discipline were restored, while military punishments were reduced in frequency. But the liquor-merchants, compelled to discontinue their enormous profits, instigated the unreflecting soldiery to vengeance for the loss of those indulgences which devoured their pay and destroyed their health. The consequence was, that serious mutinies broke out among the military; while, on the other hand, the civil inhabitants of the garrison felt deeply grateful towards his Royal Highness for the protection he had afforded them from the intolerable excesses of that military. Under all the circumstances, however, and considering not only the importance of the fortress commanded by his Royal Highness, but the critical period when this disaffection was manifesting itself, namely, on the eve of the rupture between France and England, after the peace of Amiens, it was deemed a prudential course to recall his Royal Highness from the personal command of that station; and his services were afterwards confined to the command of the 1st Regiment of Foot, or Royals, which his Royal Highness held with the rank of Field Marshal, and with the nominal government of Gibraltar.

In August, 1816, economical views led him to the Continent. Here he continued, residing principally at Brussels, until May, 1818; on the 29th of which month, he was married at Coburg, according to the Lutheran rites, to his now disconsolate relict. The royal pair, shortly after the solemnity, arrived in England, and were re-married according to the rites of the English Church, at Kew Palace, on the 11th of July, 1818. Persevering in the economical plan which he had laid down before his marriage, the Duke, a few weeks after this second ceremony, returned with his bride to Amorbach, the residence of the late Duke of Leiningen, which the Duchess, who was left by the will of her late husband guardian of her son (a minor) and regent of the principality during his minority, had occupied as her residence. It was during their Royal Highness's retirement at this spot, that the Duchess proved to be pregnant; and as her Royal Highness fully concurred in the sentiments entertained by her illustrious consort, as an Englishman, that her child ought to draw its first breath on English ground, they both revisited this country, where the Duchess gave birth to a daughter, named Alexandrina Victoria, who was born at Kensington Palace on the 24th of May, 1819. His Royal Highness a very few weeks ago, took his Duchess and their lovely offspring into Devonshire, to give them the benefit of its purer air and milder climate; where, unhappily, he was destined to breathe his last.

This melancholy event happened on Sunday, the 23d day of January, 1820. The fever which occasioned his death was the effect of a cold, which originated in his neglecting to change his wet boots. He met the fatal event with pious resignation, and had the consolation of resigning his last breath in the arms of his amiable and affectionate Duchess, whose attentions were unremitting and exemplary.

During many of his later years his Royal Highness distinguished himself as the patron and supporter of several of our most useful and benevolent institutions. Among the establishments which are chiefly indebted to his active zeal in the cause of character, we may reckon the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge in the Highlands and Islands, and among the Indians in America; the African and Asiatic Society for the Relief and Instruction of the Natives of Africa and Asia, resident in London and its vicinity; the Royal Westminster Infirmary; the Lying-in Charity; the Royal British Free-School, Islington; the Eastern Dispensary; the City of London Truss Society; the Universal Dispensary for Children; the St. Anne's Society Schools; the Caledonian Asylum; the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick; and the Society for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Medical Men.

His Royal Highness was tall in stature, of a manly and noble presence. His manners were affable, condescending, dignified, and engaging; his conversation animated; his information varied and copious; his memory exact and retentive; his intellectual power quick, strong, and masculine; he resembled the

King in many of his tastes and propensities; he was an early riser, a close economist of his time; temperate in eating; indifferent to wine, though a lover of society; and heedless of slight indisposition, from confidence in the general strength of his constitution; a kind master, a punctual and courteous correspondent, a steady friend, and an affectionate brother. With a distaste for the boisterous and fatiguing scenes of public meetings and entertainments, he was ever present at the call of humanity, or where art or talent were to be encouraged and sustained. With lips scarcely moistened, or only moistened with water, he sat and seemed to share the convivial excitation around him. He ever willingly sacrificed his own arrangements when he could be useful to his fellow creatures. To this object he applied talents of no common order. He was eloquent—deeply eloquent—without seeming to have ever studied eloquence, or to be conscious that he possessed it. He never affected the passionate or figurative in public speaking, but he had the justness of perception and sentiment, which, by its precision as well as force, ruled the assent of the hearer, and drew from him, involuntarily, an acknowledgment of his possessing the precious qualities of intelligence and goodness.

Besides the offices and dignities which we have already enumerated, he was Knight of the Garter, Thistle, and St. Patrick, a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, Keeper and Paler of Hampton Court Park, Colonel of the Royal Scots' Regiment of Foot, and, since the year 1805, a Field Marshal in the Army.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH GALLERY.

OWING to the lamented demise of his late Majesty, their august patron, the annual exhibition of the works of the British artists was not opened to the public until after the royal funeral. This postponement obliges us unwillingly to take *at present*, a more limited view of the pictures. The rooms contain 316 paintings and seven models. There are some few performances by very young students, deficient in merit, although they promise something better; but, considered as a whole, the exhibition does honor to the British school, and proves a great advance of many of the younger candidates for favor. None of the seniors have lost ground, and several have added considerably to their reputation. Mr. West has six historical pictures, painted many years ago, and retouched within these few years. They furnish excellent specimens of his acknowledged skill in grouping, composition, and character; but as they have been long before the public, we need not enter into their respective merits, although we cannot refrain from a cursory remark on two of them. There is a great spirit in the action and expression of his Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh. The light is broad and bold, and the colour vigorous; the circumstances are well selected, and the story is well told. His "Elijah raising the Widow's Son," has more solemn expression, is grave and shadowy in the masses, and simple and affecting in the sentiment, and the incident is told with much power of impression. The judgment with which the arrangement and effect of these two pictures are varied, and the style of each suited to its subject, is an instance of the science which has distinguished the President's series of sacred compositions. Mr. Wilkie, with an honorable exertion of his best powers, has submitted a new claim to the favor of his patrons this year. We wish that he had chosen an affecting or striking incident from history or the sacred writings, with *draped*, or at least with *fewer undraped figures*. His picture of "Susannah and the Elders," exhibited much promise, although it fell considerably below the correctness and style of the subject. His attempt this year in a high department of the arts, is an advance in many points, which affords him an encouragement to further efforts. His powers were not developed in his first paintings from common life; and the first pictures of the most celebrated historical painters were comparatively feeble and full of faults. "Bacchanalians gathering Grapes," are the children of fiction; and the subject is in a class in which few painters of ordinary life have ever excelled, not so much, perhaps, in every instance, from a want of genius, as from their having been discouraged from persevering, by the inferiority of their first attempts to rise above their general sphere of practice. A poetical subject, which requires naked figures and fine ideal forms, must pre-

sent a formidable difficulty to an artist accustomed to paint plain or homely individuals in the rustic garb of his own country. Nothing can be more opposite than that *pure selection*, which is the principle of fabulous composition, and that *identity*, which is the principle of pictures, representing familiar groups and incidents. The one is a refined power of creative combination founded in general truth and probability: its dominion is in the imagination. The other is also a mental power, with a happy faculty of eye, which seizes upon the most striking features and impressive combinations of existing objects; and its province is human life. These two powers are frequently united in the same mind. The possessor may, by constant practice, attain to the excellence of a great master in one style; and with equal ability, when unpractised, display the inferiority of a scholar in the other. Mr. Wilkie's pencil has been hitherto chiefly employed on the domestic occupations, pastimes, and feelings, in which he has acquired an imperishable celebrity, and contributed to the fame of the British school. But "Bacchanalians" of the order which he has now painted, require a union of fine ideal forms in the naked figures, with a sense of ideal beauty in the expression, action, characters, attitudes, grouping, and every thing which enters into the composition, excepting such objects as are introduced to give a more fascinating effect to beauty by their contrast. A certain gay and sportive motion, a laughing joy, and frolicsome airiness; a sunny summer ecstasy, must animate the whole. Mr. Wilkie, with the honorable ambition of extending his own fame and that of his country, has encountered this arduous task, and if he has not, in a first attempt, accomplished all his own wishes, which no man of genius ever did, he has at least left his "Susannah and the Elders" far behind, and manifested much taste and skill in the trial. The landscape is cleverly painted. The lower part of the composition is good, and the action and expression of the sitting Bacchante and of the Boy near her, lively. The stooping male figure is well introduced as to his position; but he crouches passively, without any mark of emotion or character to distinguish him from a slave who bends his neck to be trod upon by the foot of a tyrant. There is no revelling impulse, no speculation of mirthful enjoyment, about him. The female mounted on his back, to reach at the grapes above her, is, also, tamely designed. There is nothing of vivacity or motion in her attitude. She stands *coldly* not *joyously* employed. Her action has nothing of imagination nor beauty. It is that of a woman in a kitchen, who has stepped upon a joint-stool to take down a culinary utensil from the highest shelf of a dresser. A naked nymph, in the act of bounding upon the sun-burnt back of a young and laughing, lusty Bacchanal, who kneels in voluptuous homage to enable his fair companion to pluck the purple clusters of the vine above her, is altogether a child of the imagination. Her eyes must sparkle with delicious mischief; her cheeks be flushed with the bloom of youth, and the glow of the sultry season. It is not enough for the painter to strip a mercenary model, and to copy what he sees, with cold and hesitating fidelity. He who, in a poetical fiction, divests a female of her clothing, must clothe her with the graces; breathe upon her the enchantments of sentiment; and endow her with the spell of impassioned feeling. If he fail in this, his nymph is not an offspring of poetry, or a beauty of imaginary creation; but a creature of society, divested of that modesty, which is the fairest charm of social life. Such an unseemly reality is more calculated to chill and repel, than to delight. So far we have shewn that Mr. Wilkie's idea of the stooping figure and the female on his back, is good, and that it admitted of much playful fancy; although he has not succeeded in the execution. Even considered as the transcript of a living model, this female is defective. The reflections are not duly defined; and their obscurity takes away from the roundness of the forms, and the transparency of the shadows. There is also a want of flowing elegance in her outline, and the drawing is feeble. The Boy perched on the tree is not the little wanton fluttering thing we might have expected. Instead of a volatile airy being, compounded of the sportive elements, he is a mere inhabitant of earth, who has climbed to a bough, and is looking round as if seriously asking, Am I safe? Is there no fear of falling? The main evil is, that the artist has chosen a poetical subject, and has painted a picture with very little if any poetry in it. But there is a charming low tone in the flesh of the females and boys, relieved against the dark shadows of the landscape, and the vivid lustre of a brilliant sky. The magical effect of light and colour, in the general view of the pic-

ture, surpasses any thing which we have seen from the pencil of this admirable painter. Notwithstanding its many points of excellence in detail, the whole has been harshly condemned in a public journal, as the failure of a man of genius out of, what is termed, "*his proper sphere.*" After a due examination, we by no means agree in this brief and sweeping censure. On the contrary, with all its defects, it has great comparative merits as a *first attempt at poetical fiction*; and we hope that Mr. Wilkie will not totally confine his distinguished genius to one particular order of pictures. We hope that he will have the courage again to attempt, and, at length, to succeed in, a higher class of subjects than those from ordinary life, by which he has obtained so much unfading honor. His picture of "A Veteran Highlander, who fought at the Battle of Minden," possesses so much energy of character, that we might suppose him qualified to have fought in the front rank at *Leipsic* or *Waterloo*. Nothing can be painted with a truer sense of nature, or more discriminative skill, than this gallant old soldier. The "Highland Whiskey Still" is another of this admired artist's most vigorous performances. The foreshortened figure stooping to pour out the liquor, is in his best style of design and execution. The other figures are painted with great force and natural expression. The masses are broad. The effect is very powerful, and the entire picture well calculated to advance the reputation of this deservedly popular painter.

Mr. Etty is a man of genius of a high order, whose powers are continually expanding. He has three pictures in the rooms, two of which exhibit him advancing with the steps of a giant. His sketch of "Pandora formed by Vulcan and crowned by the Seasons, from Hesiod," is a piece of poetry in colours; conceived with much richness and grandeur of fancy; and executed with a daring fury of pencil, and foreshortenings of great boldness and beauty. There is a little tendency to extravagance in some parts of the drawing, and something of a fascinating exuberance in the grouping and composition; but its very faults are those, which none but an artist of a high rank can fall into; they are those of a mind over-running with a superabundance of fine feeling and invention. His "Hercules killing the Man of Calydon with a blow of his fist," is a finished picture; with studied drawing; a fine disposition of the figures; flesh tints, which glow and palpitate; a commanding diffusion of light, and much appropriate vigor of action and expression. In breadth, power of execution, deep feeling, and lofty conception, this picture displays a mind of the highest class. His "Magdalen" is a small figure, on her knees, but hung somewhat too high for us to judge of its defects or merits. If Mr. Etty continues to toil for a union of *firmness*, *correctness*, and *purity of outline*, with his admirable sense of colouring, rich imagination, and practical skill, we know of nothing in his art which he may not accomplish. We wish to see his commanding powers employed in sacred composition, or legitimate history; for it is only in that exalted field, a *modern painter* can acquire the highest point of elevation, and paint in the living spirit of his own time and country. Mr. Abraham Cooper, the newly-elected member of the Royal Academy, has exhibited four small pictures, which may be termed *gems*. "A Crier of Earthenware" is a surprising representation of ordinary nature. The "Conflict, of Balfour of Burley, and Serjeant Bothwell," and "A Battle," are finished studies. We never remember to have seen a finer display of desperate courage in attack and defence than in these two pictures. Mr. Cooper hurries us into the midst of the combat, with all the madding impetuosity of a *Borgognone*; but with this noble heat and whirlwind of feeling, he combines a due attention to details. His taste is so just that he avoids all extravagance; and his drawing is so firm, his pencil so full of flowing sweetness, that his execution is not inferior, in vigour, delicacy, and transparency, to that of Wouvermans. He knows how, too, to reach the same end by varying his means. The effect in the first of these battles is broad, the shadows have a stormy blackness, and the very light is cold and gloomy. In the second, there is an equal breadth, but the light is sultry; there is more colour on the objects and more gradation in the masses. In the former he has suppressed the sense of colour, and every other mechanical means of ocular impression, to pour upon the eye and soul of the spectator all the hell and horror of a single mortal conflict. In the latter he has multiplied his instruments of effect, to distinguish in their varying features the horrible and destructive rage of many combatants engaged, "horse to horse and man to man," in the storm of battle. A picture of "Still

Life," proves the versatility of this extraordinary artist, close beside these two images of fiery commotion. On looking at the quiet fidelity of imitation, with which these inanimate objects are painted, one, who had not seen his other works, would imagine that he possessed no more imagination than a dormouse.

Mr. George Jones has evinced a rich display of talent, with great application, and his seven pictures in the present exhibition have raised him still higher in the public opinion. His small paintings possess his usual pleasing breadth, agreeable taste, and vivacity of execution, but they are more studied in the details of colour, more defined in the drawing, and more discriminative in the penciling. His great battle picture, "Waterloo, June 18, 1815. Evening. The advance of the British Troops and Defeat of the French Army," conveys a magnificent idea of that tremendous field of British glory. The parts are designed with consummate skill, so as to lead the eye, in the first instance, to the main object, the Duke of Wellington and his staff, the presiding soul and centre of all direction in the conflict. The hero is seen upon an eminence, near the right of the picture, relieved by a glowing breadth of light; the French army is in route, and the British in full pursuit. There are a few incorrect details; but in invention, execution, and comprehension of subject, this is one of the most important pictures in the gallery. It is painted from the sketch, for which Mr. Jones obtained the premium from that public-spirited body, the British Institution; and, according to report, it is to be hung up as a present from the Directors, in Chelsea Hospital.

Mr. C. L. Eastlake's picture of "Mercury bringing the golden apple to Paris," is designed with elegance, and drawn with correctness. It evinces a classical taste and science; is pleasingly coloured, and mellow in the effect; but without much depth of *chiaro-oscuro*. Why does not this young and promising artist, with all his generous ambition, his endowments, and acquirements, quit the school of *Carlo Maratti*, and the narrow sphere of *Gawen Hamilton*, and strike into a new field of invention? The choice of his subject is unfortunate; the fable is a worn-out common-place, which in modern poetry and painting can possess neither novelty nor interest for a school-boy. If a poet would be the jest of the public for undertaking this juvenile subject, surely no painter can expect by taking it up, to touch the mind or passions of the spectator. Mr. Eastlake is an artist of genius; and if he would succeed as an historical painter, he must quit the *Heathen mythology* altogether. Mr. Singleton's "Old Mortality," is well conceived, and cleverly painted: and there is a floating elegance in his "Ariel." There is a manifestation of talent and facility in whatever he paints: quite enough to establish his claims as an artist. But expedition is the parent of manner, and the progress of manner must, inevitably, terminate in the grave of feeling, truth, and nature. We have made this remark to warn a man of merit from proceeding in a dangerous road; and if he does not take the hint, that is his business, not ours. His "Repentance of David," and "Christ appearing to his Disciples," have many clever parts; but there is a brown, husky, muddy monotony in the colouring; and a sameness in the drawing of the heads, hands, feet, and draperies, which are great drawbacks on their merits. Mr. J. Cawse has exhibited two scenes from *Shakspeare*, and two from ordinary life; they display a certain fluent capacity in colouring, invention, character, and humour; but their merits are too much upon the surface. One sees, immediately, that this artist designs with facility, and instead of husbanding his natural resources, paints with too much rapidity for the market, to enter *deeply* into any of his subjects. If he were to introduce fewer figures, and to study his characters more closely from nature, he has abilities to become deservedly popular in a certain class of humourous subjects. Edwin Landseer, has a small picture of "The three Dogs of England, Scotland, and Ireland," painted without much force, but with much truth and spirited neatness of penciling. His "Alpine Mastiffs reanimating a distressed Traveller," perishing in the snows, a picture of eight feet six inches by nine feet, is as fine a representation of animal nature, as we have seen. The effect, the grouping, the character, the instinctive expression of the dog licking the inanimate victim; that of the other howling out a melancholy signal of distress to the monks of the convent of the Great St. Bernard; the pallid livery of death on the face of the frozen traveller, and the cold livid blackness on his stiffened hand, form altogether, a spectacle of deep and pathetic impression. The monks struggling through the ice and snows on the

distant steeps, the horrors of winter, and the tremendous scenery of the mountains, give a cast of sublimity to this mournful incident, which, at once arrests and fixes the spectator in shuddering silence. The solemnity of the colouring and the shadowy tone of the light, deepen this sad and appalling sentiment. The largeness of the penciling, and the noble breadth and power of the masses, confer a greatness of style on the execution. The foreshortening of the traveller's head, the disposition of the body, and the drawing of the hand, would confer honor on any school of painting; and every part of this masterly picture bespeaks the mind of an artist, filled and elevated with his subject, and inspired with the true enthusiasm of genius.

"The Battle of Hastings," by Francis Wilkin, now on view at the *Great Exhibition Room in Spring Gardens.* In our last, with a due sense of its defects and merits, we noticed this first extraordinary effort of genius in a comparative view, both as to the comprehensive range of the subject, the gigantic size of the picture, and the unprecedented circumstance of the artist's having ventured to pass from the practice of copying the works of old masters in water colours, to an historical picture on so extensive a scale. We do not mean to imply that this transition was the act of a day. We understand that, after having undertaken the commission, Mr. Wilkin passed nearly eighteen anxious months, to the injury of his health, in severe preparatory studies. We have been also informed, that he arranged and painted the subject in small, more than once, before he began the outline of the great picture; and it is asserted, that, altogether, the painting has cost him more than three years, under many alternations of sickness, hope, and apprehension. We are not among those, who have applauded a first attempt in historical painting as equal to Raffaelle; nor are we among those censors who pass a peremptory sentence of condemnation on a young poet, because he does not equal Homer in his first verses; or on a young sculptor or painter because he does not equal Phidias, Correggio, or Titian, in his first statues or pictures. As a child does not, in a year, acquire the vigor of a man; so it was only by slow progression and a succession of growing efforts, that the painters and sculptors of antiquity reached their zenith; and, if they had been deterred from proceeding by the obvious defects in their early efforts, Greece and Italy would never have produced those wonders of art, which, even after their empire on earth has, for a long succession of ages, passed away, have secured them an immortal dominion over the human mind. The people of Greece and Italy did not discourage their young artists, by harshly condemning their early productions; on the contrary, by cherishing their infant efforts, they led them on to the height of excellence. Mr. Wilkin's picture has met with a liberal share of just commendation from the periodical critics, and, like every other work of merit, has been honored with some bitter and illiberal censure. The artist has, with great good sense, modestly submitted his performance, without any pretension, to the public judgment; and taking the whole circumstances of the case into consideration, and judging it as not only a first attempt in history, but as almost a first attempt in oil painting, we are, in truth and candor, bound to speak of it, on its own merits, with an admission of its deficient parts, as the most successful first attempt, in this class, we ever remember to have seen in any exhibition in this country. A chief merit lies in the invention, although it is not free from faults. The principal incident is judiciously selected, and well sustained by subordinate circumstances. The artist has yet to acquire that style of penciling, which gives to each object its detailed character. In the mysteries of glazing, he has much to learn, and he may still, by that resource, throw a considerable depth into his shadows, and also invigorate his colouring by the force of judicious oppositions. In the general gradation from the warm colours of the fore-ground to the cool tints in the distances and sky, there is a studied intelligence; but there is a want of some positive bright blue in the masses of the fore and middle ground, to harmonize the general effect. The merits in design, expression, and character, and the capital style of the horses, have been duly descanted on, as well as the inferior passages. Defects in drawing are obviously inseparable from every first attempt in painting. The picture does honor to Sir Godfrey Webster's splendid patronage; and Mr. Wilkin has obtained an honorable rank among the rising historical painters; but he must bend his whole powers to an intense study of the *living model* and *antique statues*, as the basis of all excellence; for, the very highest capacity in design, must be useless, unless an artist is also capable of a correct and scientific expression of the human form.

W. C.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

OF A NOBLE RACE, &c.

Attempted in Latin and Greek, to the same measure.

OF a noble race was Shenkin,
Of the line of Owen Tudor;
But hur renoun is fled and gone,
Since cruel love pursued her.

Fair Winny's eye bright shining,
And lily breast alluring,
Poor Shenkin's heart with fatal dart
Have wounded past all curing.

Hur was the prettiest fellow
At stool-ball and at cricket;
At hunting race, or foot-ball chace,
Od'splut, how hur could kick it!

But now all joys are flying,
All pale and wan her cheeks too:
Hur heart so aches, hur quite forsakes
Hur herrings and hur leeks too.

No more shall sweet metheglin
Be drank at good Montgomery;
And if love's sore last six days more,
Adieu cream cheese and flummery!

Præclarus ortu Shenkin,
E stirpe Theodori;
Sed cessit à me splendor famæ,
Venereo furori.

Splendentis Winifridæ
Ocelli perculêre:
Cor heu! crudeli ictu teli
Desperat ars mederi.

Tam clarus erat nemo
Seu pili, seu bacilli;
Cursu pedestri aut equestri,
Haud quisquam compar illi.

Sed gaudia fugerunt,
Emaciantur genæ:
Cor heu! sic dolet; non, ut solet,
Tam cepeolet benè.

Non posthac deglutienda,
Promulsis de Montgomery:
Si desit quies plus sex dies,
Æternum valeat flummery!

Περικλεης ην Χιγκιν,
Θεωδωριδης το γενος·
Αλλ' ην εραιλος ημιθεωτος,
Ου τιν υδ' εχει μενος.

Καλλιστης Ουινιφριδης
Οφθαλμων πυρος μεζω
Την καρδιην πτασαλ' ην
Ωτειλη ανηκεζω.

Παλαι μεν εν αγωσι
Παιζ' αθλα λαβειν δικη·
Τω γαρ τεχνηι η βαλλοηι
Απι πασην η νικη.

Νυν δ'εν αυτη παρειαις
Ιδυ πο χλωρον τοδε·
Καρδιαλγει, πυρον μισει,
Κεγμενα δ' ικ ευωδη.

Υδρομελι ικετι
Πιειται εν Μονγομεριι·
Καν η φλοξ δεινη εξημαρ μεινη
Τα λοιπον χαιρε, φλυμερι!

J. F. R.

WINTER SCENES.

Written by JOHN MAYNE.

How keen and howling is the storm!
Stern Winter in its bitt'rest form!
Long, cheerless nights, and murky days!
No sun-beam gladdens Mis'ry's ways!
The frost has stopp'd yon village mill,
And Labour, ev'ry where, stands still!
Ev'n birds, from leafless groves withdrawn,
Fall, torpid, on the frozen lawn!
Lorn, weary trav'lers, as they go,
Are wilder'd in the trackless snow,
And dread, at ev'ry step, that sleet
And snow may be their winding-sheet!

To town or city if we turn,
What numbers weep, what numbers mourn!
Unshelter'd sons of Toil and Care,
Cold, shiv'ring, comfortless, and bare!
Poor seamen, erst in battle brave,
Half-famish'd, sinking to the grave!
Sad groupes, who ne'er knew need before,
Begging for bread from door to door!
While helpless Age, too frail to roam,
Is perishing, for want, at home!

Hard fate! when poverty and years
Assail us, in this vale of tears,
Till Death, the dismal scene to close,
In pity, terminates our woes!

O! ye, whom PROVIDENCE hath blest,
With wealth to succour the distrest,
O! lend your help in time of need!
The naked clothe—the hungry feed,
And great, from HEAV'N, shall be your meed!

January, 1820.

To a Lady who complained of the tardy approach of Spring.

O, say not that the moments move
Uncheerly here below:
I swear by all the pow'rs above,
Maria, 'tis not so.

'Tis true that winter's icy chain
Still binds the waters fast,
And hideous Sprites o'er snowy plains,
Howl on the northern blast.

But soon, these rebel fiends of air,
A backward flight shall wing;
And birds their sweetest songs prepare
To greet the coming Spring.

Then shall the jocund God of day
In glitt'ring pomp be seen,
And then the blue-ey'd Elfs of May
Dance on th' embroider'd green.

But what's yon orb enthron'd above,
Or Elfs or Sprites to me?

Who know no other charm but love,
No other sun but thee?

If present thou, Earth's vapours fly,
And Heav'n's own hues appear;
There lurks no winter in thine eye,
'Tis summer all the year.

Thrice happy he consign'd to breathe,
With thee, life's blissful while!
To catch thy beams, and joy beneath
The sunshine of thy smile!

O, were it mine such lot to share!
How blest the portion giv'n!
Then might I bid adieu to care,
And steal from Earth to Heav'n!

But, ah! a hopeless suit I press,
And love without return;
Thy looks deny me while they bless,
And freeze me while they burn.

J. W—B.

On a Gentleman in the habit of calling every thing belonging to him the "best in England."

His horses are the fleetest in the race,
His dogs are ever staunchest in the chase,
His slaught'ring gun is matchless in the field,
And he in prowess to no man will yield:
Whate'er he has, he values as the best;
Surely this man has been by fortune blest;
And yet I never heard, upon my life,
One tender word in favour of his—wife!

R. Priest.

EXTEMPORE.

You wonder that I acted wrong—I might
As justly wonder had you acted right.

R. Priest.

THE SILKWORM,

Imitated from the French of Madame de Deffant, *by* Mrs. Rebecca Smith, *of Dublin.*

The Silkworm's fate is in my eyes,
That which o'er others we should prize.
Industry does his youth engage,
Mature he sleeps secure from harms,
And having gained a peaceful age,
He meets his death in pleasure's arms.

A life how different is ours!
Each day with darker prospects lowers.
Youth's roses wither in their bloom,
Care haunts us in our riper years,
In anguish then we seek the tomb,
Oppressed with superstitious fears.

Imitation of a Madrigal of Charleval, addressed to a Lady who reproached him with staying too long in the country. By the same.

Lull'd by sweet streams, within these silent glades,
Laid on a couch of flowers, I rest in bliss,
Not for an empire would I quit these shades;
Yet, Chloe—I would leave them for a kiss!

LIGHT.

One after one appearing thro'
The blissful sky's ethereal blue,
The stars by their Creator given,
Salute the earth and light the heaven.

High o'er the mountain tops afar,
The moon rolls in her silent car.
And rivers underneath her light
Glide brightly thro' the hours of night.

Thousands, by Sleep's soft pow'r, have gleams
Of happiness in healthy dreams;
And Fancy's dear illusions give
Scenes in which Love could ever live.

How happy those whom Care forsakes,
Whom Sleep endears, whom Fancy takes;
For such Night sweetly dies away,
And gives the world another Day.

Islington. Maria.

TO SOPHIA.

Though thou art lovely, and arrayed
In all the graces of thy kind,
Those charms, alas! are but displayed
To raise a tumult in my mind.

Thou canst not love, nor canst thou tell,
How I adore, nay dote on thee;
Where'er I go, where'er I dwell,
Thy form lives in my memory.

Then fare thee well! I would not leave
The thought of one so fair as thou,
Until thy death should bid me weave
A cypress wreathe to deck my brow.

And e'en in *that* much dreaded hour,
If fate should will I live so long,
Thy gentle shade shall haunt my bower,
Thy lovely name shall grace my song.

Leeds, Jan. 8th, 1820. H. W. T.

SONNET, TO MY LAMP.

So sweetly calm thy soft light spreadeth here,
Where I now sit enjoying Fancy's dreams,
That I could grieve, the morning drawing near,
So soon to lose thy clear and yellow beams.

To me thou seemest like the studious mind,
Whose tranquil flame a genial spirit tends,
Which as it brighter grows and more refined,
The sooner, then, its fragile being ends.

Fair light! thy modest radiance wins my heart,
And it is joy alone to gaze on thee;
I care not for the day—let that depart,
Beneath thy gentle influence still to be;—

More pleasing far the hour of midnight deep,
To watch thy rays when all the world's asleep.

J. H.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

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A New System of Cultivation, without lime, or dung, or summer fallows, as practised at Knowle Farm, county of Sussex. By Major-general Alex. Beatson, late Governor of St. Helena. 8vo.

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Observations on the Nature and Cure of Glandular Diseases, especially those denominated Cancer; and on the too frequent Use of Mercury: strongly recommended to the serious consideration of every individual. With a detail of various Cases in which Cancer has been completely removed without the Use of the Knife. And, in an Appendix, two Cases:—1. On Fissure of the Cranium. 2. On Preternatural Enlargement of the Heart. By Charles Aldis, surgeon and accoucheur, &c.

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Treatise on the Adulterations of Food, and Culinary Poisons; exhibiting the fraudulent Sophistications of Beer, Bread, Wine, Spirituous Liquors, Tea, Coffee, Cream, Confectionary, Vinegar, Mustard, Pepper, Cheese, Olive Oil, Pickles, and other articles employed in Domestic Economy; and methods of detecting them. By Frederick Accum. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 362.

If ancient epicures envied the regal supper of *Damocles*, whilst they trembled at the idea of the suspended sword, so might the appetites of modern *gourmands* be stimulated by the tasty list of articles in the title-page, were it not for the poison which is here stated too often to lurk within them. "There is death in the pot," said the sons of the prophet in sacred writ, and such is the motto which the indefatigable and scientific author has adopted for a work, originally suggested to him by the present Duke of Northumberland, and now executed with a degree of precision creditable to himself, and highly useful to all those who eat and drink, an amusement which even WE critics sometimes indulge in, though, perhaps, in future with a double portion of fear and trembling, not only at the *bill*, but also at the poisons lurking under the savoury fumes of *entremets* and *hors' d'œuvres*. If the dinner is eaten, however, it is useless to repine at the bill or the poison; we, therefore, recommend this little work to our readers before even the dinner shall be dressed; as its professed objects are to exhibit easy modes of detecting adulterations in all articles of culinary request, and to put the unwary on their guard against the use of such made-up commodities as are contaminated with substances deleterious to health.

A Treatise on the Nature of Scrofula, in which an attempt is made to account for the origin of that Disease, on new principles; illustrated by various facts, explanatory of a method for its complete eradication, &c. By William Farr, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Halfmoon-street, Piccadilly. 5s.

Amongst the medical treatises for the present month, our attention has been particularly attracted by the promises held out in the title page of the work before us. The hitherto unsuccessful treatment of scrofula, seems to have deterred practitioners generally from giving that peculiar and undivided attention to this disease, without which they can never expect to accomplish the Herculean task of eradicating it. Mr. Farr has taken up the principles, so successfully acted on by Mr. Brandish, and appears to have extended and greatly improved them. Besides the medical and surgical treatment, he has laid down a system of regimen, to be combined with it, which we are well assured from experience, is of much importance in this obstinate and untractable disease.

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Leigh's New Picture of England and Wales; comprehending a Description of the principal Towns, ancient Remains, Natural and Artificial Curiosities, Soil and Produce, Agriculture, Manufactures, Rivers and Canals, principal Seats, Bathing Places; also Historical and Biographical Notices, and a Synopsis of the Counties, &c. Embellished with numerous Views, and a correct General Map. pp. 693. 12mo. 1820.

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In this very improbable story, written for the sake of introducing some very dull discussions on monarchy and legitimacy, the doctrines of passive obedience, and divine right are more zealously than ably inculcated. The author's skill has proved unequal to the task of converting these dry materials into poetry: he has only been able to spoil his prose by the incongruous addition of rhymes. His sentiments are no less hostile to the British Constitution than those of the furious demagogues and infatuated dupes whose crimes and follies he affects to expose.

The Comforter.

This is a mysterious didactic rhapsody, in blank verse, apparently the licentious growth of religious enthusiasm. It is not destitute of poetical merit; but the author's style is in general so incoherent and extravagant, that it is difficult to ascertain what he intends to inculcate. His professed object is "to gather balsam for the spirit's wounds;" and we hope his philanthropy will, at some future time, appear in a more intelligible shape.

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The preface informs us that these poems were discovered in a secret drawer, in an old easy chair, formerly the property of Gay. They appear to be the genuine productions of that poet; and, although inferior to most of his published works, are interesting as the sketches of a great artist. The chair having been sold among the effects of the late Mr. Clarke, of Barnstaple, was sent by the purchaser to a cabinet-maker, to be repaired. In the course of this operation, the concealed drawer was discovered, full of manuscripts, among which were the poems now published.

In order to complete his volume, the editor has added to his scanty materials, two poetical tales, intituled, "The World," and "Gossip," which have some resemblance to the comic effusions of George Colman.

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SCHOOL BOOKS.

Cornelius Nepos Delphini, with Additional Notes by J. Carey, LL. D.

In this republication, as in his editions of *Dryden's Virgil*, *Ainsworth's Dictionary*, &c., Dr. C. appears to have performed more than he had promised. He had (it seems) only engaged to republish the Dauphin Nepos, from the original edition of 1675, under "an injunction to follow it *verbatim*, without making any alteration beyond the bare correction of typographic errors." But, not confining himself to those narrow limits, he has added numerous notes, some exhibiting *various readings* from other editions, or *conjectural emendations* of his own—some furnishing *corrections* of the Dauphin editor's misinterpretations—others supplying *quotations* from various authors, in defence or elucidation of doubtful or difficult passages in Nepos's text.

On the whole, Dr. C. appears perfectly justifiable in thus concluding his address to the reader—"I think I may safely venture to say, that, however few and slender my improvements, I here nevertheless present you with *a better edition of the Dauphin Nepos*, than was originally presented to the Dauphin himself, by order of the *Grand Monarque*."

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These Travels, performed by a gentleman whose adventurous spirit was not to be daunted even by the tremendous shipwreck of the Medusa, in which he was involved, record some very important geographical discoveries; they make us acquainted with the sources of the Senegal, the Gambia, the Rio Grande, and the Falemé, and correct the erroneous notions entertained respecting the situation of the source of the Niger, and the course of that river, which has been a subject of so much speculation. Besides these important results, for which the French Government has rewarded the author, the work abounds in curious particulars relative to the manners of the natives of the interior of Africa, in which M. Mollien travelled nearly 700 leagues through countries hitherto unknown. He has, moreover described, in the most interesting manner, the numberless dangers to which he was exposed while emulating the example of our celebrated and unfortunate countryman, Mungo Park.

VARIETIES.——LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

GREAT BRITAIN.

CAMBRIDGE. The Rev. John Hulse, of Elworth-hall, in the county of Chester, formerly a member of St. John's College in this university, among other bequests for the promotion of religion and learning, instituted a Lectureship in Divinity, to which he annexed a considerable salary, arising out of estates in Middlewich, Sandbach, and Clive. The duty of the Lecturer is to preach and publish twenty sermons, chiefly on the truth and excellence of revelation.—The Rev. Christopher Benson, of Trinity College has been chosen Lecturer for the present year.—This is the first appointment under Mr. Hulse's will.

PORSON PRIZE.—The passage fixed upon for the present year is,

SHAKSPEARE, *Macbeth, Act* 1. *Scene the last.*—The dialogue between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. Beginning with

"*We will proceed no further.*"—

And ending with

What the false heart doth know."

The late Dr. Smith's annual prizes of 25*l.* each to the two best proficients in mathematics and natural philosophy among the commencing Bachelors of Arts, are this year adjudged to Mr. Henry Coddington and Mr. Charles Smith Bird, of Trinity College, the first and third wranglers.

A grace lately passed the senate for granting to the University of Cephalonia, (of which the Earl of Guildford is chancellor) a copy of all the books now in the university press, or which have been printed at the expense of this university.

Lunar and Atmospheric Influence.— Dr Olbers has lately published a refutation, or, rather, an attempt at refuting the popular opinions on these subjects, and he positively asserts, that during the course of an extensive medical practice, he has never been able to discover the slightest connexion between those periods and the increase or decrease of diseases, or their symptoms.—The degree of credit, however, that ought to attach to this somewhat sweeping assertion of Dr. O. may be duly appreciated, when compared with the published opinions of some of the most distinguished medical writers. A remarkable instance of the periodical effects of insanity has lately been adduced by Dr. Forster, who describes, from his own knowledge, a person who refused to ascend a cliff of considerable altitude, at a particular period, saying, "that at that period he could not trust himself—he would have willingly gone in a few days' time without fear." But the periodical effects of atmospheric and lunar influence are not confined solely to the human frame; they affects, in an equal degree the vegetable and brute creation* and it is only by attending to these apparently useless minutiæ that the laws of organic nature can be satisfactorily explained.

Camoens.—M. de Souza, who, by his magnificent edition of "The Lusiad," has raised a splendid and appropriate monument to the literary reputation of his country, has lately contributed to it a fresh ornament in a medal, which he has caused to be struck, in honour of the illustrious Louis de Camoens. On one side of the medal is represented the head of the poet, his name, and the date of his death. The latter circumstance, though hitherto involved in obscurity, M. de Souza has clearly ascertained, and on the reverse, the epic trump, the rostrum of a gallery, and the sword, denote the poet's three-fold title to celebrity.

Literary Prizes for 1820.—The Society of Emulation at Cambrai, has proposed the following subjects for the prizes of 1820:—

The medical topography of the district of Cambrai: the eloge of Lamoignon de Malesherbes (proposed in July, 1818): A national ode, the subject of which is left to the choice of the candidates. The agricultural question, which was proposed in 1817, and deferred to the competition of 1818, is definitively withdrawn.

The prize for each of these subjects is to be a gold medal, worth 200 francs.

Grass.—A new grass, unnoticed by Dr. Roxburgh, which produces a perfect silicious deposit in the joints, has been discovered in the mountains of India, between the Circars and Nagpore.

Method of detecting the adulteration of Olive Oil.—The new process for this purpose is founded on the property which the solution of acid per-nitrate of mercury possesses, of congealing and solidifying, in a few hours' time pure olive oil shaken with it; whilst it hardly alters the liquidity of the seed-oils, but gives them an orange hue, and causes them to deposit a quantity of precipitate, which never acquires the hardness of the coagulum produced with the olive oil. The per-nitrate of mercury employed in this process, is prepared by dissolving without heat, six parts by weight of mercury in seven parts and a half of nitric acid, at about 38°

* Flowers in general open by exposure to the sun; but many open and shut at particular hours of the day, even if the sun remain unclouded, as the purple goat's-beard, and the meadow geissbart, which close their flowers at noon. The regular periods of some flowers, like those of diseases, are also interrupted by the condition of the atmosphere. Even when the sun is shining at their usual time for opening, do some keep their flowers shut, if rain be impending; hence they become prognostics of weather.

of Reaumur's aerometer, during the action of which the saline solution remains fluid, the excess of acid preventing its crystallization.

Dry Rot.—This destructive enemy of buildings, which generally commences its ravages in the cellars, may be prevented, or its progress checked, by white-washing them yearly, mixing with the wash as much copperas as will give it a clear yellow hue.

Glass made from Straw.—Wheat straw may be melted into a colourless glass with a blow-pipe, without any addition. Barley straw melts into a glass of a topaz yellow colour.

New Rockets.—Capt. Schumacker, brother of Professor Schumacker, astronomer royal at Copenhagen, has invented a new kind of rocket, which is said greatly to surpass the Congreve rockets, both in their force and in the accuracy with which they may be thrown. The king of Denmark has established a new corps of artillery (*Baketer corps*) commanded by Capt. Schumacker, whose business is to throw these rockets. They ascend to a very great height in the air, and when they have reached the highest point, a globe of fire makes its appearance, which is so vivid, that it may be seen at the distance of 70 miles. From an experiment made with them in the island of Hjelm, they were seen distinctly by his brother at Copenhagen, a distance of 17½ German miles.

Horology.—The first clock ever known in France, was erected in the fifth century, in the Cathedral church at Lyons. Gondebaut, or Gombaut III. King of Burgundy, having been informed that Theodoric, King of the Goths, who resided at that time in Ravenna, had machines which marked the order of time, according to the movements of the heavenly bodies, wrote to him to have one; these were accordingly executed by Boccius, a celebrated mechanic, and presented to Gondebaut, a description of which is preserved in the works of Cassiodorus.

Medical Jurisprudence.—The attention of the medical profession in this country has been for some time directed to the important subject of medical jurisprudence; and many valuable articles have, from time to time, appeared in the journals edited by the faculty, as well as several distinct treatises. In addition to these, we are glad to observe, that a *Course of Lectures* on this branch of science, has been commenced at the Royal Westminster Infirmary, for Diseases of the Eye, by Dr. J. Gordon Smith, who has expressed his intention of devoting himself particularly to the improvement of forensic medicine.

Origin of Almanacks.—The ancient Saxons used to engrave upon certain square sticks, about a foot in length, the courses of the *moons* for the whole year, whereby they could always certainly tell when the new moons, full moons, and changes, should happen; and such carved sticks they called *Al-mon-aght, (all-moon heed i. e.)* the regard or observation of all the moons. There is in St. John's College, Cambridge, a Saxon almanack exactly answering to the above description.

The Calculating Boy.—George Bidder, the boy whose wonderful powers in calculation have attracted so much notice, has been rescued, by a public subscription at Edinburgh, from the degraded situation of a common show, and a fund raised to give him a liberal education. He is now thirteen years of age; and the progress of his mind will be watched with philosophical care, by some of the learned members of the university where he is placed, and of the Royal Society.

Edinburgh Society of Arts.—A new Society of Arts is projected in Edinburgh. It will resemble that of London, and have a hall for the deposit of models, &c. as at the Adelphi.

Conversion of Wood, &c. into Sugar.—Dr. Vogel, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, has submitted to a careful examination in the laboratory of the Academy of Munich, the surprising discovery of Mr. Braconnot, of Nancy, of the effects of concentrated sulphuric acid on wood and linen. He has not only fully confirmed this discovery, so as to lay before the Academy an essay on the subject, and show the products resulting from the original experiments, but also extended his own experiments, with equal success, to other similar vegetable substances, such as old paper, both printed and written upon, and cut straw. By diluting the sulphuric acid with a due addition of water, saw dust, cut linen, paper, &c. were converted into gum and saccharine matter. It must excite great interest in all reflecting minds, to see an indissoluble, tasteless substance, like the filaments of wood, converted, by chemical re-action, into two new bodies, and chemistry thus exercise a power, which, but lately, appeared to belong to nature alone, and in particular to vegetation. For this artificial formation of sugar and gum, now discovered, must not be confounded with the extraction of these two substances from bodies in which they already existed, a process which has been known from time immemorial. What has now been discovered, *is a transformation, a metamorphosis*, of which the most ingenious chemist had previously no idea; and it affords a new proof of the boundless extent of the domain of practical chemistry. A paper upon Dr. Vogel's repetition and investigation of Mr. Braconnot's experiments, and those added by himself, is promised in one of the next numbers of the Journal of Arts and Manufactures, published by the Bavarian Polytechnic Society.

Formation of Caloric.—Mr. Fox, of Falmouth, has found that a very extraordinary

degree of heat is developed by fusing together platinum and tin in the following manner:—If a small piece of tin-foil is wrapped in a piece of platinum-foil of the same size, and exposed upon charcoal to the action of the blowpipe the union of the two metals is indicated by a rapid whirling, and by an extreme brilliancy in the light which is emitted. If the globule thus melted is allowed to drop into a basin of water, it remains for some time red-hot at the bottom; and such is the intensity of the heat that it melts and carries off the glaze of the basin from the part on which it happens to fall.

Cadmium.—It appears that this metal, which was originally discovered by Professor Stromeyer, in foreign ores of zinc, has been also found by Professor E. D. Clarke, of this university, in the Derbyshire calamine. Dr. Thomson, regius professor of chemistry at Glasgow, has examined the cadmium obtained by Professor Clarke from our English ores, and has confirmed his observations.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

FRANCE.

Protestantism reviving.—Whatever may prove to be the ultimate issue of the principles propagated by the authors of the great revolution, they have, certainly, in some respects, operated in favour of religious liberty. It was the policy of Napoleon to endeavour to unite the minds of all, however described as sectaries and heretics, in his favour, and this policy has hitherto been followed by Louis, who has steadily adhered to it, notwithstanding the displeasure of the Pope, who complains grievously of this *startling* instance of disobedience in his most Christian Majesty! the Eldest Son of the Church!!! Among other principles solemnly sanctioned by the constitutional charter,—is the following, "Every person may profess his religion with equal liberty, and obtains for his mode of worship the same protection." Article 5. "This article is adopted as the motto to a work professedly devoted to the interests of the protestants of France, under the title of "*Protestant Annals*," by a Society of Protestants, and of *gens de lettres*." We are glad to see that the Protestants can avow their share of literary men: there is no worse token of religious decay than ignorance; the state of that community is all but hopeless, in which "the people perish for lack of knowlege." This work will include statements on behalf of the Protestants; their liberties, and interests:—also, reports on new works, in which they may be concerned, whether theological or political, and these will be attended to as well in Germany as in France;—and in imitation of the religious freedom and religious spirit of England. Nor will a readiness be wanting by means of this work to inform Authority of what concerns Protestantism, whether in the shape of general complaints, or of local particulars. That government may be occasionally misled, or misinformed by its agents, especially on religious affairs, cannot be denied; and the maxim *Audi alteram partem* is paramount to all partialities and prepossessions. Catholic zeal has sent missionaries into the provinces of France, to preach catholicity; it is but fair that Protestants also should have their advocates—which at present are found—and may they be found—in the Bible and Bible Societies, and in general liberty of conscience, whatever offence the Pope and his fanatics may conceive of them.

Incombustible Cloth.—An experiment has lately been exhibited at Nantes, which, if it be correctly reported, may justify the attention and imitation of some of our ingenious men. It was performed on a quantity of cords and cloth, rendered proof against the process of inflammation. These cloths held over the flame of a candle, would not take fire; but the spot immediately exposed to the action of the flame mouldered away, without, properly speaking, igniting; and this did not spread further in the cloth. Such fire-proof materials may be very desirable on many occasions, and in many professions.

Capital Translation of Strabo, finished.—To those among our readers who engage in the study of antiquities, especially of ancient geography, it may be interesting to learn that the translation of Strabo, published under the patronage of the French government, is at length brought to a conclusion by the publication of the fifth volume, in quarto, from the royal press. This work has engaged the talents and learning of MM. de la Porte, Dutheil, Gosselin, Coray, and Letroune, during several years; and must be placed among the most eminent of its kind. In going through a performance so extensive and laborious, it is natural that many observations should be made by the learned coadjutors, as well as that much subsequent information should be obtained; an additional volume may therefore, be expected, containing such addenda, with tables of matters, and other illustrations.

Speculations on Haiti, or St. Domingo.—Whether France will ever regain possession of Haïti or St. Domingo, is a point not easily to be determined; but certain it is, that the subject employs the pens of several French writers. Two or three "Histories of St. Domingo" have lately been published in Paris; nor has the Parisian press failed to produce various plans for obtaining the restoration of French ascendancy, or rather dominion, over that now independent island. Among these, a pamphlet published by M. Clausson, who was formerly a magistrate, and still describes himself as a proprietor at

Port-au-Prince, has obtained notice. His plan may be good, *if practicable*, say those who take a different view of the subject; and who insist, that his work must be perused with the same mistrust as the pleadings of a counsel, who states one side of a question only.

Imitation of Cameos, Agates, &c.—There is something very curious in the conception, and very fortunate in the success, if it be at all equal to what is reported of an attempt to imitate cameos of different colours as they appear in certain antique gems. It has occupied the attention of M. Dumersan of Paris, and his endeavours have succeeded. This amateur has long been conversant with divers branches of antiquities; particularly with medals and engraved stones. After having taken impressions by means of moulds, from the original cameos, he gives them the various colours of agates and sardonyxes, by a faithful imitation of the *layers* of colouring matter interposed, or even *superposed*, with their clouds and other accidents. Under a glass these copies represent their originals so perfectly as to deceive the eye; and connoisseurs may now indulge themselves, not, as before, with simple impressions, but with *fac similes* of these antiquities. The inventor has formed an extensive collection; and sells selections, more or less numerous, at the pleasure of the purchaser.

China and Camboya, from Chinese Authorities.—In the new *Annales des Voyages*, now publishing at Paris, M. Abel Remusat has inserted an article translated from the Chinese, which is a "Description of the Country of Camboge, in the thirteenth Century of our Era; and includes a journey into that country at that time, by a Chinese author. The whole forms 100 pages, and is accompanied by a map, constructed on purpose. Besides what information this description may afford, it cannot but furnish many points of comparison with the travels of Marco Polo, the Venetian, who visited those parts about the same time. There is reason to think that China, with the intervening countries, was better known in Western Asia, perhaps too, in Europe, in those early ages, than late writers on the subject of geographical discoveries have allowed themselves to suppose.

ITALY.

Experiments on Mephitic Air.—There certainly are many more things in natural philosophy than are dreamed of by natural philosophers. All the world knows that air contaminated by having been breathed, extinguishes lighted candles, and human life. All the world knows, too, that air impregnated with marsh *miasmata*, communicates paleness to the cheeks, and dangerous diseases to the system. And yet, the air taken from the most dangerous parts of a crowded theatre, has been examined by the most delicate tests, and nothing offensive to life has been found in it. With the same intention of discovering the cause of danger, a Sig. Brochi has lately undertaken a variety of chemical experiments on the mephitic air in the neighbourhood of Rome. The air subjected to these tests was taken from the most unwholesome localities of the *Campagna di Roma*, a district against which all travellers are warned not to sleep a night in it; and all inhabitants make a point of withdrawing from it, at certain seasons of the year. Nevertheless, this air yielded nothing different from common air; the component parts which it afforded varied nothing, neither as to proportion, nor as to force. Whether there be any other effluvia arising from marshy grounds, whether the act of breathing deprives the air of any principle, or adds any thing to it, the enquiry is of great consequence, and the discovery of the cause would be truly honourable. That the *mal aria* of a country induces highly dangerous diseases, admits of no question: and the faculty insist on the fact, as incontestible, that the air of Rome, though it may not have the same effects, yet has a powerful influence on the nervous system. The nerves which perform the sense of smelling become so irritable, that the Roman ladies fall into fits, or faintings, at the least smell of musk.

Madras System of teaching instituted into Tuscany.—Whatever may be the ultimate consequences of the introduction of the mode of teaching by mutual instruction, or, as it is commonly called, the system of Bell and Lancaster, we cannot but rejoice at its establishment in so many countries as have already received it; and in every new instance of its adoption. Tuscany has, at length, seen a number of these schools established, not without much opposition from those "Brethren," who had the direction of what means of instruction were previously in operation. It is proper to observe, that the benevolent Leopold had passed a law, by which each of the hundred and twenty-two municipalities into which Tuscany was divided, was bound to support, at its own expense, a public free school, in which all children might be taught to read, write, and cast accounts. The funds were raised every where, and every where proper buildings were converted into schools; nevertheless, more than three-fourths of the inhabitants of Tuscany refused to acquire these invaluable qualifications; and of the quarter part which did attend the schools the greater proportion learned nothing. A late writer, Sig. Serristori, who has examined the subject, affirms, that this want of success was greatly owing to an oversight, in entrusting the whole management of these schools to the priests, and the superintendance of them to the municipalities of the places where they were respectively situated. To these municipalities Leopold committed the care of all local interests—

the hospitals—the highways—the schools, &c.; and being himself a philanthropist, he hoped to find the same disposition and the same zeal in those whom it still more nearly concerned. He was disappointed: he found selfishness, indifference, and obstinacy. However well intentioned, and however deserving the name of the best of princes, he felt his power converted into weakness when opposed to established prejudices. That this torpidity may give place to activity, and that Italy may enjoy the benefits of general education, cannot but be the wish of every one who desires well to humanity, and especially of all who have felt the recollections connected with Italy.

NETHERLANDS.

Former state of Manufactures and Commerce.—The Royal Academy of Sciences and Belles Lettres of Brussels, has proposed for discussion in the present year, more than one question intimately connected with the welfare of the poeple: 1. "What was the state of the population, the manufactures, and commerce of the low countries, in their various provinces, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries." It is well known to all acquainted with history, that they were very flourishing during that period. What is necessary to raise them to an equal state of prosperity? is the question that naturally follows. 2d. "What was the state of the institutions and establishments of the southern provinces of the low countries, before the invasion of those countries by the armies of France, and what are the changes produced by the French Revolution, and the union of these provinces to France, during nearly twenty years? How have they operated on the political administration, civil and judicial, on legislation, on religious institutions, and ecclesiastical establishments, on literary institutions, on those for public instruction, on the condition of the citizens, on commerce, on labour and manufactures, on riches, public and private; including the state of instruction and language, of letters, arts and sciences, of manners, and of the costume of the people of these provinces?" A very proper, but very extensive question: it might with great propriety, be addressed to almost every state in Europe.

If any thing were wanting to confirm what we lately hinted at, as to the re-action of the long boasted continental system against France, these questions would amply supply it: they could have taken their rise only in a desire to establish the independence of Belgian industry, against the supplies formerly imported from its Gallic neighbours.

GREECE.

Exertions in favour of Knowledge.—The Greek Journal, *Hermes No Logios*, for Sept. 1819, contains, among other articles, a memoir in the form of a letter, of the services rendered during twenty years, to Greece, by the brothers Zosimas—they are both numerous and important. "These worthy and respectable sons of the country," says the writer, "could no longer endure to see it covered with the shades of ignorance; but concluded that to be rendered happy, it must be enlightened. They have established at Joannina, in Epirus, their native country, a school of the first order, have enriched it with an excellent library, have assigned considerable funds for the emolument of professors, have granted pensions to poor students, and have spared no expense to assist in raising their unfortunate country. To their munificence we owe the *Greek Bibliotheca* of Mr. Coray, with its excellent commentaries, the fruit of much study and learning The eldest of the brothers Zosimas has resided from his youth at Moscow. The venerable mother of the Emperor Alexander, being a few years ago in that ancient capital of the czars, desired to see the benefactor of Greece, caused him to be presented, entered into conversation with him, with distinguished good-will, and among other things said to him—"M. Zosimas, the benefits which you confer every day on your countrymen, are known to my son, and to me: continue them; and assure yourself, that independently of our satisfaction, the blessings of those whom you render happy, will rise even to heaven." Turning afterwards to the other Geeks who were present, "Gentlemen," said she, "this is the true ornament of your nation."

Messrs. Zosimas have formed at Moscow a considerable collection of antiquities, &c. with which they purpose some day to enrich their native country, Greece.

Greek press in activity.—The Greek printing-office established at Chios, has began its labours. The first work it has produced, is an excellent discourse by Professor Bambas, at the opening of the great college of Chios. This is so well executed and printed with so much elegance, that even the Parisians speak of it as worthy to be attributed to the Paris press. This establishment bids fair to become the means of distributing throughout Greece a succession of important works, destined to contribute to the regeneration of that classic country.

New College, Greek liberality.—At Zagori, in the province of Epirus, a grand college is about to be established. The voluntary contributions towards this noble undertaking amount to about 3,000l. M. Neophytos Doucas, a learned ecclesiastic, has given for his share, a sum approaching to 500l.

EGYPT.

Manufactures and Commerce.—We should like to know the true state of things in Egypt: public report affirms, that the present Pacha has obtained ships and shipwrights from Europe, that he has established manufactures of silk and cotton, which are

now in full activity;—that he has a great manufactory of broad cloths, either already in operation, or on the point of becoming so;—that he employs the talents of some thousands of Europeans, under the direction of Jussuff, his confident, whose brother is established at Trieste;—that not less than 300,000 *fellahs*, peasants, of Egypt are employed in restoring the canal of Alexandria; and that he has at least twenty agents actively engaged in forming mercantile connections throughout Europe. What can all this mean!

THE DRAMA.

THE mournful events of the past month have so completely occupied the public mind, have so completely superseded the business of the stage, that public attention would have rested but little on the theatres if the usages commonly attendant on the interesting obsequies of Princes had not closed the doors of both houses a night or two after that period, down to which our last notice extended. Scarcely had the nation revived from the shock produced by the melancholy tidings from Sidmouth—scarcely had indulgent royalty taken into its consideration the distress which must fall on that part of the community connected with the drama, if their labours were suspended during the period that must elapse between the death and the funeral of his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, permitted the theatres to resume their exhibitions after being closed for one night, till the evening on which the last honours were to be rendered to the illustrious deceased, when the fall of a mightier victim increased the gloom, which had before prevailed, and England had to lament that he who had swayed her sceptre for nearly sixty years, was no more—that George the Third was numbered with the virtuous dead.

The boon, in the former case, conceded to the theatres, became valueless now. The managers of the several places of amusement felt this, and neither solicited nor desired an extension of the favour which they had before gratefully received. All were closed, and the preparations for the last solemnities were interrupted by no efforts to produce mirth, and the substantial sorrow of the people gave way to no ideal woe.

This circumstance, which shut up the two national theatres for more than a fortnight, has of course prevented the usual display of novelty. With the exception of the production of a musical play, founded on the novel of "The Antiquary," at Covent-Garden, and an attempt on the part of Mr. Kean to act Coriolanus, at Drury-Lane, nothing has occurred of sufficient importance to merit commemoration here.

The Antiquary is not likely to prove so successful as some of its predecessors, drawn by the same hand, from the same source, have been. Some of the points that read very well in the novel, have little or no effect on the stage. A sameness is complained of by the admirers of *Guy Mannering*, and the whole was found rather deficient in interest, and not sufficiently lively in the dialogue. Some of the songs were much applauded, and the new scenery, machinery, and music afforded general satisfaction. But these attractions, though not to be despised, are not sufficient in themselves to lift this drama to the rank enjoyed by *Guy Mannering* and *Rob Roy*. Among the misfortunes of the play, we consider that not the least which gave Liston the part of Monkbarns. He makes a very respectable old gentleman, but that is all. We find no fault with his acting: but the character was ill-calculated to display those eccentricities which have so often convulsed us with laughter in Domine Sampson and Baillie Jarvie. Though he can represent an old man with propriety, it is not in this branch of the histrionic art that he excels, and we think it injudicious on the part of the management to place one from whom so much is expected, in a situation where he can hardly do more than escape disapprobation, and is almost reduced—

"To sue for pardon, where he pants for praise."

In a preface to the play, which is published, we are told by Mr. Terry, that *The Antiquary* was prepared for the stage by Mr. Pocock; but the attention of that gentleman being withdrawn from the stage, his drama was put into the hands of Mr. Terry, who found it necessary, in order to introduce certain scenes which he thought it of importance should be comprehended in the play, to compile it anew. Perhaps in doing this, though he found himself obliged to take great liberties with Mr. Pocock's *Antiquary*, he retained some portion of it, out of respect for his

friend, which did not harmonize well with his own selections; and in this way we account for his success being less complete than on other occasions. We are, however, bound to add, that though it is not on this performance that his strongest claim to dramatic skill can rest, he is still entitled to praise, and the piece is not unworthy of the applause which it has received.

Mr. Terry, in his preface, speaks with becoming modesty of his own share in *The Antiquary*; and he pronounces a very laboured panegyric on the powerful and "*mysterious*" pen which has produced the novels that he has made it his business to dramatize. We quarrel not with the panegyric, but we suspect that there is a little juggling where he speaks of the "mysterious" author. It has been repeatedly stated in the most positive terms, that Mr. Walter Scott is the writer. This has never been formally denied. Perhaps much is not to be inferred from this last fact, as when that which had been written by Mr. Mudford was published under the name of the supposed author of "Waverley," that person suffered the whole of the work, of which he had furnished but a part, to be wrongfully attributed to him, till Mr. Mudford felt obliged to claim his own. Now, we are very much inclined to say, that the novels contain sufficient internal evidence of their being from the pen of Mr. Scott, to leave no doubt on the subject. We have heard that if one still existed, it would be removed by a close inspection of Mr. Terry's *gold-headed cane!* We suppose that Mr. Scott, knowing how fond the lovers of romance are of mystery, considers that this sort of delusion increases his importance, and therefore desires his friends to keep the wonder alive. Our minds have long since been made up on the subject. Since the novels began to come out, no poem of any importance has been given to the world by Mr. Walter Scott. After the success that attended the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake," that he should not continue to write is incredible. That no poem has been published by him for some years is enough to prove that a man of his active habits must have hit on some other still more profitable way of employing his talents, and this we suppose him to have found (we would almost venture to say it could be no where else,) in writing those novels which have become so truly celebrated. Taking this view of the subject, it seems to us something of the latest to talk of the *mysterious* pen.

Coriolanus, after being long announced and often postponed, has been brought out at Drury-Lane; but want of room obliges us to defer our remarks till our next Number.

LITERARY REPORT.

Mr. Scott, author of the English translation of "Frontinus," and "Digest of Military Law," &c. is preparing for the press, an original work, written long since, but peculiarly adapted to the present moment, entitled Coronalia. It is an historical account of crowns and coronations, from their origin downward; and comprises great research on a subject which, however general the character, is but little understood.—The work is arranged under four general heads, viz. Crowns of *Pleasure*, of *Talents*, of *Virtue*, of *Power*. The notices of the first are drawn from the ancient historians, in all languages, including the classics of Greece and Rome; the second from the middle ages; the third from more modern times; the fourth, which includes all, furnishes the ceremonies of crowning monarchs *in every part of the world*, with particular and explanatory details of those of England, from sources not commonly accessible. In these, the *spirit* of the formulæ is given, so as to shew the real nature and the sublimity of customs, which, to the observer, would appear to have no interest beyond mere antiquity; and will, therefore, be an essential companion on the approaching occasion. It is in the lighter style of history, is replete with anecdote, and pleasing illustration, and after serving the purpose of relieving the tedium of attendance on the ceremonies, will form a work of permanent rational amusement. It will probably be contained in one large volume octavo.

A new monthly publication, entitled the Lonsdale Magazine, has just made its appearance; its principal design is to present under the title of the Beauties of the North, a description of the gentlemen's seats; the regular succession of property; to revive the neglected local history of our northern halls and castles; to give in regular succession, a topographical display of the principal towns in the North of England; a short biographical sketch of memoirs of distinguished individuals natives of the Northern Counties; and to convey a great variety of useful and interesting intelligence.

A Prospectus is issued of an uniform edition of the Whole Works of the Right Rev. Jeremy Taylor, D.D. Lord Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore, to be completed in

fourteen octavo volumes, to appear monthly. To which will be prefixed, a Life of the Author, and a Critical Examination of his Writings, by the Rev. R Heber, A. M. Canon of St. Asaph, Rector of Hodnet, and late Fellow of All Soul's College.

Mr. Geo. E. Shuttleworth has in the press, Remarks on the Church and the Clergy, exhibiting the obligations of Society, Literature, and the Arts, to the Ecclesiastical Orders, and the advantages of an established priesthood.

The Rev. E. J Burrow has in the press, a Summary of Religious Faith and Practice, confirmed by references to the Text of Scripture; compared with the liturgy and articles of the Church of England.

In the press, in quarto, Travels through Holland, Germany, and part of France, in 1819, with reference to their Statistics, Agriculture, and Manufactures, by William Jacob, F. R. S.

Mr. Leigh Hunt will shortly publish, a translation of Amyntas, a tale of the Woods, from the Italian of Torquato Tasso, with an Essay on the pastoral poetry of Italy. This work will be embellished with a highly finished portrait of Tasso; engraved by Worthington, and a few wood cuts by Branston.

Glory of Regality, an historical treatise of the annointing and crowning the Kings and Queens of England.

The Arcadian, a new periodical work will appear for the first time on the 1st of March.

Speedily will be published, beautifully printed in foolscap octavo, illustrated by 20 Vignettes from the Author's Designs, Sketches from St. George's Fields, by Giorgione di Castel Chiuso.

A small volume of Poems is in the press, to be entitled, Sacred Lyrics, by James Edmestone.

Mr. Nichols is preparing for publication, a fourth volume of Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century.

Mr. James Kenney will soon publish, in octavo, Valdi, or the Libertine's Son, a Poem, in five parts.

Mrs. Opie has nearly ready for publication, Tales of the Heart, in three volumes.

Mr. James Tyson has in the press, Elements of the History of Civil Governments, with an account of the present state and distinguishing features of the governments now in existence.

Dr. Prout will soon publish, an Inquiry into the nature and medical treatment of those Diseases connected with a deranged Action of the Urinary Organs, especially Gravel and Calculus.

Mr Gorham's History of St. Neot, in a thick octavo volume, is expected to appear in the present month.

Mr. Sharon Turner's third edition of the History of the Anglo-Saxons, in three volumes, octavo, is nearly ready. It will contain an addition of several observations and dialogues of our King Alfred, on the subjects discussed by Boethius; a fuller analysis of the heroic poem on Beowulf; a larger view of the Witena-gemot, or Anglo-Saxon Parliament, and a detail of the population of the Anglo-Saxons.

Mr. J. P. Neale has just completed the second volume of Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats in the United Kingdom. This portion of the work consists of 144 plates of the most interesting Mansions in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, with about three hundred pages of letter-press, descriptive of the edifice and family.

The same Author will also publish, on the 1st of April, No. 9 of the History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church of St. Peter's, Westminster; which will be completed in twelve numbers, with sixty engravings by Le Keux, Woolnoth, Scott, &c. &c. from Drawings by himself.

The Rev. Philip Bliss has completed his new edition of Anthony à Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses, in four quarto volumes. This valuable body of English Biography contains upwards of two thousand two hundred lives, and there are very few of that large number which have not received either corrections or additions from the pen of the present editor.

Mr. Ormerod's valuable History of the County Palatine, and City of Chester, is now completed. It has been published in ten parts, forming three handsomely printed folio volumes, which are highly embellished by one hundred and ninety-four engravings on copper and wood, exclusive of no less than three hundred and fifty seven armorial subjects which are attached to the pedigrees.

The final volume of Mr. Morell's studies in History, being the second of England, is now in the press, and will be published next month. It will commence with the reign of James I. and will be continued to the death of George III.

The Rev. Mark Wilkes will soon publish, Memoirs of M. Oeblin, Lutheran pastor of Walshback.

Mr. Philip, of Liverpool, is preparing a new Life of Whitefield; the materials of which have been collected from various British and American sources.

Mr. Wm. Turner has in the press, in three octavo volumes, a Journal of a Tour in Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land; with excursions to the river Jordan, and along the banks of the Red Sea to Mount Sinai.

Dr. Baron will soon publish, in quarto, with engravings, Illustrations of some parts of his Inquiry respecting the Origin of Tubercles and Tumours.

In the press, and will appear in April, the New Practical Gauger, on the easiest principles; with every modern improvement, and Tables calculated for the latest Duties; by Matthew Iley, many years a

gauger on the London Establishment. Numerous very neat diagrams.

Mr. WILLIAM PHILLIPS will shortly publish a new and corrected edition of his familiar Lectures on Astronomy, designed for Young Persons, and these not conversant with the Mathematics.

A manuscript has reached this country, entitled, Documens Historiques et Reflexions sur le Governement de la Hollande, par Louis Bonaparte, ex-roi de Hollande; and it is now printing in the original French, and in English.

A new edition of Dr. Bissett's History of the Reign of George the Third, continued to his death, is in considerable forwardness.

The second edition of Dr Aikin's Annals of the Reign of George the Third, brought down to the time of his death, is expected in the course of a month.

Mr. JAMES WILSON has in the press, A Journal of two successive Tours upon the Continent, performed in the years 1816, 1817, and 1818; containing an account of the principal places in the South of France, of the great road over the Alps; and of the chief cities and most interesting parts of Italy; accompanied with occasional Remarks, historical and critical.

Mr. J. L. BICKNELL, of Greenwich, will shortly publish, a volume of Original Miscellanies in prose and verse.

In the press, and speedily will be published, A Visit to the Province of Upper Canada, in 1819, by James Streathern, bookseller, Aberdeen. The work will contain every kind of information which an Emigrant can desire to know; derived from the most authentic sources; the civil and religious state of the Province, its climate, soil, and agriculture, is carefully drawn up from materials furnished by the Author's Brother, who has been twenty years in the country, and is a member of Government.

DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS.

THE occurrences of the last month, have been of no ordinary interest or importance. Two royal deaths, at home, one of them involving in its consequences a new monarch—a new parliament, and nearly a new ministry—a royal life foully sacrificed by the hand of an assassin in France—and the revolt of a few Spanish soldiers widening into a formidable rebellion against the throne of that country, are among the transactions to which we shall have occasion to call the attention of our readers. We shall take them in the order in which they occurred.

For some days previously to the 24th of January, alarming accounts had reached London of the state of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent's health. The bulletins of his medical attendants were such as created the most anxious fears, though it was hoped the general vigor of his constitution, and the known temperance of his habits, would enable him ultimately to repel the inroads of the disease with which he was attacked. This disease was an inflammation of the lungs, produced, in the first instance, by a severe cold, which he caught from sitting in his wet boots. Its progress was rapid and fatal. There was scarcely a week elapsed between its first serious symptoms, and his decease. This event took place at Woolbrook Cottage, near Sidmouth, in Devonshire, at 10 o'clock in the morning, on Sunday the 23d of January. His Royal Highness had been but a few weeks at this place, whither he had repaired, in the first instance, for the benefit which he anticipated his amiable Duchess and their infant daughter would derive from the air. He went in the full vigor of health and life—a short interval elapsed, and he was conveyed back, a corpse, to the cemetery of his royal lineage.

Earth's highest station ends in, 'here he lies,'
And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song.

The following particulars of his lamented death will be read with interest. His Royal Highness, in a long walk, on Thursday the 13th of January, with Captain Conroy, in the beautiful environs of Sidmouth, had his boots soaked through with the wet. On their return to Woolbrook Cottage, Captain Conroy, finding himself wet in his feet, advised his Royal Highness to change his boots and stockings; but this he did not do till he dressed for dinner, being attracted by the smiles of his infant Princess, with whom he sat for a considerable time, in fond parental dalliance. Before night, however, he felt a sensation of cold and hoarseness, when Dr. Wilson prescribed for him a draught. This his Royal Highness, in the usual confidence in his strength, and dislike of medicine, did not take; saying, that he had no doubt but a night's rest would carry off every uneasy symptom. The event proved the contrary. In the morning, the symptoms of fever were increased; and though his

Royal Highness lost 120 ounces of blood from the arms, and by cupping, he departed this life, as we have stated, at ten o'clock on Sunday forenoon. His Royal Highness was sensible of his approaching death, and met it with pious resignation. He generously said, that he blamed himself for not yielding to the seasonable advice of Dr. Wilson, in the first instance, by which the access of the fever might have been checked. Every attention that skill and affection could supply were rendered to him.

His Royal Highness experienced from his illustrious consort, the tenderest consolations. She was constantly by his bed-side, administered with her own hands the medicines he was prescribed, and performed every office which the most ardent attachment could suggest. In her arms he expired, and his last breath sighed forth a farewell blessing upon her and her infant. The recollection of these mournful duties will be among the most cherished reflections of her future life. They could not, indeed, snatch their object from the grave, but they must have smoothed his passage to it. It is said, we know not with what truth, that her Royal Highness is pregnant.

The remains of his Royal Highness were conveyed, with due state and ceremony, from Sidmouth to Windsor, where they arrived, at Cumberland Lodge, on Friday the 11th. of February. On the following evening they were solemnly interred in St. George's Chapel.

It will not be necessary for us to expatiate at any length upon the private virtues of this prince. He had endeared himself very generally, by the unwearied zeal with which he promoted the interests of numerous public charities. Whatever he undertook, indeed, he undertook with enthusiasm; and he preferred, on all occasions, rather to withhold his patronage, than suffer it to become a mere outward ceremony. In many of his personal habits, he strongly resembled his illustrious father. He was a very early riser—lived abstemiously—was attached to domestic enjoyments—had a remarkably tenacious memory for names and persons—and delighted in business. His manners were at once familiar and dignified. He knew how to sustain what belonged to him as a Prince, and at the same time, to blend royalty with the plain simplicity of manners which distinguish an English gentleman. In his political sentiments he was rather inclined towards the opposition. So, at least, we are led to infer, from his name occasionally appearing in the lists of the minority in the House of Peers. But he took no active part in politics. He very rarely spoke in his place in Parliament, and never lent himself out as the *lion* of political clubs and dinners. In this respect his conduct was advantageously contrasted with that of his illustrious brother, the Duke of Sussex, who has been, on all occasions, too willing to impart the authority of his name and presence, to the first claimant, provided that claimant was *not* a supporter of ministers; or, in other words, not a supporter of the government of his Sovereign. A painful consequence of this facility on the part of his Royal Highness occurred at the time of his brother's death. A party of Norfolk Whigs assembled at Norwich, on Monday, the 24th ult. to celebrate the birth day of Fox. The Duke of Sussex was one of the party. Most people, we believe, thought he would have been better employed, in travelling westward to visit the sick bed of his illustrious relative. But if he had not done this, it would, at least, have been more seemly, that he should have abstained from all convivial assemblies at such a moment. But the phrenzy of politics subdued his better judgment, and he proceeded to Norwich. What followed? While his brother lay a corpse at Sidmouth, he was in the midst of revelry at Norwich. We do not say that he knew of his brother's death; we are sure, indeed, if he had, no consideration could have induced him to pursue such a course. —Yet it was thought singular, that though the most alarming bulletins of the Duke of Kent's health, reached the metropolis on Friday and Saturday, they did not reach Norwich (only one day's post), even on Monday evening. The most liberal construction (probably it is the true one), that can be put upon this transaction, is, that the Duke was studiously kept in ignorance of these bulletins, by those who, knowing his character, were aware, that if he were acquainted with them, he would instantly have quitted Norwich and hastened into Devonshire. It can only, therefore, be regretted that he was surrounded by such friends, for the occurrence did not escape public animadversion, and in the opinion of many, his Royal Highness's character suffered. It suffered too, from another circumstance. A song was sung at this dinner (in the chorus of which his Royal Highness was described

as having joined), the sentiments of which ill became the lips of a prince of the House of Brunswick. We do not say, that abstractedly considered, they were of that description. But time, place, and circumstances, which determine the character of many of our actions, determined the character of this.

The following are some of the stanzas of this song:—

The trumpet of Liberty sounds through the world,
And the universe starts at the sound;
Her standard Philosophy's hand has unfurl'd,
And the nations are thronging around.
Chorus—Fall, tyrants, fall! fall! fall!
These are the days of liberty!
Fall, tyrants, fall!

Proud *castles of despotism, dungeons,* and *cells,*
The tempest shall sweep you away;
From the East to the West the dread hurricane swells,
And the tyrants are chill'd with dismay.
Fall, tyrant's, fall!

The slave on whose neck the proud despot has trod
Now feels that himself is a man,
While the lordly usurper who ruled with a nod
Hides his head 'midst his servile divan.
Fall, tyrants, fall!

The cruel dominion of priestcraft is o'er—
Its thunders, its faggots, and chains!
Mankind will endure the vile bondage no more,
While religion our freedom maintains.
Fall, tyrants, fall!

Now it cannot for a moment be suspected that we disapprove of his Royal Highness exercising his vocal propensities on fit occasions. If he loves to sing, let him sing; but why chaunt at a public tavern dinner, surrounded by the opponents of his Sovereign's and his brother's government—the leaders of that party too, who have disgraced themselves by their virulent hostility towards that brother and Sovereign?—Why, we ask, chaunt at such a dinner, and at such a moment, such strains as the above? For the last two or three years, seditious and blasphemous writers have polluted the country with factious complaints of the tyranny and despotism under which we live; though, were there one atom of despotism in the elements of our constitution, or in its practical operations, those same writers would be banished or thrown into dungeons for proclaiming its existence. Well! then upon the heels of this factious outcry we have a song sung by the Norwich Foxites, and assisted by a Prince of the House of Brunswick, in which nothing but despotism, and tyrants, and slaves, and dungeons, and cells, are to be found. Why was this? To what particular tyrants, to what particular despots, to what slaves and dungeons did these stanzas allude? England surely was not glanced at? and if not, why was such a peculiar ardour for the liberty of other countries manifested on this occasion? But if, on the contrary, it was *intended* to insinuate that England was ruled by a despot, that England had her slaves and her dungeons for the friends of freedom, must we not deplore the fact, that such a song was sung in the presence of the Duke of Sussex, and that he joined in its chorus?

But we leave this subject to pass to another still more painful.

While the country was fresh in its lamentations for the untimely death of the Duke of Kent, alarming rumours prevailed as to the rapidly declining state of health of his venerable father. It was not anticipated, however, that his dissolution was so near. Indeed, unless we have been misinformed, his physicians did not anticipate it. We have heard that Sir Henry Halford, eight-and-forty hours only before he breathed his last, considered him to be merely in that state of gradual decay, which indicated that the vital spark would soon be extinguished, but still that some weeks might elapse before the event took place. It was only on the morning of the day on which he died, that he discerned symptoms of immediately approaching death; and we have been told, he observed to a medical friend, that he never knew the progress of dissolution so rapid in a person while constitution was so strong. These hopes, however, were fallacious. The aged monarch drew near the termination of his earthly course, and sunk into the grave only six days after the decease of his illustrious and favourite son. The shock produced upon the public mind by this melancholy coincidence was extreme. There was something peculiarly painful and distressing in contemplating the royal house of mourning. A father and his son both lying dead at the same moment; and their deaths, too, following closely upon that of the Queen, and the Princess Charlotte and her child. So much calamity, happening in a private family would have called forth the tenderest sympathy; and to the honour of the British nation be it said, it scarcely called

forth less, though occurring in a family with which its connections were merely political.

We shall now endeavour to lay before our readers, a correct and ample detail of all the particulars of this event, together with those which occurred upon the proclamation of his successor George IV. They will possess, in an eminent degree the attractions of novelty—for how few are now living among us, who can recollect what was done at the accession of George III.!

At twenty-five minutes after eleven o'clock, on Saturday night, Jan. 29th, General Cartwright arrived at Carlton-House, with a letter from the Duke of York to the Prince Regent, communicating the important intelligence.

The melancholy event was officially announced to the public in the following

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Whitehall, January 30, 1820.

A Letter and inclosure, of which the following are copies, have been this morning received from his Royal Highness the Duke of York, by the Lord Viscount Sidmouth, one of his late Majesty's principal secretaries of state.

"*Windsor, Jan.* 29, 1820.

"My Lord—It becomes my painful duty to acquaint your lordship, that it has pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the king, my beloved father, and our most gracious and excellent sovereign. He expired at thirty-five minutes past eight o'clock, P. M.

"I inclose the certificate of all the physicians in attendance at this melancholy period.

"I am, my lord, ever your's most sincerely,

(Signed) "Frederick.

The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Sidmouth, &c. &c."

"*Windsor Castle, Jan.* 29, 1820.

"It has pleased the Almighty to release his majesty from all further suffering. His majesty expired, without pain, at thirty-five minutes past eight o'clock this evening.

(Signed)

"Henry Halford. "Robt. Willis.
"M. Baillie. "David Dundas.
"W. Heberden.

"For His Royal Highness the Duke of York."

LETTER TO THE LORD MAYOR.

"*Whitehall, Jan.* 30, 1820.

"My Lord—It is my painful duty to inform your lordship of the demise of his late majesty, King George III. This melancholy event took place, without the least apparent suffering, at Windsor Castle, at thirty-five minutes past eight o'clock, yesterday afternoon, to the great grief of his present majesty, and of the royal family.

"I have to request that your lordship will give directions for the tolling of the great bell at St. Paul's cathedral.

"I have the honour to be your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) "Sidmouth.

"To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, &c."

The first step to be taken, upon the demise of the crown, was, for the new Sovereign to hold a court, and summon a privy council. These ceremonies took place accordingly, on Sunday at 2 o'clock.

The court consisted of all the male branches of the Royal Family now in England, most of the Cabinet Ministers, the Great Officers of State, the Members of the Privy Council of the late King, and a numerous assemblage of the Nobility, Members of the two Houses of Parliament, the Lord Mayor of London, the Court of Aldermen, &c. His present Majesty having declared himself successor to his late father, the oaths of allegiance, &c. were administered by Viscount Chetwynd, the Clerk of the Council, who afterwards took the same himself.

His Majesty afterwards commanded a Privy Council to be holden, when all those present of his late Majesty's Council were re-sworn Privy Councillors to his present Majesty, King George IV. consisting of

Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York, Clarence, Sussex, Gloucester, and Prince Leopold; the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Eldon, the Duke of Athol, the Marquis of Hertfort, the Marquis Wellesley, the Earl of Lauderdale, the Earl of Chatham, the Earl of Liverpool, Earl Bathurst, Earl Mulgrave, Viscount Sidmouth, Viscount Melville, the Duke of Montrose, the Marquis Camden, the Bishop of London, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir W. Scott, Sir W. Grant, Mr. T. Wallace, Mr. Arbuthnot, Mr. N. Vansittart, Sir J. Nicholl, Mr. F. J. Robinson, Mr. R. Peel, Mr. S. Bourne, the Hon. C. Bagot, Sir B. Bloomfield, the Vice-Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and the Lord Chief Baron.

After the death of his late Majesty had been formally announced, the following instrument was prepared and signed:

PROCLAMATION.

Declaration of Fealty.

"Whereas it has pleased the Almighty God to call to his mercy our late Sovereign Lord, King George the Third, of blessed memory, by whose decease the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great

Britain and Ireland, has solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Prince, George, Prince of Wales; We, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this Realm, being here assisted with those of his late Majesty's Privy Council, with numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of London, do now hereby, with one voice and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Prince George, Prince of Wales, is now, by the death of the late Sovereign, of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful liege Lord, George the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and so forth, to whom we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all hearty and humble affection: beseeching God, by whom Kings and Queens do reign, to bless the Royal Prince, George the Fourth, with long and happy years to reign over us.

"Given at the Court at Carlton-house, this 30th day of January, 1820.

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

The following privy councillors were also especially summoned for the occasion by Lord Sidmouth, as secretary of state for the home department, to whom his lordship read the proclamation, when they also added their signatures to it, viz.

The Earl of Besborough, the Attorney General, the Solicitor General, Sir Henry Hotham, Mr. Warren, Chief Justice of Chester; Mr. Banks, Lord Ellenborough, the Deans of Westminster, Chester, and Canterbury; Mr. Croker, Sir Geo. Clerk, the Earl of Aylesbury, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Lord Mayor of London, Aldermen Curtis, Eamer, Perring, Shaw, Scholey, Domville, Birch, Wood, C. Smith, Atkins, Magnay, Cox, Thorp, and Rothwell, the Recorder of London, the Common Serjeant, the Remembrancer, the Chamberlain, and the Town Clerk. The Lord Mayor was attended by his Sword-bearer and Chaplain.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

According to the established law of the country, parliament must assemble immediately upon the death of the Sovereign. Accordingly, though it was on a Sunday, preparations were made, both in the House of Peers, and House of Commons, for the reception of the members. The following is an account of what was done:—

House of Lords, January 30.

The Lord Chancellor, in consequence of his presence at the council, did not arrive until a quarter past four o'clock. He then took his seat on the woolsack, and prayers were read. Strangers were admitted immediately afterwards and after conversing for some minutes with the Earl of Liverpool, Lord Sidmouth, &c. he put the question that the House should adjourn until the next day. It was carried as a matter of course, and the nominal hour of eleven o'clock was appointed, though nothing was done until three o'clock.

No peers took the oaths, in consequence of the non-arrival of the Lord Chancellor until past the appointed hour. though perhaps fifty were in attendance, The avenues of the House were much crowded.

House of Commons, January 30.

From two to four o'clock the avenues to the House were completely blocked up by a numerous crowd of spectators, all eager to see the forms observed in the annunciation of the death of the recent Sovereign. At four o'clock, the public were informed that no House would assemble. The speaker, who had been attending the lords of the council, being informed that several members of the House were in attendance in the long gallery, proceeded to that place; and, in a short address, made not in his official but in his private capacity, informed them, that, owing to the absence of the Lord High Steward (Marquis Cholmondeley) from town, it was not possible for them to take the oath of allegiance to the new Sovereign in the manner prescribed by law; and that it was, therefore, impossible for them to form a House. It was at the same time stated, that it would conduce to the interest of the public, if the members present should agree to meet at twelve o'clock the next day.

House of Lords, January 31.

The House met about three o clock. Immediately after prayers, the oaths were administered by Mr. Cowper, the chief clerk, first to the Lord Chancellor, and afterwards to the Duke of York. The other Peers present were sworn in groups of three or four at a time, and some singly, as they entered the House. Among those who took the oaths and their seats were—

Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Clarence and Sussex, the Duke of Dorset, the Marquis of Wellesley, the Marquis Cholmondeley, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Prudhoe, Earl Bathurst, the Earl of Westmorland, Duke of Montrose, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Hertford, the Duke of Atholl, Lord Melville, &c. &c.

At four o'clock the House adjourned.

House of Commons.

Exactly at twelve o'clock the Lord Steward arrived. He wore his blue sash, and carried his wand of office. In the Long Gallery two tables, one at each end of the apartment, covered with green cloth, were set out. The clerks of the House of Commons were in attendance, and the members, who had begun to make their appearance some time before, now assembled in the Long Gallery.

The Lord Steward, having passed up the Long Gallery, took his station at the centre of the table furthest from the entrance. The Speaker, who had come as a private individual, then presented himself to take the oaths of allegiance to his Majesty King George the Fourth. The oaths having been administered, the Right Hon. Gentleman left the gallery, and proceeded to the Speaker's apartments. The other members present were then immediately sworn.

The Speaker and the first members having been sworn, the attendance of the Lord Steward was no longer necessary, and his Lordship soon retired.—Mr. Brogden took his place, and many other members were immediately sworn.

At ten minutes after twelve the lobby was ordered to be cleared, and it was expected that the Speaker would immediately pass to the House in the usual way. Some delay occurred, but at thirty-five minutes after twelve, the Speaker, in his ordinary costume as Speaker, proceeded to the House. The Serjeant at Arms, with the mace, went before him in the usual form, but the Right Hon. Gentleman was unaccompanied by his chaplain and train-bearer.

After entering the House, and taking the chair, the Speaker took the oaths, entered his name on the roll, and called on the members present to be sworn at the table. This was immediately done, and at one o'clock a sufficient number were sworn to make a House.

The members continued to be sworn in till ten minutes after four, when the House adjourned till next day (Feb. 1), which was occupied in a similar manner. On Wednesday, the 2d, they again assembled; when the following proceedings took place:—

House of Lords, Feb. 2.

The following peers took the oaths and their seats, viz. the Duke of Gloucester, the Marquisses of Winchester and Anglesea, the Earls of Macclesfield, Powis, and Harrowby, Lord Napier, and the Bishop of Exeter.

On the motion of the Earl of Liverpool, the House adjourned to Thursday, the 17th instant.

House of Commons.

The Speaker took the chair at half-past three o'clock; Lord Castlereagh, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Lushington, Mr. Wellesley Pole, and Lord Palmerston, together with several other members, took the oaths.

Lord Castlereagh then rose to move the adjournment of the House till Thursday, the 17th instant. The good feelings of every honourable member who heard him rendered it unnecessary, he was sure, to say one word on the propriety of such a proceeding.—(*Hear*). It had always been the uniform practice of Parliament to suspend their deliberations in cases of public calamity similar to that with which the nation was now visited; and he was sure it was the anxious wish of that House, and of the whole country, that this precedent should be adhered to on the present occasion.—(*Hear*). He, therefore, proposed that they should now adjourn till Thursday, the 17th instant; and on their re-assembling on that day, arrangements would be made for the resumption of business.

The House accordingly adjourned, at a quarter past four o'clock, till Thursday, the 17th instant.

We pass now to other forms and circumstances connected with the accession of the new Monarch.

On Monday, the 31st, the following *Gazette Extraordinary* was published:

Whitehall, January 31.

On Saturday afternoon, at thirty-five minutes past eight o'clock, our most gracious Sovereign King George the Third, whose strength had gradually declined for some weeks, expired without the least apparent suffering, at his Castle of Windsor, in the eighty-second year of his age, and the sixtieth of his reign. No sovereign ever possessed in a higher degree the veneration and affection of his subjects, and their grief for his loss is only abated by the unhappy malady which has precluded his Majesty from directing the measures of his government during the nine latter years of his glorious reign.

Upon the news of this melancholy event arriving in London, the Lords of the Privy Council assembled yesterday

at Carlton-house, and gave orders for proclaiming his present Majesty, who made a most gracious declaration to them, and caused all the Lords and others of the late King's Privy Council, who were then present, to be sworn of his Majesty's Privy Council.

And this day, about noon, his Majesty was proclaimed, first before Carlton-house, where the officers of state, nobility, and privy councillors, were present, with the officers of arms, all being on foot. Then the officers, being mounted on horseback, the like was done at Charing-cross, within Temple-bar, at the end of Wood-street, in Cheapside, and lastly at the Royal Exchange, with the usual solemnities; the principal officers of state, a great number of the nobility, and of other persons of distinction, attended during the whole ceremony.

[Here follows the Proclamation, which is given above.]

At the Court at Carlton-house, the 30th day of January, 1820, present, the King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council:

His Majesty being this day present in council, was pleased to make the following declaration, viz.

"I have directed that you should be assembled here, in order that I may discharge the painful duty of announcing to you the death of the King, my beloved father.

"It is impossible for me adequately to express the state of my feelings upon this melancholy occasion, but I have the consolation of knowing, that the severe calamity with which his Majesty has been afflicted for so many years, has never effaced from the minds of his subjects the impressions created by his many virtues, and his example will, I am persuaded, live for ever in the grateful remembrance of his country.

"Called upon, in consequence of his Majesty's indisposition, to exercise the prerogatives of the Crown on his behalf, it was the first wish of my heart to be allowed to restore into his hands the powers with which I was entrusted. It has pleased Almighty God to determine otherwise, and I have not been insensible to the advantages which I have derived from administering, in my dear father's name, the government of this realm.

"The support which I have received from parliament and the country in times the most eventful, and under the most arduous circumstances, could alone inspire me with that confidence which my present station demands.

"The experience of the past, will, I trust, satisfy all classes of my people, that it will ever be my most anxious endeavour to promote their prosperity and happiness, and to maintain, unimpaired, the religion, laws, and liberties of the kingdom."

Whereupon the Lords of the Council made it their humble request to his Majesty, that this his Majesty's most gracious declaration to their Lordships might be made public; which his Majesty was pleased to order accordingly. JAS. BULLER.

At the Court at Carlton-house, the 30th of January, 1820, present the King's most excellent Majesty:

The Duke of York	Bishop of London
The Duke of Clarence	Rt. Hon. the Speaker
The Duke of Sussex	Rt. Hon. Sir W. Scott
The D. of Gloucester	Rt. Hon. Sir W. Grant
Pr. Ld. of Saxe Coburg	Rt. Hon. T. Wallace
Archbp. of Canterbury	Rt. Hon. N. Vansittart
The Ld. Chancellor	Rt. Hon. C. Arbuthnot
The Duke of Athol	Rt. Hon. Sir J. Nicoll
The Duke of Montrose	Rt. H. F. G. Robinson
Marquis Wellesley	Rt. Hon. Robert Peel
Marquis Camden	Rt. Hon. W. S. Bourne
Earl of Lauderdale	Rt. Hon. Chas. Bagot
Earl of Chatham	Rt. H. Sir R. Richards
Earl Bathurst	Rt. H. Sir B. Bloomfield
Earl of Liverpool	Rt. H. Sir John Leach
Earl of Mulgrave	Rt. H. Sir Chas. Abbott
Viscount Melville	Rt. H. Sir Robt. Dallas
Viscount Sidmouth	

His Majesty, at his first coming into the Council, was this day pleased to declare, that understanding that the law requires he should, at his accession to the crown, take and subscribe the oath relating to the security of the church of Scotland, he was now ready to do it this first opportunity, which his Majesty was graciously pleased to do according to the forms used by the law of Scotland, and subscribed two instruments thereof, in the presence of the Lords of the Council, who witnessed the same; and his Majesty was pleased to order, that one of the said instruments be transmitted to the court of session, to be recorded in the books of Sederunt, and afterwards to be forthwith lodged in the public register of Scotland; and that the other of them remain among the records of the Council, and be entered in the Council-book.

Having thus detailed all the forms which were gone through by the new Monarch himself, it now only remains to describe the ceremony of proclaiming in the metropolis. This took place on Monday, the 31st of January. It would have been performed on the preceding day (Sunday), according to the ancient usage of proclaiming the accession of a new sovereign on the day immediately succeeding the demise of his predecessor; but in this instance it was necessary to depart from that custom, Sunday being

the anniversary of the martyrdom of Charles I., which is observed by statute as a solemn fast, in the ritual of the church service.

PROCLAMATION OF THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE IV.

At half-past 10 o'clock on Monday, January the 31st a guard of honour, preceded by the band of the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards, marched into the court-yard of the King's Palace, in Pall-Mall. Soon after, a detachment of the Life Guards arrived in Pall-Mall and Waterloo-place, opposite the palace. The extraordinary serenity of the weather seemed an auspicious omen to the commencement of the reign of our illustrious Monarch, and had collected together an immense concourse of people round the palace and streets adjacent: the windows of the houses were filled with elegantly dressed company, to see the procession, and hear the Proclamation of his MAJESTY, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain &c. There were also assembled Sir Nathaniel Conant, the chief magistrate of the police, with a numerous assemblage of police officers, the gentlemen porters, the livery servants in their state liveries, and the porters at the gates with their grand sashes and staves. The distinguished personages assembled to witness this important ceremony were—

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of York, the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, the Duke of Gloucester, Prince Leopold, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Montrose, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Hertford, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Earl Bathurst, the Earl of Liverpool, the Earl of Mulgrave, Earl Cathcart, Viscount Sidmouth, Viscount Melville, Mr. Canning, Mr. W. Dundas, Mr. T. Wallace, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir J. Nicoll, Mr. Wellesley Pole, Mr. Beckett, the Lord Chancellor, who appeared in his full robes, holding the seals of Great Britain in the state purse, the Vice-Chancellor, &c. &c.

Precisely at twelve o'clock, a royal salute was fired in St. James's Park, announcing the Accession of GEORGE IV. to the throne of England. At the same time, the above distinguished personages having assembled under the portico of the grand entrance to the palace, and being all uncovered, Sir Isaac Heard, the garter king at arms, appeared in the full dress of his office, on the right of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, holding his official staff and the proclamation agreed upon by his Majesty in Council on Sunday, which he read aloud, and the concluding sentence of "God save the King," was heartily repeated by the Royal and distinguished personages surrounding him. Sir Isaac Heard is now 90 years of age, and it is a remarkable circumstance, that this venerable gentleman acted in his official capacity at the funeral of George II. and also at the proclamation and coronation of George III. Immediately after the reading of the Proclamation, the trumpets and trombones, to the number of twenty, played the *Jubilee March*. The trumpeters were habited in their splendid gold-lace dresses, and preceded by the deputy-serjeant trumpeter: after which, the band of the guard of honour played "God save the King;" and at its conclusion, the drums and fifes only played *King George's March*. During the performance of the above national music, the whole of the military, both horse and foot, presented arms, accompanied by repeated shouts of "God save the King!" with the waving of their swords, &c. and the immense concourse of people, who seemed impatient to evince the ebullition of their feelings, joined simultaneously in the patriotic shout with such well-aimed precision, that a fugleman could not more effectually have directed their rejoicings. These reiterated acclamations were accompanied by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and every other demonstration of joy which they could evince towards our present beloved Monarch. The procession then began to move, from the King's palace-yard to Charing-Cross, in the following order.

Farriers of the Horse Grenadier Guards, with axes erect.
Beadles of St. Martin's Parish.
Constables.
High Bailiff of Westminster.
High Constable of Westminster.
Troop of Horse Grenadier Guards.
Two Knight Marshal's Officers.
Knight Marshal.
Knight Marshal's Men.
Household Drums.
Kettle Drums and Trumpets.
Pursuivants at Arms.
King-at-Arms, supported by two Sergeants-at-Arms, with their Maces.
Herald, with the Proclamation.
Kettle Drums and Trumpets.
Troop of Horse Guards.

The second Proclamation took place at Charing-Cross, which according to etiquette, would have been read by the next in rank to Sir Isaac Heard, G. Harrison, Esq. clarencieux king at arms;

but that gentleman being indisposed, it was read by R. Bigland, Esq. norroy king at arms.

The procession again moved on up the Strand, towards Temple-bar. The shops were all shut, and the same lively assemblage of the populace was every where to be observed. While matters were thus situated at the west end of the town, preparations were likewise going forward in the city to meet the procession at Temple-bar, and to usher it within the gates.

The city procession was in waiting at the corner of Chancery-lane. The upper city marshal, Mr. Wontner, was sent forward to the gate at Temple-bar by the Lord Mayor, intimation having been given to his lordship that there was a loud knocking at the gate, and a demand of admittance from some persons outside.

Mr. Wontner went to the gate and said, "Who knocks?"

Voice outside—"The herald king at arms. I attend with a warrant to proclaim King George the Fourth. Open your gates."

City Marshal—"I shall inform the Lord Mayor that you are in waiting at the gate."

The marshal then rode back to the Lord Mayor, and having informed him that the herald king at arms was in waiting for admission, to proclaim GEORGE the FOURTH, King of England, was directed by his Lordship to give the admission required, which was to be limited to the herald king at arms. The marshal, upon going to the gates, said to the officers—"Open one side of the gates, and admit the herald king at arms, and him alone. The rest are to stay behind." The herald king at arms then rode in, supported by two of the guard, and was accompanied by the city marshal to the Lord Mayor's carriage. The gate was then closed. The herald king at arms, with his hat on, presented the warrant for proclaiming the new King. The Lord Mayor immediately upon receiving this warrant said, "Admit the whole procession into our city of London."

The united procession next proceeded through the City, in the following order:

The Officers at Arms as before.
City Drum.
Trumpets.
Sheriffs' Officers.
City Music.
Two City Marshals.
Lord Mayor's Officers.
Lord Mayor, in a State Coach.

ALDERMEN:	
Sir William Curtis	C. Smith, esq.
Sir John Eamer	John Atkins, esq.
Sir John Perring	C. Magnay, esq.
Sir James Shaw	R. A. Cox, esq.
George Scholey, esq.	J. T. Thorp, esq.
Samuel Birch, esq.	R. Rothwell, esq.

And Matthew Wood, esq.
The Recorder.
The two Sheriffs.
The Chamberlain.
Town Clerk.
Troop of Life Guards.

The whole procession now advanced till it reached the middle of Fleet-street, opposite to Chancery-lane, where the proclamation was read aloud. Loud huzzas succeeded the reading of the proclamation, and handkerchiefs and hats were waved in the air. The procession, which had become considerably greater by the addition from Westminster, then advanced into the city, and reached Wood-street, Cheapside, with very little interruption. At the south side of Wood-street, in the centre of Cheapside, it stopped, and the proclamation was again read.

The cavalcade then moved on to the Royal Exchange, where the same ceremony was observed.

After having left the Royal Exchange, advanced to Aldgate-pump, where it made a short pause, after which it returned to the Mansion-house, through Fenchurch street and Lombard-street. The Lord Mayor and aldermen here separated from that part of the procession which had been admitted at the gate, and retired to partake of a sumptuous collation which was provided for them. The remainder of the procession then returned to Westminster in the same order as it came. Bands of music preceded the state carriage, and played for the most part during the procession "*God save the King.*"

Thus ended this splendid pageant.

We have narrated, at great length, these proceedings, not only on account of their intrinsic curiosity and interest, but because we think it desirable that a permanent record of them should be preserved. Our remaining remarks must, however, be very brief. We abstain from entering into any view of his late Majesty's character, or selecting any of those anecdotes by which it would be illustrated. Our readers will find, in the first article of the present number, ample justice done to that part of the subject. For a similar reason, we omit all notice of the funeral, a description of that so-

lemn and sublime ceremony being separately given elsewhere.

In the midst of the grief felt by the nation, at the melancholy occurrence of two royal deaths happening in the short space of a single week, the greatest alarm was felt by the severe illness of his Majesty, George IV. There was a period, indeed, (during the night of the 2nd inst.) in which there existed a dreadful probability of witnessing the demise even of the new monarch; but, happily, this calamity was spared to the country. His Majesty's complaint was a violent inflammation of the lungs, which yielded only to the most copious bleedings, above one hundred ounces of blood being taken within two days.

Parliament assembled again on the 17th, pursuant to the adjournment, when a message was sent down to both Houses by his Majesty, acquainting them with the royal intention of dissolving Parliament, as soon as certain measures were passed which the immediate exigencies of the public service required. These measures were chiefly the voting a provisional sum of 200,000l. for the expences of the Civil List, and passing a Bill for continuing the Mutiny Act to the 25th of June, which would otherwise expire on the 25th of March. At the moment of writing this account, it is understood to be the intention of ministers to dissolve Parliament by proclamation on the 28th.

An attempt was made by the House and Mr. Tierney, to drag into discussion the delicate and important question of the Queen Consort; but the evident impropriety of entering upon the subject in any premature manner, was so strongly felt by all sides of the House, that the attempt proved completely abortive. We shall not, of course, agitate the matter at present. A time will soon come when it may be done without violating that delicacy which is due to such a topic. The omission of the name of the Princess, as Queen, in the Litargy, clearly indicates the intention, and, indeed, involves the necessity of some ulterior proceedings. What may be the precise nature of those proceedings, we profess not to know; but we are satisfied they will be such as to convince the country, that the King has sacrificed to public considerations, those rights, which, as a private individual, he would eagerly have asserted. It was said, and truly, that a difference of opinion upon the subject existed between his Majesty and the ministers. The latter, however, firmly adhered to the only course that could be attended with any advantage, and his Majesty, fortunately, became convinced of the wisdom of their advice. This is all that we can permit ourselves to say at the present moment.

We had written thus far, when our minds were paralyzed with horror, at the sudden disclosure of one of the most sanguinary, the most diabolical plots that ever disgraced the annals of any country. But we have neither time nor space for comment. All that we can do, is to snatch a small portion of our digest, to give a general outline of the tremendous villany:—

For some time past it had been known to his Majesty's Government, that an attempt at the assassination of his Majesty's ministers was meditating, and that Arthur Thistlewood was at the bottom of it. On Tuesday, the 22nd, certain advice was received, that the attempt was to be made on the following evening, at the Earl of Harrowby's, in Grosvenor-square. It is supposed that the Earl of Harrowby's was fixed upon, because, being nearer the outlet from London than the residence of any other of the Cabinet Ministers (Lord Westmoreland's excepted, who lives in the same square), escape out of town, after the attempt had been made, would have been more easy. Be this as it may, the conspirators, as soon as they had ascertained that the Cabinet dinner was to be held there, lost no time in arranging their dreadful and diabolical project.

The place chosen to arrange finally their proceedings, to collect their force, and to arm themselves, was near the Edgeware-road. John-street is a short distance on the road, and intersected by another street, called Cato-street.

Cato-street is rather an obscure street, and inhabited by persons in an humble class of life; it runs from John-street into Queen-street, and is parallel with Newnham-street. It is open at one end for the admission of carriages, but is closed by posts at the other. The premises occupied by the conspirators consisted of a three-stall stable, with a loft above, in a very dilapidated condition. They are, we understand, the property of Gen. Watson, and have been recently in the possession of an old servant of his, who had turned cow-keeper. From this man they had been engaged by some of the diabolical crew whose machinations have been so happily discovered. The people in Cato-street were utterly ignorant that the stable was let until Wednesday, when several persons were seen

to go in and out, and carefully to lock the door after them. Some of these individuals carried sacks, and parcels of various descriptions.

For two or three hours previous to their entrance, the police-officers were on the spot, making their observations, but still no suspicion was excited of the real object of their attack; and so well was the plan of surprise laid, that, until the discharge of fire-arms was heard, every thing remained perfectly quiet.

Thus accurately informed of the intentions of the conspirators, warrants were issued to apprehend them while they were assembled. These warrants were put into the hands of the police-officers, under the able direction of Mr. Birnie, the magistrate. A detachment of the Coldstream Guards, from Portman-street barracks, were also ordered to accompany the police-officers. They proceeded to the place of meeting in Cato-street, the police-officers proceeding first, for the Guards did not come up quite so soon as the officers, having entered the street at the wrong end. The conspirators had taken the precaution to place a sentinel below, and the only approach to them in the loft was up a ladder, not wide enough for more than one to ascend it at a time. Ruthven went first, followed by three other officers, Ellis, Smithers, and Salmon. The whole number of conspirators in the room was twenty-five. Before the officers ascended the loft, they secured the sentinel placed at the foot of the ladder, but we suspect he contrived by some means to give those in the loft notice of the approach of the officers. The whole party in the loft were hastily arming, some with belts, and pistols stuck in them; others were loading hand-grenades and muskets. There was a large quantity of ammunition in the room, and a sack full of combustibles. Ruthven, the officer, was the first that burst into the loft. Thistlewood was nearest the door with a drawn sword; he made some attempt at Ruthven, but failed. Ellis, Smithers, Salmon, and others, followed close, with the magistrate, Mr. Birnie. The conspirators were ordered to lay down their arms, and to surrender themselves, warrants being issued for their apprehension: while Ruthven was trying to secure the door so as to prevent escape that way, Smithers advanced to secure Thistlewood. The latter immediately made a lunge at the officer, which unfortunately took a fatal effect. The sword went through his body, and Smithers fell back instantly into Ruthven's arms, crying out, "Oh, God I am ——." He spoke no more, but died instantly. Thistlewood then called to his party to put out the lights. Ruthven, on Smithers falling into his arms, pointed a pocket-pistol at Thistlewood, which missed fire. Ellis then discharged his, and missed him. The Guards arrived about the time Thistlewood murdered Smithers; Capt. Fitzclarence headed them, and when they entered the loft it was filled with smoke, so that objects were not discernible. One of the ruffians made a dash at the Captain, and another pointed a pistol at him, which he was on the point of firing, when a serjeant of the Guards, named Legge, rushing forward to put the pistol aside, received the fire in his arm, which was wounded, but in a slanting direction; shots were exchanged between the officers, the Guards, and the conspirators, for some minutes, but it is not known whether any of the latter were wounded. One of the officers was wounded in the forehead. In the confusion of the scene, and in the darkness, (for the candles were put out, and there was no light but what was produced for a moment by the flash of pistols,) fourteen or fifteen of the conspirators made their escape by a back-window. Thistlewood escaped in this way. Nine of the conspirators were taken. These nine were immediately handcuffed, and sent off under a strong escort to Bow-street. The loft was then searched, and all the arms and ammunition taken off with the prisoners. There was a quantity sufficient to arm 100 persons.

As soon as the prisoners reached Bow-street with the officers and Guards, Mr. Birnie proceeded to examine them; after which the prisoners were sent off to prison. Lord Sidmouth was in the mean time actively employed at his office in giving the necessary directions. As soon as Thistlewood's escape was known, the following *Extraordinary Gazette* was ordered to be published forthwith, offering a large reward for his apprehension:—

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Thursday, Feb. 24.

Whitehall, Feb. 23.

"Whereas Arthur Thistlewood stands charged with high treason, and also with the wilful murder of Richard Smithers, a reward of One Thousand Pounds is hereby offered to any person or persons who shall discover and apprehend, or cause to be discovered and apprehended, the said Arthur Thistlewood, to be paid by the Lords Com-

missioners of his Majesty's Treasury, upon his being apprehended and lodged in any of his majesty's gaols. And all persons are hereby cautioned upon their allegiance not to receive or harbour the said Arthur Thistlewood, as any person offending herein will be thereby guilty of high treason.

"SIDMOUTH.

"The abovenamed Arthur Thistlewood is about 48 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches high, has a sallow complexion, long visage, dark hair (a little gray), dark hazle eyes and arched eyebrows, a wide mouth, and a good set of teeth, has a scar under his right jaw, is slender made, and has the appearance of a military man; was born in Lincolnshire, and apprenticed to an apothecary at Newark; usually wears a long blue coat and blue pantaloons, and has been a lieutenant in the militia."

This *Gazette* was published at three o'clock on Thursday morning. Officers were sent in different directions to secure such of the conspirators as had escaped, particularly Thistlewood. A privy council was also ordered to be summoned for noon, before which the prisoners were to be examined.

The horrible plan was, it is said, to have been executed in the following manner: — Thistlewood was to have knocked at Lord Harrowby's door, with a letter, purporting to be a dispatch, or with a red box, as is used in all the public offices, desiring it to be delivered immediately to the cabinet ministers at dinner, without delay. The servant, it was supposed, would immediately proceed with the dispatch, while Thistlewood, with another of the conspirators, entered the hall as if to wait. They were immediately to open the street-door, others were to come in with hand-grenades, which were to be thrown into the house, and in the confusion produced by them all the rest of the conspirators were to rush into the dining-room, where the ministers were at dinner, and the work of assassination was to have been instantly begun.

In the mean time the Police had received information of Thistlewood's hiding-place; and, early on Thursday morning the 24th Lavender, Bishop, Ruthven, and Salmon, with several inferior officers, proceeded to No 8, White-street, Type-street, Finsbury-square—a kind of lodging-house, kept by a woman named Harris. Most of the officers dispersed themselves through the upper part of this house but Bishop remained below, on the ground-floor. There were four doors in the passage, opening into four separate apartments, two on the right hand and two on the left, and Bishop observed that one of these had a window looking into the back part of the premises, the shutters of which were closed. The door was locked, and it immediately occurred to him that Thistlewood was concealed in this room. He instantly called the landlady of the house, Mrs. Harris, and peremptorily demanded the key. After some little hesitation she produced it, and Bishop, directly applying it to the lock, gently opened the door; and by the light admitted through an aperture in the shutter, he saw the gaunt countenance of Thistlewood, just raised above the blankets which covered him, upon a wretched bed. He had all his clothes on, except his coat. Bishop instantly advanced, with a pistol in one hand and his staff of office in the other, exclaiming, "Mr. Thistlewood, I have a warrant for your apprehension," and then instantly throwing himself upon his prisoner, grasped both his wrists. Thistlewood said, "I shall make no resistance;" but, by this time, the other officers had entered the apartment, and he was secured and handcuffed. It did not appear that he was prepared to offer any resistance, no arms of any kind being found in the apartment; but, in his waistcoat pocket, several ball cartridges, pistol bullets, and flints, were found. He was then placed in a hackney coach, which had been waiting in the neighbourhood by a previous arrangement. Lavender, Bishop, Ruthven, and Salmon, also took their seats in the coach, and drove to Bow-street. Whilst he was in the act of being put into the coach, a considerable crowd collected, and they followed for some distance, with hisses and execration; many persons pointing into the coach, and crying out, "Hang the villain! Hang him!"

On their arrival at Bow-street, Mr. Conant, Colonel Trelawney Brereton, and several other magistrates were on the Bench, in the public Justice Room; and, for a moment, the prisoner was taken into this apartment; but, immediately after, he was taken into the private office at the front, where Mr. Birnie, Mr. Chambers, and other Gentlemen were assembled. Thistlewood is much altered in his personal appearance of late. He never was a very comely man, but now he looked care-worn and exhausted; and though he affected to appear firm and unmoved, yet there was a ghastliness in his countenence, and a restless anxiety in his eye, which manifested a spirit perturbed in the extreme. Whilst

the officers were relating the circumstances of his arrest to the magistrates, he stood by the fire, his hands still manacled, and seemed to listen to all they said with the most intense anxiety: a hectic flush shooting over his face as the different instruments of destruction which had been found were mentioned or brought into view. He was dressed in a thread-bare black coat and waistcoat; corduroy breeches, much worn, and shabby dark-coloured worsted stockings, with worn-out rusty shoes. He was asked no questions here, nor did he speak at all; but the worthy magistrate having satisfied himself as to the identity of his person, sent him off instantly to be examined before the privy council. He was taken there in the same hackney coach, and in the custody of the same officers who had brought him from White-street; and as the coach drove off from the door of the office, the croud, which by this time filled the street, uttered loud cries of execration. Mr. Birnie, instantly followed in another coach. They arrived at Whitehall before the council had assembled. In the mean time Thistlewood was seated in the porter's hall, between Lavender and Bishop, Ruthven and Salmon standing near him, and ten or twelve more officers stationed in different parts of the hall. There was also a serjeant's guard of soldiers in the hall and the lodge adjoining. Thistlewood, whilst waiting in this place, inquired of the officers the names of the different members of the council, as they passed through. "Who is that? Is'nt that Lord Castlereagh? That is the Lord Chancellor, I believe, isn't it?" &c. By half past one o'clock the following privy counsellors had arrived:—the Earls of Harrowby, Liverpool, and Westmoreland, the Duke of Wellington, Lords Castlereagh, Sidmouth, and Melville, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Canning, Sir Willian Scott, Sir Samuel Sheppard, Mr. Wellesley Pole, Mr. Bragge Bathurst, the Lord Chancellor, and many other members of the council. Mr. Birnie and Mr. Baker, of the Marlborough-street Police, were in attendance. Shortly after, the officers were directed to bring in their prisoner, and Thistlewood was instantly placed before their Lordships, when the Lord Chancellor addressed him as follows:—"Mr. Thistlewood, you stand charged with the two-fold crime of high treason and of murder.—Have you any thing to say?" Thistlewood replied firmly "I have nothing to say, at present." He was then removed to the porter's hall again; and, in a few minutes, Mr. Baker delivered his commitment to the officers; who instantly conveyed him to the House of Correction, Cold-Bath Fields. In his way there he appeared particularly anxious to now when he should be sent to the Tower, and the officers, taking advantage of the opportunity he had thus given, of making inquiries in return, asked him what he had meant to do with the ball cartridges found in his pocket? To which he hastily replied—"It wo'nt do, Mr. Bishop, I shall answer no questions." He was safely lodged in the prison about half past two o'clock, and, in the mean time, the nine prisoners, committed from Bow-street the night before were taken before the council, and evidence at some length received against them. At the close of their examination, they were taken back to the House of Correction under a strong escort of the Life Guards.

Here we must conclude our details of this monstrous conspiracy for the present. Before our next Digest shall appear, it is more than probable the conspirators will have been tried and executed; for we hope no unnecessary delay will be allowed to intervene between the detection and the punishment of their guilt. A terrible example should be made of them, and the blow that smites them should fall swiftly.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

The assassination of the Duke de Berri, on the night of the 12th of February, as he was quitting the opera, in Paris, with his Duchess, is a theme upon which we could expatiate, were we not overwhelmed by the magnitude and importance of our own domestic events during the last month. It has already been productive of great consequences, and we are much deceived if greater do not yet follow. The assassin (whose name is Louval,) obstinately persists, indeed, in denying that he had any accomplices. We do not believe it. We are firmly persuaded, not only from the public accounts which have appeared, but from private communications which we have received, that the death of the Duke de Berri was merely the first scene of a direful tragedy meditated against the Bourbon dynasty. But we cannot now press this argument further, because, to show the foundations upon which it rests would lead us into a wide and intricate view of French politics. Events, perhaps, will render such a view unnecessary before our next number. We

shall only add that the Count de Cazes, that extraordinary minister, has at last been driven from his post; but not with disgrace; at least so far as royal favour can shield a minister from public odium. He has been created a duke, a minister of state, and appointed ambassador to this country. The Duke de Richelieu succeeds him as president of the council. Who is to be his successor, as minister of the interior, is not yet known. Probably M. Lainé.

The insurrection in Spain is still unsuppressed; but the insurgents have done little else than maintain themselves in their first position before Cadiz. Whether this city will fall into their hands, or whether the king will be able to muster a loyal and faithful force sufficiently strong to subdue them, are both of them very problematical points. One thing we think is certain; that they will not now be conquered with the same facility as at the outset of the insurrection. They have had nearly two months to organise their plans and consolidate their resources; and no doubt they have employed their time well.

USEFUL ARTS.

NEW INVENTIONS.

Steam Carriages.—The application of steam engines to the impelling of carriages on the public roads, has hitherto been considered as a refinement in mechanics, rather to be wished for, than a matter of reasonable expectation. The locomotive engine was first employed for this purpose by Messrs. Trevethick and Vivian, in 1802, and by the application of their patent apparatus to an engine having an eight inch cylinder, they were enabled to draw ten tons of coal at the rate of five miles per hour.

An engine, on a nearly similar principle, has lately been constructed in Ireland, for the purpose of impelling a new stage coach; and the proprietor has published a certificate, signed by two engineers, stating they had tried the vehicle in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, and that it impelled a coach loaded with a weight of nearly four tons, at the rate of twenty English miles per hour. It is steered with ease by one man, and is not so liable to accident as a carriage drawn by horses.

Blowing Machine.—A novel exhibition was lately witnessed at the Society of Arts, by the Mechanical Committee of that useful institution, with an ingenious model of a blowing machine, for the use of anchor-smiths and iron-founders, by the use of which both iron and brass were literally cast in the society's room.

NEW PATENTS.

Patent granted to Augustus Siebe, *No.* 6, *Crown-street, Soho, for an improved Weighing Machine.* Dated April 5, 1819.

The weighing machine consists of a box or frame, of any convenient shape and size, containing a spring or springs, of an oval form, thick at the top and bottom, and gradually diminishing in substance towards the sides; or, instead of an oval form, the spring or springs may be bent in various shapes, so that the effect of an endless spring be preserved, which is the leading principle of the invention. The spring is to be attached at the upper side to the handle or pendant of the machine, (having a joint or not, at pleasure) which passes through the rim of the box or frame; and also the spring must be attached to the lower side, to a pendant rod, with a hook or ring at bottom for the purpose of suspending a scale weight, or power. At the upper end of the last-mentioned pendant-rod is an arm, connected with a lever, which is fixed upon the centre arbor; which arbor carries a hand or index, moving upon a dial-plate, and indicating the weight or power exerted by the pull of the pendant-rod, and the consequent lateral extension of the spring. Or instead of the aforesaid lever, a tooth-rack may be applied, attached to the pendant-rod, to work in a pinion upon the centre arbor; and by the pull of the pendant-rod this rack will cause the hand or index to point out the weight which is applied. At the bottom or heel of the rack is a small spring, to keep the rack acting upon the pinion for the purpose of regulating or giving additional power to the main spring or springs, which may, under some circumstances, be necessary. Place a small spring, acting against the main spring, so as to give strength or support to it, in the event of its elongating or altering its power of action.

A great variety of form may be adopted to effect the purpose of regulating the power. The dial-plate is to be attached to the box or frame, by means of a groove cut in the inside of the box, there being several openings, to admit the cocks upon the dial-plate to drop into and turn round within the groove.

The machine is also applicable to ascertaining the speed of a ship or boat, on its passage, for which purpose suspend it in a carriage that enables the machine to move in every direction, by means of two standards, with pivots, for the vertical motion of the carriage, and a centre pin, or axis, attached to the box, falling into a socket in the carriage for the horizontal motion of the machine. This being done, a line is attached to the ring at the lower end of the

pendant rod, and a float (of a conical or any other desirable form), at the other end of the said line falling into the water, meets with a resistance in passing through the water proportionally to the velocity of the vessel, this resistance acting upon the spring or springs within the machine by the means before described, the weight or force which is commensurate to the velocity of the vessel's motion, will be indicated by the hand upon the dial-plate, which has graduated divisions, suited to this purpose. The dial-plates used for weighing or ascertaining power, as well as those for indicating the velocity of a ship's motion, must be divided from actual experiment; as the elasticity and power vary in springs, as well as the weight and buoyancy of floats, no determinate rule or scale can be laid down for making the divisions upon the dial-plate.

Specification of the Patent granted to HENRY PETER FULLER, *of Piccadilly, Apothecary; for an Improvement in the Method of producing or preparing Sulphate of Soda, Soda, Sub-carbonate of Soda, and Muriatic Acid.* Dated April 3, 1819.

I do hereby declare, that the nature of my said invention is particularly described in manner following, that is to say: A solution of muriate of soda, prepared either by dissolving muriate of soda in hot or cold water, or evaporating sea-water, and which solution may contain any quantity of muriate of soda, that is or may be soluble in water, is to be mixed with a solution of sulphate of iron, in such quantity, that there shall be forty-seven parts and a quarter, or thereabouts, of the sulphate of iron, to twenty parts, or thereabouts, of the muriate of soda. These materials, so combined, are to be submitted to heat, so as to evaporate nearly the whole of the water: the remaining mass, or quantity, is then to be exposed to a full red heat, in a retort of cast iron, or of any other material that is capable of bearing the fire (but the particular form or size of the retorts I do not feel necessary to specify, as that is not of importance for the performance of the process), for the purposes of distilling over the muriatic acid, which will be separated by the heat from the aforesaid mass or residue left from the above mentioned solutions of muriate of soda and sulphate of iron, but which solutions after they have been mixed as above directed, will be found to be changed, or nearly so, into solutions of muriate of iron and sulphate of soda—and which muriatic acid is to be received into a condensing receiver, containing any quantity of water, but the form of such condensing receivers I do not think it necessary to specify. When the whole of the acid, or nearly so, has been drawn over, the residue, which will be found to contain sulphate of soda and oxyd of iron, partly, or almost entirely, in a micaceous form, with some trifling quantity of muriate of soda, muriate of iron, and sulphate of iron, must be dissolved either in hot or cold water, and filtered to separate the oxyd of iron. The mode or modes of dissolving the mass, and filtering the solution I do not feel at all necessary to specify, as any peculiar mode is unimportant, and the manner of doing it will occur to any one accustomed to such operations. The solution of sulphate of soda is now to be mixed with a solution of caustic or pure barytes, and then dissolving it in water, in such quantity or quantities, that there shall be to every twenty parts of muriate soda, or thereabouts, used in the first part of the process, twenty-seven parts, or thereabouts, of pure or caustic barytes; the produce of this will be pure, or nearly pure soda and sulphate of barytes; the soda is now to be separated from the sulphate of barytes by filtration or any other method; but any peculiar mode or manner is not necessary to be specified. If the sub-carbonate of soda is to be prepared, the solution of pure soda is to be combined with the carbonic acid, expelled from carbonate of barytes, or carbonate of lime, by burning or calcining them, or by any other method; but the manner of adding the carbonic acid I do not claim to be peculiar, excepting as above specified. The above are the proportions I usually employ; but I reserve to myself the privilege of using them in any proportions I may hereafter think proper, or that may answer the same purpose.

PATENTS LATELY GRANTED.

FRANCIS FOX, the younger, of Derby, doctor in physic, for a method of facilitating and ensuring the discharge of fire-arms and artillery of every description.—Jan. 15, 1820.

JOHN LEBERECHT STEINHAUSER, of Moffat Terrace, City-road; for an improvement on portable lanterns, or lamps, applicable to various purposes.—Jan. 15, 1820.

JAMES THON, of Wells-street, St. Mary-le-bone, piano-forte-maker, and WILLIAM ALLEN, of Castle-street, in the same parish; for an improvement in piano-fortes.—Jan. 15, 1820.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

Communicated by Mr. ADAMS, Edmonton, Middlesex.

Latitude, 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude, 3′ 51″ W.

THE thermometer is noted at the extremes from the cold of the preceding night and the warmth of the day. The cold is ascertained by a self-registering thermometer, three feet from the ground, and the warmth from a thermometer exposed to the north, in the shade, twelve feet from the ground.

REPORT FOR JANUARY.

1819.	Ther.	Bar	Wind	Gen. Remarks
Dec 23	52	29·46	N.W.	Cloudy
	36	29 52	N.W	Clear
24	28	29·56	S.W.	Clear
	36	29 50	S.W.	Cloudy
25	25	29·32	N.W.	Clear
	35	29·64	N.W.	Cloudy
26	21	29·60	S.W.	Clear
	32	29·70	S.	Foggy
27	22	29·66	E.S.	Clear
	33	29·67	E.S.	Cloudy
28	26	29 67	N.E.	Cloudy
	35	29·72	N.E.	Snow
29	25	29 74	N.	Cloudy
	32	29·84	N.	Cloudy
30	21	29·72	S.W.	Clear
	33	29·62	S.	Cloudy
31	18	29·37	N.E.	Cloudy
	28	29·32	S.W.	Clear
1820.				
Jan. 1	13	29·60	N.	Cloudy
	29	29·72	W.S.	Clear
2	17	29 80	S.W.	Foggy
	40	29·66	S.	Foggy
3	31	29 67	N.	Rain.
	25	30·15	N.	Snow
4	19	30·26	N.W.	Cloudy
	29	stat.	S.W.	Cloudy
5	14	30·31	S.W.	Foggy
	24	30·35	S.W.	Foggy
6	19	30 26	S.W.	Clear
	36	30·32	S.W.	Cloudy
7	26	30·40	E.N.	Clear
	34	30·62	E.N.	Cloudy

1820.	Ther.	Bar.	Wind	Gen Remarks
Jan. 8	23	30·70	N.E.	Clear
	30	30·78	N.E.	Cloudy
9	20	30 87	N.E.	Clear
	30	30·67	N.W.	Cloudy
10	17	30·67	N E.	Clear
	32	30 61	N.E.	Cloudy
11	23	30·15	N.E.	Snow
	35	29 86	S.W.	Snow
12	17	30·15	S.W.	Cloudy
	28	30·35	N.E.	Clear
13	9	30 29	N.E.	Cloudy, snow
	29	30·36	N.E.	Clear
14	17	30 39	N.E.	Cloudy, snow
	29	30·29	N.E.	Cloudy
15	1	30 04	S.W.	Clear
	26	29·87	S.W.	Cloudy
16	17	29·87	N.	Clear
	32	29·94	N.	Cloudy
17	17	29 86	S.W.	Cloudy
	37	29·74	S.W.	Cloudy
18	26	29 61	N.E.	Snow
	35	29·36	N.E.	Heavy rain
19	26	29 03	S.W.	Thaw, cloudy
	48	29·17	S.W.	Cloudy
20	27	29·79	N W.	Clear
	35	29·70	N.W.	Snow
21	30	29·31	S W.	Cloudy
	36	29·82	N.	Cloudy
22	14	30·15	N.E.	Clear
	28	30·32	M.E.	Clear

REPORT FOR FEBRUARY.

1820.	Ther.	Bar.	Wind.	Gen. Remarks
Jan. 24	36	30.05	S.E.	Cloudy
	43	29.92	S.	Rain
25	36	30.07	S.E.	Cloudy
	44	29 80	S.	Cloudy
26	38	29.62	S.W.	Cloudy
	47	29.82	S W.	Cloudy
27	43	29.78	S.W.	Cloudy
	52	29 60	S.W.	Rain
28	35	29.72	N.	Cloudy
	45	30 10	N.	Cloudy
29	34	30.32	N.	Clear
	44	30.35	S.W.	Clear
30	36	30.23	S.W.	Rain
	47	Stat.	S.W.	Cloudy
31	37	30.21	S.	Clear
	49	30.17	S.	Clear
Feb. 1	31	30.19	S.E.	Clear
	45	30.06	S.E.	Clear
2	24	30.02	S.E.	Clear
	38	29.96	S.E.	Cloudy
3	31	30.15	S.E.	Cloudy
	35	30.17	E.	Cloudy
4	31	30.19	W.	Cloudy
	25	30.21	W.	Clear
5	31	30.17	S.E.	Cloudy
	48	30.09	S.E.	Rain
6	35	30.05	S.W.	Cloudy
	50	30.20	S.W.	Clear
7	45	30.30	S.W.	Cloudy
	31	30.31	S.W.	Cloudy

1820	Ther.	Bar.	Wind.	Gen Remarks
Feb. 8	43	30.31	S.W.	Cloudy
	47	30.32	S W.	Cloudy
9	38	30.25	S.W.	Clear
	52	30.11	S.W.	Clear
10	35	30 01	S.W.	Cloudy
	47	30.24	N.W.	Clear
11	29	30.29	S.W.	Clear
	34	30.21	S.W.	Rain
12	34	30.05	S.W.	Cloudy
	45	30.20	S.W.	Rain
13	34	30.23	S E.	Cloudy
	47	30 21	S.W.	Cloudy
14	27	30.34	N.E.	Cloudy
	43	30.42	N.E.	Cloudy
15	31	30.44	N.	Clear
	45	30.49	N.	Clear
16	23	30 47	N.E.	Clear
	37	30.39	S.E.	Clear
17	19	30.31	S.E.	Clear
	37	30.26	S.E.	Clear
18	18	30.27	E.S.	Clear
	34	30.25	E.S.	Cloudy
19	30	30.26	N.E.	Cloudy
	34	30.22	N.E.	Cloudy
20	25	30 05	W.	Cloudy
	34	30.10	S.E.	Snow
21	27	30.01	S.	Cloudy
	38	29 96	N.E.	Rain
22	26	30.02	N.E.	Cloudy
	43	29 96	N.E.	Clear

Daily Prices of STOCKS, from the 25th Jan. to the 24th Feb. 1820, inclusive.

Days. 1819	Bank Stock.	3 per Ct Redu.	3 per Ct Cons.	4 per Ct Cons.	5 per Ct. Navy.	Long Anns.	Imp. 3 per Ct	Omnium.	India Stock.	4 per Ct. Ind. Bon.	Ex. Bills, 2d pr Day
Jan. 25	—	68¼	68 7⅞	86⅝	102⅛	18	—	—	207¼	12 pm.	3 4 pm.
26	222	68	67⅞ 8	87	102⅛	17 15/16	67⅝	par.	—	12 pm.	2 4 pm.
27	222	68	68¼ 7	87⅛	103	18 1/16	—	—	207	12 pm.	2 4 pm.
28	221½	68	68 7⅞	87	102⅞	18 1/16	67½	—	208½	13 pm.	3 4 pm.
29	—	68	67¾ 8	86¾	102⅝	18 1/16	—	—	—	15 pm.	3 4 pm.
31	Hol.										
Feb. 1	220	68¼	67⅛ 8	87	103	18 1/16	—	—	209	13 pm.	3 4 pm.
2	—	68	67¼ ⅜	86⅞	103	18 1/16	—	—	—	17 pm.	3 4 pm.
3	221½	68¼	67⅜ 3	86⅝	102⅞	18 1/16	—	—	209	14 pm.	3 4 pm.
4	221½	68⅜	67⅝ 8⅛	87⅛	102⅝	18 1/16	—	0⅛ ¼ dis	209¾	16 pm.	3 4 pm.
5	—	68	68 ¼	87¼	102⅝	18⅛	—	par.	209½	16 pm.	3 4 pm.
7	—	68	68⅛ ¼	87¼	103	18 1/16	—	par ⅛ pm.	—	15 pm.	3 4 pm.
8	222½	68⅜ 9	68¼ ⅜	87	103⅛	18⅛	—	0¼ pm.	—	15 pm.	2 4 pm.
9	—	69 8	68⅜	87	102⅞	18 3/16	67⅝	0½ pm.	—	15 pm.	4 2 pm.
10	222¾	68¾ 9	68	87	103	18⅛	—	0¼ pm.	212	15 pm.	3 2 pm.
11	222¾	69 ¼	69	87	103	18⅛	67⅞	—	215	15 pm.	3 1 pm.
12	—	69¼	68	87	103	18 3/16	—	—	—	15 pm.	1 3 pm.
14	—	69 8	68⅛	87	102⅞	18 3/16	—	—	214	14 pm.	3 2 pm.
15	—	69 8	68⅝ 7	87⅛	103	18⅛	—	—	—	14 pm.	2 3 pm.
16	Hol.										
17	223½	68¾ 9	68 ⅛	87⅝	103	18⅛	—	0¼ ⅛ pm.	—	14 pm.	3 2 pm.
18	223	69 ⅛	68⅝	87¼	102⅞	18 3/16	68⅛	—	—	15 pm.	2 4 pm.
19	223	69⅛	68⅛	87	103	18¼	—	—	—	15 pm.	2 3 pm.
21	223¼	69¼	68⅜	87	103⅛	18 3/16	—	—	—	15 pm.	1 3 pm.
22	223¾	69¼ 69	68	87⅜	103	18⅛	—	—	—	13 pm.	1 pm. 2 dis.
23	—	68¾ 69	68⅛	87	103⅜	18⅛	—	—	—	15 pm.	1 2 dis.
24	222½	68½ ¾	67⅞ 8	87⅛	103⅛	18⅛	—	—	—	12 pm.	1 2 dis.

All Exchequer Bills dated in the months of June and July 1818, and prior thereto, have been advertised to be paid off.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JAN. 23, TO FEB. 23, 1819, INCLUSIVE.

N.B. In Bankruptcies in and near London, the Attornies are to be understood to reside in London; and in Country Bankruptcies at the Residence of the Bankrupt, except otherwise expressed. The Solicitors' names are between parentheses.

AMISTEAD W. Soyland, Halifax, worsted-spinner [Wigglesworth & Crossley, Gray's Inn
Balme J. Gommersal, Yorkshire, woolstapler [Evans, Hatton Garden
Bennett S. A. Worship street, coach-manufacturer [Stratton & Allport, Shoreditch
Betton H. West Camel, Somerset, maltster (Brundrett & Co. Temple
Beckwith C. Preston, draper (Shaw, Ely place
Bruse R. Altringham, flour-factor [Wright & Cole
Bousteed M. M. Devonshire street, dealer (Nicholls, Castle street
Bolingbroke H. Great Yarmouth, merchant (Swain & Co. Old Jewry
Bracewell J. Bramley, York, inn-keeper (Battye, Chancery lane
Briant W. Kennington, wine merchant (Clarke, Southampton buildings
Brinder J. & J. Barclay, Size lane, merchants (Hakett, St. Swithin's lane
Brown W. A. Wentworth place, brewer (Bennet, Tokenhouse yard
Brooke J. Huddersfield, tanner (Clarke & Co. Chancery-lane
Bunyer J. Whetstone, dealer [Western, Great James st.
Burr W. Church street, Greenwich, butcher [Parker
Bunt J. Arundel street, Strand, stationer (Watson, Clifford's Inn
Carrington S. Ashborne, Derby, mercer (Barbor, Fetter-la.
Carson W. Canal row, Bermondsey, rope-maker (Tounson, Ratcliffe-highway
Cassil E. Milverton, Warwickshire, mealman (Collet & Co. Chancery lane
Chapman R. Beccles, Suffolk, iron founder (Bromley, Holborn court, Gray's Inn
Chance J. Worcester, maltster [Edmonds, Lincoln's Inn

Clarke J. P. Drayton, Warwickshire, dealer (Barnhurst, Stratford-upon-Avon
Clarke F. Leicester, boot and shoe maker (Taylor, John street, Bedford-row
Cowell S. Sutton at Hone, miller [Tilson & Preston, Coleman street
Collier T. Newport, Salop, liquor merchant (Baxter & Bowker, Gray's-inn lane
Davies W. Caerphilly, Glamorgan, woollen manufacturer (Blunt & Bowman, Broad street buildings
Davies T. King street, tea dealer [Gwyne, New Inn
Danro G. Linton, Kent, butcher (Egan & Co. Essex street
Dipper F. Worcester, silk mercer (Edmunds, Lincoln's Inn
Dutton S. & J. Dunn, Liverpool, merchants (Adlington & Gregory, Bedford row
Dundas J. Carlisle, cattle dealer (Mounsey & Fisher, Red Lion square
Dickins E. Eynsford, Kent, draper (Carter, Lord Mayor's Court Office
Dye S. Norwich, grocer (Goodwin
Dyball D. White Horse tavern, Fetter lane (Arundel, Furnival's Inn
Elliot H. Chippenham, Wilts, clothier (Bourdillon & Co. Bread street
Endicott J. sen. Exeter, builder (Hutton, Old Broad st.
Farmer J. Skinner street, victualler (Dacie, Palsgrave place, Temple-bar
Ford E. Lime street, wine merchant (Young, Charlotte row, Mansion-house
Fowle R. Blandford, draper (Bingley, New Inn
Fox W. Exchange buildings, stock broker (Brooks & Grane, John street, Bedford row
Ford G. Oxford street, silversmith (Tucker, Bartlett's buildings
Freame T. Worcester, cabinet maker (Carlile & Co. Gray's Inn

Folljames A. Greenhithe, baker (Yatman, Arundel street
Fulla ton J. Manchester, saddler (Wright & Cole, Temple
Gallant W. Leadenhall market, fishmonger (Jackson, Change alley
Gibson T. Whitehaven, butcher (Armstrong, Staple Inn
Giles D. Syford, Berks, mealman (Nelson, Essex street, Straud
Gribbell N. & M. Hellyer, East Stonehouse, Devon, builders (Young, Charlotte row, Mansion-house
Green T. Liverpool, auctioneer (Blackstock & Bunce, King's Bench walk
Green J. Exeter, wine merchant (Young, Charlotte row, Mansion-house
Gregson T. Ormskirk, Lancashire, vintner (Blackstock & Co. Temple
Greenland E. Old Kent road, carpenter [Glynes, Burr-st. East Smithfield
Gundry T. Goldsithney, Cornwall, merchant (Follet, Paper buildings, Temple
Gundry J. & W. Goldsithney, merchants (Follet, Paper buildings
Gundry J. Goldsithney, merchant (Follet, Paper buildings
Hayzelden W. Milton-next-Sittingbourne, Kent, saddler, (Brace & Monyns, Essex court, Temple
Harper J. Edgeware road, cowkeeper (Merrineux & Malton, Carey street
Hayton J. W. Greenfield, Flintshire, wire & iron manufacturer (Edmunds, Lincoln's Inn
Haffner M. Cannon street, St. George's, carpenter (West, Red Lion street, Wapping
Henley W. Holywell street, silk mercer (Jacomb & Bently, Basinghall street
Hannah T. Liverpool, builder [Willis
Hughes J. & J. Clare, Liverpool, grocers (Clarke & Co. Chancery lane
Hill J. Bristol, straw hat manufacturer (Dix, Palsgrave place, Temple-bar
Holroyd J. Bradford, Yorkshire, calico manufacturer (Nettlefold, Norfolk street, Strand
Hutchinson E. Nottingham, confectioner (Taylor, Field court, Gray's Inn
Jardine J. C. Sheffield, draper [Capes, Holborn court
Johnson J. Llandaff, shopkeeper (Pearson, Pump court, Temple
Johnson R. Francis street, watch maker (Brooks & Grane, John street
Jones W. Eastcheap, wine merchant [Richardson, Golden square
Jones W. jun. Burscough, innkeeper [Gaskell, Wigan
Kendall J. Brigham, Cumberland, miller (Steel Bucklersbury
Kennard C. Pett, near Hastings, tailor [Bartlet & Co. Nicholas lane
Knight J. Fore street, cheesemonger [Oriel & Co. Finch la.
Langworthy E. Cannon street, packer [Gaines, Gardiner street, Bedford square
Lawton T. & S. Roe, Strayley-bridge, Ashton-under-Line, machine makers [Milne & Parry, Temple
Le Chevalier, Wotton-under-edge, Gloucestershire, brewer [Price & Co. Lincoln's Inn
Lecand L. R. Great Prescot street, Goodman's-fields, carver & gilder [Sheffield
Ledwich N. R. College hill, merchant [Knaggs, 'Change alley
Lipsham T. St. James's street, confectioner [Richardson & Co. Bury street, St. James's
Lynch M. Church street, Spitalfields, silk manufacturer [Webster, Queen street, Cheapside
Marks W. St. Michael's, Worcester, carver & gilder [Knight & Co. St. James's square
Maund J. New street, Covent Garden, mercer [Knight & Co. Basinghall street
Martin P. Little Harrowden, baker [Bridges & Co. Red Lion square
Medcroft J. Lamb's Conduit street, jeweller [Boxer, Old Jewry
Merriman W. H. New Bond street, master mariner [Kearsey & Spurr, Bishopsgate street
Millard S. Gloucester, linen draper [Becket, Broad street, Golden square
Millard J. Minories, bellows maker [Cockayne, Lyon's Inn
Morling W. Heybridge, Essex, brewer [Cooke & Kelveden
Nappier T. Potterne, Wilts, mealman [Nethersole & Co. Essex street
Norris T. Ramsgate, grocer [Bowden, Aldermandbury
Norris W. Romsey, Southampton, timber merchant [Gilbank, Coleman street
Nossiter C. Grimsbury, Northamptonshire, tanner [Clarke & Co. Chancery lane
Ostler R. Horsforth, Yorkshire, dry salter [Tollit & Co. Poultry
O'Neill T. Newcastle street, wine merchant [Tomlinson's & Co. Copthall court
Owens J. Kington, Herefordshire, ironmonger [Pugh, Bernard street, Russell square
Patrick T. C. Austin-friars, insurance broker [Willshire & Co. Old Broad street
Pearson J. Beeston Roydes, Yorkshire [Makinson, Temple
Peircy H. Brighthelmstone, grocer [Michel, Union court, Old Broad street
Peach D. Camberwell, merchant [Bovil & Tustin, New Bridge street
Parry T. sen. Boddicott, Oxfordshire, nurseryman [Lowes & Cowburn, Temple
Powles M. Ross, Herefordshire, mealman [Bridge & Quilter, Red Lion square
Raine T. Bear street, Leicester-fields, perfumer [Walt Lower Thornhaugh street
Richardson J. Liverpool, merchant [Taylor & Roscoe, King's Bench walk, Temple
Richmond T. Nottingham, grocer [Jennings & Collier, Carey street
Ritson J. Carlisle, tallow chandler [Drake, Old Fish street
Roscoe W. J. Clarke and W. S. Roscoe, Liverpool, bankers [Stanistreet and Eden
Rutherford J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, woollen draper [Bell and Brodrick, Bow Church yard
Rutledge R. W. Lucas street, corn dealer [Abbot, Mark la.
Sargeant J. Great Warner street, brewer [Russell and Son, Lant street, Borough
Saville S. Stayley, Cheshire, cotton spinner [Brundret and Co. Temple
Shaw J. Micklehurst, Cheshire, clothier (Battye, Chancery lane
Shuttleworth T. Ipswich, linen draper [Stocker and Co. New Boswell court
Shuttleworth J. and T. Stevens, Torkington, Cheshire, dealers [Wigglesworth and Co. Gray's Inn
Simpson A. St. Swithin's lane, merchant (Paterson and Co. Old Broad street
Smith T. L. Ramsdon Cray, butcher (Milne and Co. Temple
Solomon G. Leman street, Goodman's-fields, hardwareman [Hutchinson, Crown court, Threadneedle street
Spence T. Maryland-point, Stratford, dealer [West, Red Lion street, Wapping
Spencer S. Cumming street, Pentonville, bricklayer (Knight and Freeman, Basinghall street
Sperrin T. Thornbury, Gloucester, tallow chandler [Lambert and Son, Bedford row
Stevens J. Cherryhinton, Cambridgeshire, gardener (Smith, Hatton-garden
Stevenson J. Broad street, cornchandler [John, Palsgrave grave, Temple-bar
Stammers T. and W. Button, Sudbury, millers [Wigglesworth and Crossley, Gray's Inn square
Stewart C. Hull, spirit merchant (Watkins and Co. Lincoln's Inn
Swan W. New street, Commercial road, master mariner [Butler, Cornhill
Taylor T. Preston, Lancashire, tea dealer [Norris, John street, Bedford row
Taylor J. Moreton-in-Marsh, wine merchant [Mason and Co. New Bridge street
Thomson J. Manchester, bookseller [Hutchinson & Hopkinson, Lincoln's Inn
Thomas B. R. Plymouth-dock, brewer [Darke & Co. Red Lion square
Tipping T. Warrington, Lancashire, miller [Mason and Housman, New Bridge street, Blackfriars
Tinson W. Christ-church, Southampton, inn-holder (Deau, Guildford street
Todd A. Catherine court, Tower hill, merchant [Clarke, Bishopsgate without
Turner N. J. Tower street, merchant [Doughty, Temple
Watson J. and H. Friday street, warehouseman (Wilde, College hill
Walton R. Wood street, Cheapside, hosier [Hayward, Took's court
Walker J. jun. Axbridge, Somerset, brewer [Pain, New Inn
Weston J. Tenterden, Kent, printer [Dyne and Son, Lincon's Inn-fields
Weise W. P. Tooley street, hat manufacturer Carpenter Church-passage
Wilkinson C. Wormwood street, dealer Wilde, College-hill
Williams J. Crowland, grocer Bremridge's and Co. Dyer's buildings
Williams B. Birmingham, chemist Egerton and Co. Gray's Inn square
Wilson R. Birmingham, merchant Clarke & Co. Chancery-la.
Wilson W. Seven Houses, Rotherhithe, corn factor Towers, Castle street
Wilson R. Bridge street, Vauxhall, linen-draper Phillips, King street
Winterbottom J. Manchester, druggist. Milne & Co. Temple
Wire J. Colchester, grocer Forbes, Ely place, Holborn
Windeatt T. Bridge-town, Devon, woollen manufacturer Darke & Co. Red Lion square
Wood J. Nottingham, hosier. Baxter and Bowker, Gray's Inn
Worthington J. Warton, Lancashire, coal merchant Norris, John street
Wornell W. Downton, Wilts, linen draper Jenkins and Co. New Inn.

DIVIDENDS.

ACKLAND T. Greenwich, March 7
Allard W. Birmingham, March 9
Amos J. & C. Sutherland, St. Helen's place, March 11
Anderson M. Southampton, March 15
Armitage T. Wakefield, Feb. 24
Austin J. Aldersgate-street, Feb. 29
Baker W. Leeds, Feb. 28
Bayly T. Priory, Feb. 29
Barlow H. J. Vere-street, Feb. 26
Balfour J. Basinghall-street, Feb. 12
Bailey R. H. Swallowfield, March 4
Balluer J. City Chambers, Feb. 29
Bishop D. Great Surrey st. Feb. 26
Bird H. M. & B. Savage, Jeffery's sq. Feb. 8
Brown H. Charles street, March 14
Blake T. Cowes, Feb. 21
Blundell M. B. & S. Holborn, Feb. 26
Blundell M. Holborn, Feb. 26
Blundell B. Holborn, Feb. 26
Blundell S. Holborn, Feb. 26
Bolton W. Bury street, Feb. 26
Brice W. Bristol, Feb. 26
Boss T. Liverpool, March 7
Boot K. Artillery place, March 4
Brown W. East Retford, March 2

Brammar C. Woodhouse, Feb. 23
Burt T. Southend, March 4
Chapman T. Margate, Feb. 18
Chapman D. Faversham, Feb. 19
Chappell E. Walcot, March 6
Cheppin F. H. Whetstone, March 18
Clarke J. Hammersmith, March 11
Clarke R. R. Berwick-upon-Tweed, March 7
Collins I. & W. Oxford, Feb. 19
Cox I. & J. Morgan, Gutter lane, March 4
Cooke B. Patricroft, March 8
Constant L. H. H. G. Wellclose-square, March 11
Crossley T. Little Sheffield, Feb. 23
Cruse C. Chatham, Feb. 26
Cuthbert I. & M. Clarke, jun. Colchester, Feb. 29
Daly J. Woolwich, March 11
Davison G. & Co. Silver-st. March 11
Deacon B. Red Lion square, Feb. 19
Devey W. & F. Albion Coal Wharf, Feb. 5
Devey W. Holland-street, Feb. 5
Devey I. Coal Exchange, Feb. 5
Dixon J. Wellington, March 6
Dunderdale H. & W. T. Bridgewater Arms, Feb. 29
Dunn T. Durham, Feb. 29
Durham J. Lower Shadwell-st. Mar. 24
Eddison T. Romford, Feb. 22
Edmonds R. & T. C. Barrett, Strood, Feb. 29
Elliot J. Hayes, Feb. 26
Ettershank G. Dorking, Feb. 26
Evans G. & G. High street, Feb. 26
Farmer J. Ashborne, March 6
Felton R. Lawrence-Pountney-lane, Feb. 26
Fielder R. Tenderden, Feb. 26
Fox R. jun. Norwich, Feb. 25
Gammon W. N. Benjamin & J. Berthon, Austin-friars, March 4
Gardner J. Newcastle-under-Lyme, Feb. 29
George J. & G. B. Bedford st. March 18
Gibbons B. & T. Stokes, Kingswinford, Feb. 28
Goring T. Staines, Feb. 29
Grice W. Frodsham, March 7
Harris J. Haselot, March 7
Hayes M. Liverpool, Feb. 28
Hanley M. G. Mitre-court, Feb. 26
Hagedorn J. P. H. Old Broad st. Feb. 26
Harris R. Wood street, Feb. 29
Heath H. Islington road, Feb. 19
Hill W. Birmingham, Feb. 28
Higton J. & J. Brewer, Broadway, March 4
Hoyland J. Knottingley, March 3
Howett J. St. Martin's lane, March 26
Howkins J. & Co. Poplar, March 11
Holmes F. & Co. Long Acre, March 11
Jenkins T. Judd street, March 11
Jewell W. Henrietta street, March 18
Kensington J. P. E. W. Styan, & D. Adams, Lombard street, March 25
Kirkham J. Leek, Feb. 26
Kirkman J. City road, March 11
Knight J. & T. Ashley, Gough-square, Feb. 29
Lee J. King street, March 11
Lewis W. & I. Herderson, Little Tower street, Feb. 12
Lloyd W. jun. Thames street, Feb. 22
Lomas J. Fetter lane, March 11
Lockwood G. Whitby, March 13
Mansford F. Lincoln, Feb. 22
Marshall J. Mincing lane, March 7
Mackenzie C. Caroline street, Feb. 12
M'Briar, R. Fen court, Feb. 19
Marshall J. King's Head court, Mar. 11
Martin C. Great Yarmouth, March 1
Martin M. D. Burlington Arcade, March 11
Mercer I. Heath street, March 11
Milne G. Broad street, March 4
Neate W. Sweeting's-alley, March 21
Ord R. Deptford, Feb. 29
Pardon G. Plymouth, Feb. 26
Palmer J. Wellingborough, March 4
Pell W. Great Eastcheap, March 24
Pownall I. Heaton Norris, Feb. 28
Rimmer I. Liverpool, Feb. 14
Rains L. S. Wapping-wall, Feb. 29
Ranyard I. Stickley, Feb. 17
Randall I. Pancrass street, March 11
Randall W. Leeds, Feb. 28
Randall R. Coleman street, Feb. 26
Rea J. Mark lane, Feb. 6
Renton W. Hoxton, Feb. 29
Read E. & T. Baker, Great Russell st. Feb. 12
Read A. Lower Grosvenor st. March 4
Rivers H. Ivy-bridge, Feb. 21
Ritchie W. Finsbury square, Feb. 29
Ritchie J. J. & T. Moffat, Liverpool, March 1
Robinson C. Spalding, March 8
Roberts E. Cobourg road, Feb. 19
Robinson I. & S. S. Freeman's court March 4
Ruffy I. D. Paternoster row, March 7
Russel J. Palace wharf, Feb. 26
Rumford R. W. Bartholomew lane, Feb. 19
Sause J. Liverpool, March 1
Sewell S. Aldersgate street, Feb. 29
Sewell J. & D. Macmurdo, Hounslow, March 4
Shelly G. M. St. Mary, May 11
Simpson R. Crown court, March 11
Slatter R. & S. Salmesbury, March 3
Smith W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, March 11
Sifken H. Bush lane, Feb. 26
Simpson G. Copthall court, Feb. 26
Simmons E. Queenhithe, Feb. 26
Smith E. Tothill street, Feb. 26
Slipper J. Crostwick, March 10
Smith W. Liverpool, March 7
Spooner R. Cornhill, Feb. 29
Spring J. O. Coningsby, March 11
Spring T. Great Grimsby, Feb. 22
Stalker D. & A. D. Welch, Leadenhall street, March 15
Swan R. Gainsborough, Feb. 22
Sundins C. Devonshire square, Feb. 5
Stockham W. Bristol, March 22
Taylor W. Nantwich, March 13
Venus J. Lower Shadwell, March 24
Watson M. A. Fareham, Feb. 18
Watt J. Preston, Feb. 17
Watkins W. Worcester, Feb. 24
Wheeler J. Stratford-upon-Avon, March 8
White M. A. Gt. Coggeshall, Feb. 25
Williams S. Brighthelmstone, Feb. 23
Willis J. Wardour street, Feb. 26
Williams R. H. F. & M. Wilson, Liverpool, Feb. 29
Woods W. Houghton street, Feb. 5
Wotherspoon M. Liverpool, Feb. 28

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

JANUARY.

THE general operations of husbandry incident to this season of the year, have been necessarily suspended by the severity of the weather; and the remark we made in our report for November last, "that the exigencies of the approaching winter, would probably require the earnest attention and solicitude of the farmer in behalf of his live stock," has already been verified to the full extent of our anticipation—the whole number of labourers usually employed on a farm having been required to procure turnips sufficient for the daily consumption of the stock, and which after all was not only effected at much additional expense, but attended with waste and spoliation greater than we ever remember to have witnessed before.

The destruction of that valuable root the turnip must inevitably be very considerable in consequence of its long exposure to severe frost, and the general expectation of such an event has caused an increasing demand for hay, which consequently obtains a higher price.

Wool is more in request, and may be expected to command rather better prices, from the anticipated alacrity in the manufacturing districts. Since our last, the meat market has experienced a depression, which might reasonably be expected, as the usual concomitant of the low price of grain.

FEBRUARY.

The meliorating influence of the late frost, is sufficiently perceptible in the fine tilth which even the most tenacious soils present for the reception of peas, and other leguminous crops, with which a considerable breadth has already been planted in the best possible order.

The young wheats have assumed the most lively appearance, and the sets of clover and other grasses afford a flattering prospect of an abundant produce. Grain of all kinds (as well as meat of almost every description), appear to be gradually advancing in price; much of the light and ordinary barley being required for consumption by forward beasts preparing for the shambles, in consequence of the inferiority of, and destruction amongst the turnips,—the smallness of the quantity which is really fine, and fit for malting; together with the increased demand for the latter article, anticipated to result from the approaching general election, may probably have the effect of raising the price still higher.

Clover seed is a little on the decline, but unless the foreign arrivals are very considerable, it will eventually rise as the season approaches for sowing it.

Below are given the specific gravities of several roots, as taken February the fourteenth, and ascertained with much nicety by means of an instrument which cuts them into dice, each containing $6\frac{193}{12}$ cubic inches; the weight whereof is given in decimals of a pound troy, from which it will be observed that inferior as the Swedish turnips are this year (independently of the injury they sustained by frost), they maintain a manifest superiority over the white-loaf, particularly such of the latter as were sown early.

It should be noticed that No. 2, was taken from a field sown June the 9th, and No. 1, July the 13th last.

Potatoe	.314583	White Scotch	.261632
Yellow Swede	.274479	White Loaf, No. 1.	.248768
Carrot	.274132	Do. No. 2.	.167188

INCIDENTS, APPOINTMENTS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c. IN LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.

With Biographical Accounts of Distinguished Personages.

Ceremonial of the Private Interment of his late Royal Highness EDWARD, DUKE OF KENT AND STRATHERN, *in the Royal Chapel of St. George, at Windsor, on Saturday Evening, the 12th of February*, 1820.

On Monday morning, the 7th of February, at 10 o'clock, the remains of his late Royal Highness were privately removed from Sidmouth, escorted by a detachment of cavalry, in the following order:—

A Mourning Coach, drawn by six horses, containing the Urn, attended by a Gentleman of the Lord Chamberlain's department, and a Gentleman of his late Royal Highness's household.

THE HEARSE,

Drawn by eight horses, decorated with escutcheons of his late Royal Highness's arms.

A mourning coach, drawn by six horses, in which were the Comptroller of the Household, the Domestic Chaplain, and the two Surgeons who attended his late Royal Highness.

A mourning coach, drawn by six horses, in which were two of his late Royal Highness's Household.

The carriage of his late Royal Highness with the blinds up, attended by the personal Footmen of his late Royal Highness.

Upon the arrival of the procession at Bridport, the remains of his late Royal Highness were placed in the church, under a military guard, during the night.

On the following morning, at 10 o'clock, the procession moved in the same order, halting on Tuesday the 8th, at Blandford; on Wednesday the 9th, at Salisbury; and on Thursday the 10th, at Basingstoke; the same arrangement being observed, for placing the remains of his late Royal Highness each night, as at Bridport.

On Friday the 11th inst. at 10 o'clock, the procession moved in the same order to Cumberland Lodge, where the body was privately laid in state. On Saturday the 12th inst. at seven o'clock in the evening, a mourning coach, containing the urn, attended as before, proceeded under an escort to the Royal Chapel of St. George, where the urn was deposited in the Royal Vault. At eight o'clock in the evening, the remains of his late Royal Highness were removed from Cumberland Lodge to St. George's Chapel, in the following order:—

A detachment of Cavalry.

Trumpets and drums of the Royal Household.

Serjeant Trumpeter.

Knight Marshal's Men.

Servants and Grooms of the Royal Family, in full state liveries, with crape hatbands and black gloves, four and four, bearing flambeaux.

Servants and Grooms of his late Royal Highness, on foot, in deep mourning, each bearing a flambeau.

THE HEARSE,

Drawn by eight horses, adorned with escutcheons of his late Royal Highness's arms.

A mourning coach, drawn by six horses, in which were the Comptroller of the Household, and Domestic Chaplain of his late Royal Highness.

A mourning coach, drawn by six horses, in which were two of his late Royal Highness's Household.

Carriages of his late Royal Highness.

Carriages of the Royal Family.

The whole procession was flanked by the Royal Horse Guards, every sixth man bearing a flambeau.

Upon the arrival of the procession at St. George's Chapel, the drums and trumpets of the Royal Household, the Knight Marshal's men, and the servants and grooms of the Royal Family, filed off without the south door. At the entrance, the Dean and Prebendaries, attended by the choir, received the body; and the procession (having previously been

formed, and being flanked by the military, every fourth man bearing a flambeau,) moved down the south aisle, and up the nave, into the choir, in the following order:

Poor Knights of Windsor.
Pages of the Royal Family.
Pages of his late Royal Highness.

Apothecaries of his late Royal Highness. — Surgeons of his late Royal Highness.

Rector and Curate of Windsor.
Physicians to his late Royal Highness.
Chaplains to his late Royal Highness.
Secretaries to his late Royal Highness.
Equerries to his late Royal Highness.
Grooms of his late Royal Highness's Bedchamber.
Pursuivants of Arms.
Heralds.
Comptroller of his late Royal Highness's Household.

A Gentleman Usher. — The Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household. — A Gentleman Usher.

A Gentleman Usher. — The Coronet of his late Royal Highness, upon a black velvet Cushion, borne by Norroy, King of Arms. — A Gentleman Usher.

THE BODY,

Covered with a black velvet Pall, adorned with eight escutcheons of his late Royal Highness's Arms, under a Canopy of Black Velvet.

Supporters of the Canopy, Three Generals in their uniforms, with black crape scarves.

Supporters of the Canopy, Three Generals, in their uniforms, with black crape scarves.

Supporters of the Pall, Two Field Marshals, or full Generals, in their uniforms, with black crape scarves.

Supporters of the Pall, Two Field Marshals, or full Generals, in their uniforms, with black crape scarves.

A Gentleman Usher. — Garter Principal King of Arms. — A Gentleman Usher.

The Chief Mourner, his Royal Highness
Supporter, a Duke. — THE DUKE OF YORK, — Supporter, a Duke.
In a long black cloak, his train borne.

PRINCES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL,
In long black cloaks, the train of each borne by two Gentlemen of the respective Households of their Royal Highnesses.
Two Gentlemen Ushers.
Yeomen of the Guard to close the Procession.

Upon entering the choir, the body was placed on a platform, and the coronet and cushion laid upon the coffin. The Chief Mourner took his place on a chair, at the head of the corpse, his supporters on either side; the supporters of the Pall took their places near the Body, and the bearers of the canopy on either side.

The Anthem being performed, and the part of the service before the interment read, the Body was deposited in the royal vault. The office of burial being concluded, Garter Principal King of Arms, after a short pause, proclaimed the style of his Royal Highness.

After which, the Chief Mourner, his Supporters, and others who composed the procession, retired in the same order.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE KING.

The personal character of his late Majesty, which won him in so eminent a degree the love and respect of all classes of his subjects, together with the great length of time which had elapsed since the occurrence of a similar ceremony, gave to the royal obsequies an interest far surpassing that excited by any public event within recollection. His Majesty's remains having been inclosed in lead, and deposited in the state coffin, were removed from the king's private apartments in Windsor Castle to the Audience Chamber or Chapter Room, where they lay in state for two days previous to the funeral. It was hung with purple cloth for the occasion. The coffin was placed upon a raised platform and covered, excepting a small part at the foot, with a rich velvet pall; and on it were laid the crowns of Great Britain and Hanover: above it was a tem-

porary throne hung with purple drapery, at the back of which was displayed richly emblazoned the royal escutcheon surrounded with wax lights. On each side of the coffin stood three large wax candles, and round the room were double rows of sconces, each bearing two candles. At the head of the coffin sat one of the lords in waiting supported by two grooms of the bed chamber and two heralds stood at the feet. On each side of the body was a page of his late Majesty, and a gentleman usher, and in other parts of the chamber were ten gentlemen pensioners attended by their captain, the Earl of Courtown. The concourse of people who thronged to Windsor to witness this impressive spectacle was beyond calculation, and the difficulty of procuring accommodation was increased by the presence of several regiments of horse and foot guards, who were ordered thither to bear a part in the solemn ceremony. A detachment of artillery also arrived from Woolwich and took post in the Long Walk in the Great Park, about a mile and a half from the town. The morning of Wednesday, Feb. 16th, the day fixed for the funeral, was ushered in by the discharge of the guns in the Park, which kept firing at intervals of five minutes till three o'clock in the afternoon. The great bell of the Castle and the bells of Windsor and Eton churches, tolling at the same time, produced an awful effect. At ten the funeral apartments were again thrown open to the public; and the number of visitors was increased by the Coldstream guards and all the military not on duty, who were permitted to march through the chambers. At three o'clock, when the gates were finally closed, it is computed that there were not fewer than 10,000 persons assembled before them waiting for admission, but who were of course obliged to retire disappointed. At seven the Duke of York, as chief mourner, took his seat at the head of the coffin of his venerable father, and there remained till its final removal. For this part of the ceremony the preparations were very extensive. From the grand entrance to the state apartments a covered way 1065 feet long, 18 broad, and 14½ high, constructed of timber, led through the west gate into the lower Castle-yard to the south door of St. George's Chapel. The quantity of timber consumed in this structure was computed at upwards of 120,000 feet: it was covered with above 5000 yards of black cloth, and 5000 yards more, the whole estimated to be worth 15*s.* per yard, were used in other places. At six o'clock the military who were to flank the procession, consisting of three regiments of horse guards and two of foot, began to take their respective stations; the latter forming a double line along each side of the platform, every fourth man holding a flambeau. No persons were admitted to the upper court-yard but those whose presence was required in St. George's Hall; but tickets of admission to the Lower Castle-yard, signed by Col. Stephenson, master of his late Majesty's household, were profusely distributed among the respectable inhabitants of Windsor and others. Tickets were also issued by the Earl Marshal for seats prepared in the north aisle of the chapel and in the organ loft; but as both places would admit only about 400 persons, the demand for these tickets far exceeded the limits of the accommodation which the chapel afforded. About nine o'clock, the Earl Marshal having completed his arrangements, and the members of the procession having been placed in the order in which they were to move, the coffin was conveyed from the Audience Chamber, through the drawing-room and down the grand staircase to the mechanical bier (which has been described on former occasions) upon which it was placed and covered with a purple velvet pall bearing the achievements of his Majesty. The machine was propelled by ten yeoman of the guard, who were concealed by the pall. The royal corpse was preceded by a long train of persons attending in their official capacity and of the most distinguished of the nobility. Ten peers supported a canopy of purple velvet over the coffin, and the pall was borne by the Dukes of Wellington, Athol, Beaufort, Dorset, Buccleugh and Richmond. The Duke of York followed as chief mourner, and after him came the Dukes of Clarence, Sussex and Gloucester, and Prince Leopold, with attendants bearing their trains. The officers of his late Majesty's establishment closed the procession. As soon as it began to move, the trumpets of the royal household commenced playing the dead march in Saul; the bands of the several regiments, with muffled drums occasionly joined in the performance, the effect of which was heightened by the distant report of the guns fired in the Long Walk. In the Chapel, a platform had been erected from the south door down the south aisle and up the nave to the door of the choir: this was covered with black cloth. On each side of this platform was posted a detachment of the First or Grenadier guards, every second man holding a large lighted taper. In the north aisle a scaffolding, rising by a gradual ascent, was also covered with black cloth. The knights' and other stalls were lined and the floor and altar covered with the same material. On each side of the altar temporary seats were erected for the foreign embassadors and for the noblemen and gentlemen who formed part of the procession. The communion table was covered with a profusion of the richest plate brought thither from the Chapels Royal, at St. James's and Whitehall; and the whole chapel was brilliantly lighted with wax tapers. Over the grave or entrance to the royal mausoleum was raised a splendid canopy of rich mazarine velvet. The top was surmounted by an imperial

crown; and each of the festoons that bordered the canopy bore the royal escutcheon, emblazoned in gold and silver, on a black ground. The organ loft was hung with black and the stall of the sovereign with purple. The procession was received and joined at the south gate of the chapel by the Dean and Canons, attended by the choir. It then moved down the aisle, the choir, accompanied by the organ, singing Croft's funeral service. "I am the resurrection and the life, &c." This was continued till all the members of the procession had taken their seats. The moveable bier, on which the coffin rested, was wheeled on the platform under the canopy and immediately over the entrance to the royal vault. The Duke of York sat at the head of the corpse, with his supporters; and the other princes of the blood royal took their seats near the chief mourner. Every thing being arranged, the solemn peal of the organ gradually subsided; the psalms usual in the burial service were chanted by the whole choir, and the lessons read with due solemnity by the Dean of Windsor. During the performance of the service, the pall was taken from the body, the crowns were removed and the coffin slowly descended into the vault beneath. The whole of the service including the anthems occupied two hours. When it was finished, the impressive ceremony was terminated by Garter King of Arms, Sir Isaac Heard, advancing to the head of the vault and proclaiming the style and title of his Majesty as follows:

"Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life, unto his divine mercy, the late most high, most mighty, and most excellent Monarch George the III., by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith and Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; King of Hanover, and Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburgh.

"Let us humbly beseech Almighty God to bless and preserve, with long life, health, and honor, and all worldly happiness, the most high, most mighty, and most excellent Monarch, our Sovereign Lord, George the Fourth, now, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and Sovereign of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, King of Hanover, and Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburgh. God Save King George the Fourth!"

The Earl of Winchelsea, as chief officer of his late Majesty's Windsor establishment, then came forward, broke his wand of office, and deposited the fragments in the vault of his deceased master. The Duke of York and his royal brothers who were throughout deeply affected, retired through the Chapter to the house of the Dean, and hence to the apartments prepared for them in the Castle; the rest of the procession returned nearly in the same order in which it had come, while Mr. Knyvett played the Dead March in Saul on the organ, in the most impressive manner. Thousands were afterwards admitted into the chapel to see the coffin as it lay in the tomb. Thus terminated this awful and magnificent ceremony—a ceremony not merely distinguished by those appendages of grandeur which belong as matters of course to all royal funerals, but rendered sublime by the heartfelt homage of multitudes of affectionate subjects, who had thronged to the obsequies of their sovereign, not from idle curiosity to witness a splendid exhibition, but to drop a last tear over the tomb of a father and a friend. Notwithstanding the immense numbers assembled on this memorable occasion, no serious accident is known to have happened. His Majesty, it will be recollected, when appropriating the vault of St. George's Chapel for his place of sepulture, is said to have directed certain arrangements for the express purpose of preventing personal injury to any of the great concourse who might naturally be expected to attend his funeral; it is therefore the more gratifying to find that his benevolent intentions in this respect have been completely realized. [We are compelled by the length of the official account of the royal funeral published in a supplement to the Gazette, to defer its insertion till our next number.]

Royal Library at Buckingham House.—This magnificent Literary depository was not, as has been generally supposed, the private property of the late King, though it was considerably enriched and augmented by his MAJESTY. It was first formed by Henry VIII. out of the spoils of the suppressed monasteries, and it has since received many valuable additions from different monarchs. From the known literary character of the present KING, it may be expected that its value and utility will be still further augmented.

Establishment for Pauper Children.—A society has been formed to carry into effect the good and gracious act of his Majesty, in appropriating Dartmoor Forest for the employment of the poor of the metropolis, particularly the pauper children; and of which he has become the beneficent patron. In furtherance of which the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, two of the principal members of the society, waited upon the King at his palace in Pall-mall, to submit for his Majesty's approbation the plan suggested for giving permanent employment to pauper children, under the direction of the Society, the whole of which was highly approved.

National Monument.—The Royal Cenotaph to be erected to the memory of the late Princess Charlotte is to consist of a group of nine figures, larger than the life, sculptured in the finest Parian marble, which are in a

state of considerable forwardness, from the designs and under the direction of M. Wyatt, Esq. The amount of the subscription for this national work was 12,000*l.*, three thousand five hundred of which has been expended in its progress, and the remainder is in the hands of Messrs. Drummond, to be drawn for as may be required.

POPULATION—1760.

Great Britain - - - -	8,099,000
Colonies - - - - - -	12,500,000
(Omit Ireland)	——————20,599,000
1812.	
Total - - - - - - - -	61,157,433
Deduct Ireland - - -	4,500,000
	——————56,657,433

NET CUSTOMS PAID INTO EXCHEQUER.

1760 - - - - - - - - - - - - -	£1,969,934
1809 - - - - - - - - - - - - -	10,289,807

SHIPPING—(COMMERCIAL.)

1760 - - - - - - - - - - - -	Tons 573,978
1809 - - - - - - - - - - - -	1,993,188

BALANCE OF TRADE.

1760 - - - - - - - - - - - - -	£ 5,981,682
1809 - - - - - - - - - - - - -	19,895,203

ENCLOSURE ACTS.

From the commencement of Queen Anne's reign to George III.—234 - - - - - - - - -	Acres 337,877
From the Accession of George III. to 1810—1502 Acts - - -	2,804,197

Royal Crown.—The Queen's Crown, which is now in the Regalia Office in the Tower, and which was made for James the Second's Consort, cost 111,900*l.* Its weight is nineteen ounces only, exclusive of the velvet. Very little, if any, of the gold can be seen, it is so profusely covered with jewels, and although its diameter at the rim is only five inches, it contains 605 dimmonds, and nearly 180 pearls!

Court of Common Council.—The following curious and accurate calculations were produced by Mr. Jacks, in the course of his speech in the Common Council, at a meeting held for the purpose of voting an address of condolence to the king on the demise of his late Majesty. A comparative statement of which will shew the extraordinary advance which this nation has made during the past reign, in population, wealth, agriculture, &c.

Births.] In Euston-place, Mrs. Travers, of a daughter.—In Mecklenburgh-square, the lady of Wm. Roberts, esq. of a daughter.—At Tooting, Mrs. C. Borradaile, of a son.—In Stratford-place, the lady of Robert Smirke, esq. of a daughter.—In Gower-street, Mrs. J. Harding, of a son.—At Weston-house, the Countess of Clonmell, of twin daughters.—In Manchester-square, the lady of H. Osborne, esq. of a daughter.—In Baker-street, Portman-square, the lady of Sir Gregory O. Page Turner, bart. of a daughter.—At Kensington, the lady of Capt. Spence, R. N. of a daughter.—In Gloucester-place, the lady of East G. Cleyton, esq. of a daughter.—The lady of the Hon. J. T. Leslie Melville, of a daughter.—In Hill-street, the lady of the Hon. Thomas Knox, M. P. of a daughter.—In Hill-street, the Hon. Mrs. Lawrence Sulivan, of a daughter.—The lady of S. N. Cowley, esq. of a son.—In Mansfield-street, the Lady Howard, of Effingham, of a son.—In Hertford-street, the lady of the Hon. George Poulet, of a daughter.

Married.] At St. Sepulchre's, the Rev. H. Parish, A. M. to Sarah, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Stowers, esq.—At Fulham church, A. T. Sampays, esq. to Miss Harriet Kent.—At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Charles J. F. Coombe, esq. to Miss Henrietta A. Church, of Bedford-place.—At Putney, Charles Parke, esq. to Miss Letitia Alcock.—At Chelsea, the Rev. R. Sandilands, jun. of Putney, to Miss Anne E. Cobb.—At St. James's, James Armstrong, esq. of Miss Susan Fisher.—John Hodgson. esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to Miss Mary Godfrey.—At St. James's, Thomas Wakley, esq. of Argyle-street, to Miss Eliz. Goodchild.—At New Brentford, Thomas St. Felix, esq. of the colony of Demerara, to Miss Mary Osborn.—At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Sir J. S. Lillie, to Miss Louisa Sutherland.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Thomas Flower, esq. to Miss Elliot of Mill-hill.—At St. James's, Charles Gordon Grey, esq to Miss Mary Augusta Foveaux.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, James Molony, esq. of Kiltanon, to Miss Harriet Harding.—At Hampstead, J. Lock, esq. to Rabinia Marian, youngest daughter of Archibald Cullen, esq.

Died.] At Stockwell, James Gathorne, infant son of Major-general George Cookson.—Mrs. Mills, wife of G. Mills, esq. M.P.—At Southend, Robert Woodmass, esq., 66.—At his apartments in Bedford-street, Lieut. Col. Edward Handfield, 78.—In Cumberland-street, Sarah St. George, relict of the late Richard St. George, esq., and sister to Lord Castlemain.—Joseph Madocks, esq., 58.—At Hastings, Miss Sayer, of Southampton-row, Bloomsbury.—Mrs. Elizabeth Crochley, of Sloane-street.—Eleanor, youngest daughter of Henry Dealtry, esq. of Bedford-row.—At his house in the Strand, Francis Wingrave, esq., 75.—In Jermyn-street, the infant son of Lady Arabella M'Leod.—At Kenton, near Harrow, Mrs. Griffiths, 83.—At Camberwell, Sarah Moseley, sister to the late Dr. Moseley.—In Somerset-street, Portman-square, Mrs. Pownal, 64.—In Wyndale-place, Mrs. Sarah Burgoyne, 94.—Thos Vores, esq. of Orchard-street, 59.—At Stamford-hill, Mrs. Sarah Chadwick, 42.—Mrs. Martha Godbold, of Bernard-street, 61.—In Sidmouth-place, Edward Dod, esq. of the Cursitors Office, 58.—At Putney, Mrs. Wood, relict of the late Dr. Wood.—Lieut.-Gen. Sir David Dundas, Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, &c.—The Hon. Marianne Courzon, only daughter of the Right Hon. the Baroness Howe.

SIR VICARY GIBBS.

Died, on the 6th ult. at his house in Russell-square, London, the Right Hon. Sir Vicary Gibbs, late Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. He had long been in a declining state of health. His remains were conveyed to his family vault at Hayes, in Kent.

The law has, in the course of a few months, been deprived of two of its brightest ornaments.—A short time has elapsed since the country lost the powerful and much required aid of the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, the late Lord Ellenborough; and now, he has too quickly been followed by his friend and coadjutor.

Of a respectable family, but unassisted by interest or powerful connections, the late Vicary Gibbs rose, by unwearied application and commanding power of intellect, to one of the highest pinnacles of his arduous profession. During the time he filled the important office of Attorney General, he defended the government of the country with firmness and intrepidity against the many and infamous attacks made on it, alike unmoved bythe insult or blandishment of a mob, which, according to the popularity of his last "information," vented itself in execration or flattery. Besides the great press of public duty which occurred during the time he held this office, the few hours which, otherwise, might have been devoted to his family, were entirely employed by the vast influx of private business, and from this time may be dated the commencement of the illness which terminated in his death.

It would, while his memory and talents are yet so fresh in our recollections, be superfluous to eulogize his profound legal knowledge; few, if any, excelled him in this respect; none, in acuteness and precision of judgment. If on the bench he occasionally exhibited a hastiness of temper, much is to be attributed to a constant irritation of mind, the effect of the weight of business, by which he was overwhelmed; much to a natural state of ill health; and still more was this attributable to a penetration, which, while it dived at once deeply into the subject under consideration, could ill brook the unravellings of those who, by slower means, reached that point, upon which he at one view had darted.

His private life was marked by virtues equal to those which adorned his public career. His charities, though not blazoned to the world, were not the less felt by the many around him; and though his name was not always to be seen in the lists of public contributions to charity, it was not the less blessed by hundreds of his poor neighbours. He possessed in an uncommon degree the powers of conversation, which, by those who knew him, will long be remembered with pleasure and regret; with pleasure, at the recollection of the happy hours passed in his society—with regret, that they shall enjoy his valued friendship no more.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

The inhabitants of the town of Bedford were lately alarmed by the sudden rise of the waters, which completely inundated several parts of the town, insomuch that people were obliged to live up stairs the greater part of the day. It is supposed to have done much damage.

Died.] At Biggleswade, in her 69th year, Mrs. Eliz. Godwin, of Leighton-house, Leighton — At Ampthill, Mrs. S. Colster, widow of the late Rev. A. Colster, of Filkin's-hall, Oxon.

BERKSHIRE.

A petition to the House of Commons, praying that the depressed state of agriculture be taken into consideration, and such relief granted as an impartial investigation of the case may warrant, has been prepared for the town and neighbourhood of Wallingford. It has been signed by all the aldermen for the borough, with a considerable number of the other members of the corporation, and scarcely a *tradesman* in the town has refused his name.

Birth.] At Woodley Lodge, the lady of James Wheble, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] Mr. George Cooper, of Reading, to Miss Mary, second daughter of William Green, of Sloane-street, Knightsbridge, esq.—At East Ilsley, Mr. Pickman to Miss Ann Loder.

Died.] At Reading, Mr. Humphrey; Mrs. Mary Davis—At Warfield, Miss A. Eastwick, second daughter of Captain Eastwick, sincerely regretted by her afflicted parents—At Theale, Mrs. Daffarn—At Shirfield, Sarah, wife of Mr. John Cove.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Birth.] At Great Mirsenden, the lady of Capt. B. Street, R. N. of a son.

Died.] At Great Marlow, Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, 75—At the Rectory-house, Hambledon, Augusta Laura, youngest daughter of the Rev. H. C. Ridley—At Stoney Stratford, Grace Wykes, widow of the Rev. A. W. of Haslebeech.

CAMBRIDGE.

The Rev. John Hulse, of Elworth-hall, Chester, formerly a member of St. John's college, Cambridge, among other bequests for the promotion of religion and learning, instituted a lectureship in divinity, in that university, to which he annexed a considerable salary, arising out of estates in Middlewich, Sandbach, and Clive. The duty of the lecturer is to preach and publish twenty sermons, chiefly on the truth and excellence of revelation. The Rev. Christopher Benson, of Trinity college, has been chosen lecturer for the present year.

Birth.] At Woodbury hall, the lady of J. Benfoy Roper, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Cambridge, Mr. W. Kitchingman, of Leeds, to Susan, only daughter of Mr. Headley—The Rev. J. Milner, B. A. of Catherine-hall, to Miss Crompton, niece to the Rev. Dr. Milner, of Queen's college.

Died. At Cambridge, Mr. C. Thorpe, 60—Mr. J. Silk, of Queen's college—Miss Catherine Lyon, 38—At Chatteris, G. Bleckly, of the Society of Friends—At Wisbech, Elizabeth, relict of Mr. C. Bradley, 66—Mr. R. Skeeles, of Tholomes Grove near Wisbech, 80—At Great Wilbraham, T. Dennis, 88—At Tid St. Giles, Isle of Ely, Mr. C. Lumpkin, 81—At Chesterton, Mr. W. Jardine Purches, 52—At March, Mrs. Sherhod, 69—At the Sixteen Feet Bank, Mr. John Rivers, 90.

CHESHIRE.

Married.] At Chester, Mr. Ellis Jones, to Dorothy, youngest daughter of the late S. Boileau, esq.—Mr. Dakin, to Miss Kent—At Sandbach, G. Thorpe, M. D. of Ludlow, to Hester, daughter of the late Lieut. W. Furnivall, R. N.—The Rev. E. Mainwaring, of Peover, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of J. Fenton, esq. of Doncaster.

Died.] At Chester, Mr. J. Hanshell, writing-master—At the Vicarage, Neston, Mrs. Bailey, relict of the late S. B. esq. of Colchester, and mother-in-law of the Rev. T. Ward, A. M. prebendary of Chester—At Thornton, Mr. J. Williamson, 83, father of 69 children, and clerk of that parish for 50 years—At Holywell, much respected, Miss Charlotte Denman—At Great Boughton, after a lingering illness, borne with almost unexampled patience to the will of Divine Providence, Mr. Sparkes, 72—At Pepper-street, Bramhall, Mr. J. Smith, a respectable farmer, 75.

CORNWALL.

Considerable alterations are about to take place in the town of Liskeard. Several houses in the centre of the town, the property of the corporation, are about to be taken down, in order to erect a commodious butter, poultry, fish, and potatoe market. This will be a considerable improvement, as these articles are now exposed for sale in the open street, to the great obstruction of passengers on market-days.

The corporation of Truro have purchased the premises at the entrance of the present market, mean, we understand, to take them down, in order to erect a commodious town-hall, and to enlarge the market, which was erected a few years since

Birth.] At Truro, the lady of J. W. Chilcott, esq. of a daughter.

Died.] The Rev. Wymond Cory, for many years vicar of the parishes of Twyardreath and Landrath—At Penzance, Mr. Thomas Roberts, one of the corporation of that town, 41—At Lanteglos, near Camelford, Mr. Samuel Keete, 77—Harriet Frances, youngest daughter of Lady Theodosia Vyner—At Duryard, of a paralytic seizure, Mrs. Cross, relict of the late Geo. C., esq.—At his seat at Trelowarren, Sir Vyell Vivyan, bart., and is succeeded by his son, a minor—At Helston, Mrs. Julien, 68—At Tywardreath, Jane Lucas, at the very great age of 104 years—At Gwennap, Capt. Richard of the United Mines.

CUMBERLAND.

The fourth of February was the era of three remarkable events in Carlisle: the proclamation of a new king: the first essay of lighting the city with gas; and the commencement of cutting the canal from Carlisle to the Solway Frith.

Married.] At Penrith, J. B. Gibson, esq. to Grace Hanfield, daughter of O. Warwick, esq. of Chester—Mr. Henry Penrith, to Miss Mary Walton—At Carlisle, Mr. Christ. Boyd, to Miss Eliz. Brunskill—Mr. Benj. Higgins, to Miss Elizabeth James—At Cockermouth, Mr. Kitchen, of Whitehaven, to Miss Rebecca Armstrong—In the abbey, Carlisle, Charles Davie, youngest son of the Rev. R. P. Goodenough, prebendary of Carlisle—Samuel Atkinson, esq. 69—Mr. John Pentland, 77—Mrs Ann Smith, of Rickergate, 87—Isabella, wife of Mr. Jeremiah Jollie, printer, 36—At the Vicarage-house, Ainstable, Mrs. Smith, wife of the Rev. W. S., vicar, 56—At Cockermouth, aged 83, Mrs. Ann Smith—At Stainton, Mrs. Dawson, advanced in years—At the Parsonage, Lamplugh, Mrs. Joyce Yeowart, 90.

DERBYSHIRE.

Died.] At Derby, Mrs. Mary Breary, matron of the infirmary, 80—At Chesterfield, Sarah, relict of the Rev. John Atkinson, vicar of Ribchester, 76.

DEVONSHIRE.

Birth.] At Rockbeare Court, near Exeter, the lady of the Rev. Charles Herbert, of a daughter—At Newcombe house, Crediton, the lady of B. Cleave, esq. of a daughter—At Exeter, the lady of Ralph Baenes, esq. of a daughter—At Summerland-place, Exeter, the lady of Thomas Bremridge, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Tedbury St. Mary, the Rev. C. Barne, to Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of the Rev. John Tothill, rector of Hittisleigh.

Died.] At Manley, near Tiverton, Mary, widow of the late Henry Manley, esq. aged 68, surviving her husband but two months; and on the day previous at Whitehaven, James and Thomas, sons of Thomas Manley, esq. and grandsons of the above!—At Bideford, in her 91st year, Mrs. Anne Buck, widow of the late Col. George Buck, of Daddon—At Plymouth, Thomas Hodgson, esq, 68—James Remnant, esq., 56—Mr. John Day, aged 100 years—Anne, wife of Peter Manico, esq.—In the Close, Exeter, Mrs. Kitson, relict of the Rev. W. K., formerly rector of St. Mary Major in that city, 81—Mrs. Couch, 84—Mrs. Bowring, 85—At Torquery, aged 29, Elizabeth, the wife of Donald Grant, esq. of the Ordnance Office, Tower—At Sidmouth, Mrs. Hobson, relict of the late Rt. Hon. John Armstrong—At Newton Poppleford, aged 67, Mr. Philip Wheaton—At Duryard, near Exeter, of a paralytic seizure, Mrs. Crosse, relict of the late George Crosse, esq., and daughter of the late Francis Llewellin Leach of Frithewell, Cornwall, esq., 77.

DORSETSHIRE.

The amount of deposits in the Blandford bank for savings, which has not been established two years, exceeds the sum of 10,400l.

Birth.] At Camesworth, the lady of M. H. Nepean, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Winterbourn Abbas, John James Lambert, esq., to Miss Elizabeth Davis—At Radipole, George Arden, esq. to Marianne, second daughter of the late Samuel Weston, esq. alderman of Weymouth—John Hussey, esq. Nash Court, Mernhull, to Christina, eldest daughter of J. R. Arundell, esq. of Fieldgate, Warwickshire—At Wimborne, Mr. John Inskip, to Miss Eleanor Harvey—Mr. George Jesty, of Newton-house, to Miss Hart, of Kingston hall Farm.

Died.] At Bridport, Miss Wey, 64—In Sherborne, aged 93, Mrs. Napper.

DURHAM.

An excellent system of employment for the prisoners, has recently been introduced into the county

gaol. They now manufacture cordage, door-mats, girthing, and mops; and other manufactures for the consumption of flax are to follow.

Married.] At Durham, Mr. Richard Greenwell, of White-house, Bishopwearmouth, ship-owner, to Maria Anna Pearson of Durham—At Bishopwearmouth, Mr. Barry, ship-owner, to Miss Judith Nelson—The Rev. John Topham, of Broomsgrove, to Miss Bowes, daughter of the late Thos. Bowes of Darlington, esq.

Died.] At Durham, Mr. Anthony Rutter, 28—At Ryton, Miss Isabella Alder—At Stockton, aged 80, Mr. John Coates—Mrs. Jane Raine, 81—Mr. Ralph Sotheran, 53—At Seaham, Mrs. Wallis, wife of the Rev. B. Wallis, rector—At Monkwearmouth, Robert Whinncon, of Hope-house, near Whitburn, esq.

ESSEX.

The Rev. John Dolphin, prebendary of York, has been preferred to the rectory of Wakes Colne, by the Earl of Verulam, patron.

Birth.] At Flowden-hall, Lady Petre, of a son.

Married.] Thomas Nunn, jun. esq. of Mistley, to Mrs. Mary Anne Hales, of Laytonstone.

Died.] At Purfleet, Mrs. Chiswich, at the advanced age of 103 years, enjoying to the last her best faculties, having the previous day worked at her needle—Catherine, wife of the Rev. Thomas Gee, vicar of Thaxted, and sister to Sir John Flem. Leicester, bart.—At Blake-hall, near Ongar, Capel Cure, esq. brother-in-law to Wm. Smith, esq. M.P. —At Worley lodge, Edmund Henry, second son of the Hon. George Winn, 11,

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Birth.] At Flaxley Abbey, Lady Crawley Boevey, of a son—At Tibberton court, the lady of Charles Bernard, of a son.

Married.] At Painswick, the Rev. Thomas Browning, missionary to Candy, in Ceylon, to Miss Stephens, of Badbrook, near Stroud—At Westbury on Trim, Powel Skinner, esq. of Kingsdon, to Miss Vickery—At Cheltenham, Capt. Thomas Forest, R. N. to Miss Tonor, niece of George Cary, of Torr Abbey, esq.—At Gloucester. Peter Wyatt, esq. surgeon of Nailsworth, to Miss Elizabeth Box Drayton of Gloucester—At Stroud N. Miles, esq. to Matilda, eldest daughter of T. W. Smith, esq — At Framilode, at the very advanced age of 100, Mr. Christopher Hillman—At Cheltenham, Mr. Lovelock, formerly of Devizes, at an advanced age: a gentleman eminent for his mechanical as well as astronomical knowledge—Alex. Fotheringham, esq. master of the ceremonies; the death of whose lady we noticed in our last publication. At the very moment when the hearse arrived to convey her body to the grave, his widowed heart gave way, and he expired in convulsions. The funeral of Mrs. Fotheringham was in consequence delayed, when their remains were deposited together in one vault, where five of their children had in one year been laid?—At Clifton, Elizabeth Gibbes, wife of the Hon. John Foster Alleyne, president of his Majesty's council of the island of Barbadoes.—At Twyning, near Tewkesbury, Charles Peace, esq. 70 —At Lechlade, Robert Wace, esq. formerly of Oxford, deeply lamented by his afflicted family and friends, to whom he had endeared himself by the most exemplary integrity of character. In the life of this truly excellent man were manifest the practical fruits of the Christian faith without ostentation, for he was ever forward to assist in the mitigation of human suffering.

HAMPSHIRE.

The Rev. E. Graves Meyrick. D. D. has been instituted to the rectory of Winchfield.

Births.] At Hipley, near Portsmouth, the lady of Capt. Bashford, of three children, two sons and a daughter; all likely to do well.

Married.] At Alresford, Mr. James Harvey, to Miss S. Longhurst—Mr. Wincom, of Overton, to Miss Penny, of Bath.

Died.] At Southampton, Mrs. Sarah Hammond, sister of the late A. Hammond, esq. 83—At Monk Sherborne, near Basingstoke, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Buxton, 99—At Portsea, aged 94, Mr. Cannon. This extraordinary man was never known to eat fish, flesh, or fowl, or drink any thing stronger than water, excepting tea in the afternoon.—At Bentley, Miss Frances C. T. Barton, daughter of the late Thomas Barton, esq.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Hereford, Mrs. Pateshall aged 59, widow of Edmund Pateshall, esq. of Allensmore, sole daughter and heiress of William Burnham, esq. of Westington—Francis Watkins Weaver, esq. —At Leominster, John Woodhouse, esq. 58—Mr. John Browne—At St. Weonards, aged 90, Mrs. Wilcox—At Ledbury, at an advanced age, Mrs. Elizabeth Brydges, relict of R. Brydges, esq. late of Old Colwell.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Births.] At Ashwell, the lady of the Rev. Henry Morice, of a daughter—At Albury vicarage, the lady of the Rev. John Hammond, of a son.

Died.] At Royston, aged 76, Mr. Henry Andrews, the celebrated editor of Moore's Almanack. By his own industry, from a limited education, he made great progress in the liberal arts, and was justly esteemed one of the best astronomers of the age. He was many years engaged as a computer of the Nautical Ephemeris; and, on retiring from that situation, he received the thanks of the Board of Longitude, accompanied by a handsome present, as a just tribute for his long and arduous services. His profound knowledge of astronomy and the mathematics was acknowledged by all scientific men who were acquainted with his abilities, but the greatness of his mind was never more conspicuous than during the period of his last illness; and on his death bed not a murmur escaped his lips, but serenity of mind, patience, and resignation, were constantly depicted in his countenance, in which amiable situation he continued until the vital spark had fled—At Totteridge, Gen. the Hon. Sir Alexander Maitland, bart. colonel of the 49th regiment of foot, in the 96th year of his age—At Laurel-lodge, Mrs. Sarah Isherwood, sister of the late Henry Isherwood, esq. M. P.—At Hertford, John Pryor, esq. 87.—Mary, widow of the late Rev. John Wheeldon, 27 years rector of Wheathamstead, 69.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Married.] At Alconbury, Mr. E. Smith, to Miss Mary Fuller—At Huntingdon, Mr. F. Maddison, to Mrs Chadwell, of St. Ives.

Died.] At Huntingdon, Mr. Aveling, many years keeper of the county gaol, 77—Mrs. Islip— At Brampton, Mrs. Clay—At Allwalton, Catherine, youngest daughter of B. Kenrick, esq.

KENT.

There are now living in the parish of Chevening, fifteen healthy persons, whose united ages amount to 1067 years, average between 71 and 72.

At the fourth annual meeting of the Chatham savings bank, it appeared that since the establishment of the society, the sum of 21,728l. 3s. 3d.

had been paid by 1150 depositors, of which 6354l. 2s. 8d. had been withdrawn, and that the present stock of the society, invested in the hands of the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt, amounts to 17,433l. 12s. 6d.

Birth.] At Sandwich, the lady of Capt. Edw. Harvey, R. N. of a daughter.

Married.] At Sevenoaks, John Jenkin Maclean, esq. of Quebec, to Miss Anne Burrell, of the former place—At Margate, Mr. G. Basset, to Miss Honey, of Ashford—At Waltham, Mr. D. Wickers, to Miss Sarah Ladd, of Canterbury.

Died.] At Mersham, aged 78, Mrs. Piddlesden—At Maidstone, in his 90th year, Robert Gentile, esq. one of the common councilmen, and the oldest member of that corporation—Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. Wm. Brown—At Kettington, Mr. John Iggalden Long, 59—At Berenden, Miss Jane Brown, a maiden lady, 82—At Brenchley, Stephen Waghorn, 89—Henry Daniel, 85, and Thomas Dann, 83, making the united ages 257; these deaths happening in one parish in two days is singular—At Whitstable, Mrs. Phosier, 82.

LANCASHIRE.

The Cymreigyddion Welch society in Liverpool held its anniversary meeting on the 3d ult., at the Castle Inn, J. Butler Clough, esq. president. The poets present became inspired into a voluntary combat; such a display of genius, wit, sound sense, and readiness of the "Awen," (peculiarly national) would be scarcely credible to English readers. On the re-election of their honorary chairman, their bard, Mr. T. Jones, recited a few extempore verses. The Rev. John Richards, of Anglesea, was proposed an honorary member, and critic to the society; when an address from the rev. gentleman was read.—The old officers pronounced an eulogy on the members for their astonishing progress in their vernacular tongue; and the latter on succeeding, animadverted on the happy omen of the establishment of the Cambrian society. Some good penillion were sang by way of accompaniment to the harp; and the greatest harmony prevailed.

Births.] At Westwood House, the lady of Charles Walmesley, esq. of a daughther—At Rochdale, the lady of Capt. H. G. Buller, 88th regt., of a daughter.

Married] At Liverpool, Joseph H. Adams, esq. deputy-commissary-general, to Esther, eldest daughter of Ottiwell Wood, esq.

Died.] At Manchester, Mrs. Jane Lilly, of a consumption, 17—Mrs. Susannah Grimshaw, 72—At Lancaster, Edward Burrow, esq. 36—At Liverpool, Mrs. W. Hindley—The Rev. Henry Walker Crookenden, minister of St. Clement's church—At Parbold Hall, near Wigan, the Rev. John Wadsworth, aged 56, leaving a widow and ten children to bemoan the loss of an affectionate husband and endearing father, and to a numerous circle of acquaintance an endearing friend—Edward Hull, of Marten Green, near Blackpool, esq. 74—At Long Lane Cottage, near Ashton-in-the-Willows, John Eccles, esq.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Died.] At Market Harbro', Mary, wife of the late Mr. M. Chater—At Market Bosworth, Elizabeth, wife of Charles Featherston, esq. 49.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Birth.] At Laceby Hill House, near Grimsby, the lady of Robert Cropper, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Gainsbro', Richard Fowler, of Redbourn, esq. to Elizabeth, only daughter of Thos. Fox, of Morton, near Gainsboro', esq.—Mr. Borwell, to Miss Mirfin—At South Collingham, Mr. George Andrews, aged 65, to Miss Ann Taylor, aged 18—At Bingham, Mr. Joseph Bains, to Miss Mary Smith.

Died.] At Hulton Holegate, Mrs. Bass, widow of the late G. B., esq.—At Louth, Mrs. Mary Boswell, 88—At Gainsborough, in the prime of life, Mr. Fillingham, while sliding on the ice, his heels were tripped up, and his scull fractured so as to occasion his death—Mrs. Billiard, 85—Mr. John Rose, in the prime of life—At Grimsby, aged 38, Mr. J. Plaskitt, jun.—Joseph Mason, of Swineshead, esq. 83—At Deeping St James, at an advanced age, Mrs. Swift—At Cowfield Gould, near Holbeach, aged 82, Mrs. Watson—At Louth, Mrs. Wilkinson, sister of the late Christopher Taylor, esq. of Bilsby—Mrs. Mary Gillatt, 68—Miss Harriet Davey, 19—At Revesby, Mr. Thomas Russell, 42.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Married.] At Lanishen, John Digby Newbolt, esq. eldest son of Sir John Newbolt, chief justice of Madras, to Blanch, youngest daughter of the late John Knight, esq. of Llanblethian—At Monmouth, Mr. Gibbs, to Frances, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Walter Moore.

Died.] Lieut. Burgh Watkins, late 4th, or Queen's own Dragoons, only son of R. W. esq. of St. Lawrence, near Chepstow—At Chepstow, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. J. Briggs, 21—At Monmouth, Mrs. Howe.

NORFOLK.

The Hon. and Rev. Armine Wodehouse, clerk, A.M. has been instituted to the rectory of West Lexham, vacant by the death of the Rev. Charles Mordaunt, on the presentation of Lord Wodehouse.

Birth.] At Melton Parsonage, the lady of the Rev. Phillip Hudson, of a son.

Married.] At Norwich, Richard Taylor, esq. to Emily, daughter of G. Errington, esq. of Yarmouth.

Died.] At Norwich, Mr. Thomas Back, 76—Hester, wife of Mr. John Abel, 63—The Rev. Charles Mordaunt, rector of Little Massingham, and uncle to Sir C. Mordaunt, bart. M. P., 83—At Diss, aged 75, Thomas Jenkinson Woodward, esq. one of his majesty's justices of peace for this county, and many years an acting magistrate for Suffolk—At Lakenham, Thomas Bensley, esq. 62—At Yarmouth, Mrs. Anne Smith, 27—Mr. Edward Woolner, 74—Mr. Charles Miller, 23—At Cromer, Mr. Wm. Grey, 65—At Rougham, Mr. Wm. Santz, 72—At Upton, Mr. John Holmes, 70.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

An institution for the purpose of clothing the poor in the adjoining parishes of Creaton and Spratton, was established by the exertions of the Rev. Thomas Jones, in January 1817, and is still carried on with increasing success. Every Monday the poor meet their secretaries at the vestry-rooms to pay their weekly subscriptions. At the end of the year, the money so collected, is laid out in various articles of bedding and clothing, and divided among the benefit or receiving members, in exact proportion to their several subscriptions.

Married.] At Farthingstone, Mr. W. Baseley, to Esther, youngest daughter of Mr. W. Dickins, of Dodford Mills.

Died.] At Northampton, in his 67th year, Rich. Buswell, esq. solicitor. To great integrity in his profession, he united genuine benevolence and uniform attention to the duties of religion—Mr. Thos. Cliff, 50—Mr. John Wilkinson, 78—At Helmdon, Mrs. Harriott, relict of the Rev. E. H. rector of Syresham, 75– Mrs. Grace Wykes, relict of the Rev. A. W., of Haslebeech—At Moulton Grange, from the rupture of a blood-vessel, Harriet, youngest daughter of Mr. Lloyd, late of Peterborough—Mr. George Judkin, of Crick, in the 80th year of his age, to the infinite loss of that neighbourhood. No man was more distinguished in his lifetime for kindness to his fellow-creatures, and few have exceeded him in charitable bequests; amongst others he has left 100l. to the Infirmary; 100l. to be laid out in the purchase of blankets, 50l. in the purchase of coals, and 50l. in bread, to be distributed amongt the most deserving poor of Crick, and 100l. towards the support of the school there, on Dr. Bell's system, and the whole to be paid free from the legacy duties, and all other deductions—At Harringworth, Mr. Pridmore, 53—At Peterboro', Mr. John Copeling—At Aldwincle, the Rev. Thos. Haweis, LL D. M.D. rector of All Saints, chaplain and principal trustee to the late Countess of Huntingdon, founder of the London missionary society, and father of the missions to the South Sea islands.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Birth.] At Newcastle, the lady of the Rev. Robert Green, of a son.

Married.] At North Shields, Mr. Alex. Henderson, to Miss Margaret Buen—At Bambrough, James Trotter Gregson, esq. to Miss Marshall, of Swinhoe.

Died.] At the East Ballast Hills, near Newcastle, Miss Eleanor Cummings, late of Wackworth, 23—At Berwick, Mr. Joseph Marshall, 40—At Ord, near Berwick, Mr. Geo. Laing—At Newcastle, Margaret, wife of James Wood, M D.—Mrs. Peake, widow of the late Lieut. Peake, R. N.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

There are now living in the small parish of Scarrington, near Bingham, five persons whose united ages make 431 years. The population of the whole village is only 170 souls: the oldest of these persons is a native of Bingham, and, as appears by the parish register, was baptized August 18, 1725.

Birth.] The lady of Thomas Walker, esq. of Woodborough, of a son.

Died.] At Nottingham, Mr. Joseph Buxton, 74—Mrs. Mary Flint—Mr. Wm. Rains, 60—Francis Wakefield, gent., a well-known philanthropist, and brother to the late celebrated Rev. Gilbert Wakefield, 61—Ann, wife of Mr. Samuel Bean, 45—At Southwell, Mr. John Adams, 85—In the workhouse, at Bingham, Elisabeth Morley, aged 86. She was a native of Derby, and lived at the time in the same house wherein the Pretender had his residence during his short stay in that town, in December, 1745: being then twelve years of age, she could relate many interesting particulars of that period—Mrs. Margaret Foster, of Lound, at the extraordinary age of 110 years—At New Radford, Mr. John Cooper—At Newark, Mr. Thos. Lawn, 70—Mr. George Jackson, 73—Mrs. Ann Bettinson, 43—At Shelton, near Newark, George Maltby, esq. 70—At Oxton, aged 18, Margaret Henrietta, only daughter of the late Rev. Ephraim Rogerson, vicar. "She *ceased from blessing* that she might be blessed."

OXFORDSHIRE.

Thomas Foster, clerk of St Mary's parish, in the city of Oxford, when he had officiated as clerk twelve months, rang the knell for George the Second; and although he is now 82 years old, and the bell (St. Mary's tenor) is above 30 cwt. he rung it on Monday for George the Third. During this length of time he has regularly discharged the duties of his office without intermission, and frequently rings one of the bells in peal.

Married.] Mr. John Hales, of Cassington, to Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. William Kerry, of Wytham—At Banbury. John North Wilkins, esq. of Bury Fields, Burton-on-the-Water, to Anne Eliza, eldest daughter of Timothy Cobb, esq. of the former place.

Died.] In Oxford, Mr. Philip Green, 51—Joshua Cook, esq. for many years an eminent bookseller in this university, 67—At Bicester, Mrs. Shillingford, 74—At Banbury, Mrs. Elizabeth Hawkins, late of Brackley, 87—At Woodstock, in his 72d year, Mr. James Beckley, many years house-steward to the late Duke of Marlborough—At Deddington, much respected, Mrs. Hester French, late of Steeple Aston, 76.

RUTLANDSHIRE.

Married.] At Teigh, Mr. Chambers, to Miss Chapman.

Died.] At Oakham, Mrs. Drake, widow of the late Mr. Samuel Drake, 85—Mr. Mason, 73—At Exton, Samuel Moysey, esq. 85—At Langham, Mrs. Forks, 95.

SHROPSHIRE.

Married.] At Shrewsbury, Mr. Frederick Parkes, to Miss Gardner, formerly of the Lakes—The Rev. Joseph Amphlett, M.A. curate of Broseley, to Miss Martha Green, of King's Heath—At Cleobery Mortimer, Mr. Thomas Parrey, of New Parks, Herefordshire, to Miss Hannah Jeffries, of the Gorst, near Cleobery—At Shrewsbury, Mr. Drury, surgeon, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the Rev. John Mayor, vicar.

Died.] In Ludlow, in his 74th year, the Rev. Samuel Sneade, many years rector of Bedston—At Glanyrafon Hall, near Oswestry, Lawton Parry, esq one of his majesty's justices of the peace—At Ightfield Hall, Mr. William Holland—Mr. Richard Burley, late of Abberley, 50—Mr. Addison Broomhall, of Albrighton, near Shiffnel, 71—At Adderley, the Rev. William Judgson, rector, and one of his majesty's justices of the peace—At Manor Hall Common, near Shrewsbury, Thomas Knight, esq. one of the managers of the Liverpool theatre, and a much admired comedian at Covent-Garden theatre.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The Rev. John Harbin, L. L. B. rector of North Barrow, is instituted by the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, to the rectory of Compton Pauncefoot, on the presentation of J. H. Hunt. esq.

On the 11th of Feb. the church of St. Mary, at Bathwick, was consecrated by the Bishop of Gloucester, at the request of the venerable Bishop of the Diocese, who could not personally attend from indisposition. It is a spacious and elegant specimen of modern gothic architecture.

It is with pleasure we announce the intention of the late Mr. Bird's friends to open an exhibition of some of his best works, for the benefit of his family. The generosity of several individuals, who are in possession of the productions of his pencil, enables

them to make this effort on behalf of those who were nearest to the ingenious artist, whose loss has been so generally lamented.

Married.] At Bath, the Rev. Edward Lovell, to Fanny, youngest daughter of J. Kerie, esq. of Laura-place.

Died.] At Wells, suddenly, much lamented by a numerous poor, to whom his benevolence and attendance, gratis, for many years, will render his loss long and deservingly regretted, Mr. M. Lee, surgeon, brother to Lieut. Thos. Lee, Royal Navy—At her lodgings in the Upper Bristol-road, Bath, 73, Mrs. Bell, formerly the celebrated and beautiful Miss Mansell, of the Bath and London Theatres. She possessed a considerable share of professional merit, and in the expression of the pathetic, and the display of the higher passions, she has seldom been excelled. To Henderson's Macbeth, Miss Mansell was the original Lady, and to our favourite Dimond she was the equally favourite Juliet and Lady Randolph. Mrs. Bell, assailed by afflictions, and by the approach of advanced age, had long retired from the dramatic world; and her chief support was latterly an annuity of 25l. per annum from the funds of the National Benevolent Institution, and but for that admirable Plan and the aid of a few friends, who remembered her in earliest years, her declining hours would have been passed 'in quicksands and in miseries.'—At Bath, the Rev. John Amyatt Channdy, of Charlynch; he was buried in the Abbey Church, at the unusual hour of eleven o'clock at night—Miss Whitehead, eldest daughter of the late George Whitehead, esq. of Weston House.—At the advanced age of 86, the Rev. Dr. Haweis—Mr. Robert Ricards, secretary of the Bath Agricultural Society—Mrs. Rogers, wife of the Rev. J. M. R. of Pulteney-street—At the Hot Wells, Bristol, in her 71st year, the Dowager Countess of Granard, sister of the late Earl of Berkeley — At Huntsworth, near Bridgewater, Joseph Gatcombe, esq.—Catherine, wife of William Phelps, esq. of East Pennard—At Bristol, John Madox, esq. 81—At Taunton, Mr. Samuel Dewe, upwards of twenty years postmaster, 77—At Yeovil, Mr. Samuel Watts, 84.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

The Lunatic Asylum at Stafford, an extensive and commodious building, has been opened for the admission of patients above a year; and from a report just published by the visiting Committee, with a success rarely equalled in the history of any similar institution. It was opened with the avowed intention of acting upon the *humane system*, of dispensing, as far as possible, with every species of *coercion*, under the decided conviction, not merely of its inefficiency, but of its absolute injury, to the recovery of the patient. This appears to be confirmed by the fact of nearly all of the patients having recovered in whose cases any hopes were entertained by the medical attendants themselves. By affording to the unfortunate sufferers, every amusement, exercise, and employment, compatible with their respective cases (in which particular department, devotion and the regular attendance of a Clergyman of the established Church form a part,) the visitors appear to have materially mitigated the severity of this dreadful calamity, and the affliction necessarily consequent on a separation from home and family. The situation of the Asylum is allowed to be beautiful, as well as healthy, and the extensive walks, airing grounds, &c. are laid out with much taste and judgment; the whole premises consisting of upwards of twelve acres.

Married.] At Ridwere, Mr. Wm. Amies, to Miss Jackson, of Armitage.

Died.] At Blithfield, in the 77th year of her age, the Right Hon. Louisa, Lady Bagot, relict of the late, and mother of the present Lord Bagot. She was the only surviving daughter of John Viscount St. John, of Lydiard Tregoze, eldest brother of Henry St. John, first Viscount Bolingbroke—At Hanley, much respected, Mr. James Smith.

SUFFOLK.

The Rev. Harrison Packard, A.M. is instituted to the rectory of Fardley, with the vicarage of Westleton annexed, on the presentation of David Elisha Davy, esq. of the Grove in Yoxford, and Henry Jermyn, esq. of Sibton.

The Rev. Henry William Rous Birch, A. M. is instituted to the vicarage of Reydon, and licensed to the perpetual curacy of Southwold, on the presentation and nomination of Lord Rous.

Married.] At Southwold, Lieut. John A. Killwick, R.N. to Mary Ann, daughter of the late Geo. Chapman, esq. of Hanworth, Norfolk—Mr. Pettit, of Michfield, to Harriet, youngest daughter of William Jackson, esq. of Gostlings Hall, Debenham.

Died.] At Ipswich, Warwell Scarbyn, esq. B.A. formerly of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, 75—Mrs. Cooke, 76—Mrs. Hannah Alexander, wife of Dykes A. esq. banker—Mrs. Sarah Hale, 51—Mrs. Bryant, 55—At Bradfield Combust, Frances, wife of Mr. Cocksedge, 32—At Withersfield, Mrs. Elwes, widow of the late Carey Elwes, esq. of Isleworth, Middlesex—Miss Martin, sister of James M. esq. of Melton, near Woodbridge—At Redgrave, Mr. William Rogers, 81—At Blythborough Lodge, Charlotte, daughter of Thomas Taylor, esq. 24—At Stradbrooke, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Henry Jeffries, 54—At Halesworth, James Tillott, gent. 82.

SUSSEX.

Died.] At Hellingsly, aged 76, James Merricks, esq.—At East Grinstead, the Honourable Catherine Neville, late of Queen street, May-fair. She was born in the year 1728, and was the daughter of William, the fourteenth Baron of Abergavenny; sister of the late George, who was created Earl of Abergavenny, and aunt to the present Earl. She was one of the Maids of Honour to the late Princess of Wales, the mother of the King, to the time of her death. Though at the advanced age of 92, she retained her faculties to the last.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Birth.] At Weston House, the Countess of Clonmell, of twin daughters.

Married.] At Birmingham, Mr. Joseph Palmer, to Miss Ann Grey, of Worcester.

Died.] At Honington, John Hambrough, esq. second son of J. H. of Marchwood Lodge—At Coleshill, Mr. Albert Palmer, an eminent attorney, of Lutterworth.

WESTMORELAND.

Married.] At Cropthwaite, Alexander Douglas Dalzel, esq. to Mary, eldest daughter of R. Bigg esq. of Milbeck, near Reswick—At Kendal, Mr. William Robinson, to Miss Hannah Bell.

Died.] At Kendal, Mrs. Harrison, relict of the late Jackson Harrison, esq. one of the senior Aldermen. She has bequeathed 1200l. to different charitable foundations of that place: viz. 600l. to the widows of the Hospital; 200l. to the Dispen-

sary; 200l. to the Bible Society; and 200l. to the society for relieving the Sick Poor—Mr. John Dawson, 75—Mr. Richard Birkett, 62—At Ravenstonedale, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. E. Hodgson, 64—At Brough, Miss Rumney, 16—At Ambleside, Mrs. Knott, 90.

WILTSHIRE.

Married.] At Beechingstoke, Edw. G. Polhill, esq. of Charlton, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Joseph Gilbert, esq. of Puckshipton.

Died.] At his cottage, near Salisbury, Morgan Dove Blandford, esq. 81—Gifford Warriner, of Conock House, near the Devizes, esq. at an advanced age—Charles Bythsea, of Atworth, esq.—At Purton House, Robert Willson, esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for that county, beloved and esteemed by a large circle of friends, and regretted by all who knew him—George Moore, esq. of Durrington — At the vicarage, Wootton Bassett, Caroline, wife the Rev. Thomas Hyde Ripley, and daughter of the late William Honeywood, of Marks Hall, Essex, esq.—At his seat near Devizes, W. H. Grubbe, esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of Peace, and Deputy Lieutenant for this county.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

The Rev. Edward Herbert, B. A. has been instituted to the rectory of Abberton, void by the death of David Lewis, clerk, the late incumbent, on the presentation of Margaret Sheldon, of Abberton, widow.

The Rev. H. Southall, to the vicarage of Bishampton.

Married.] At Worcester, Robert Haliburton, esq. to Ann, third daughter of Mr. Robert Chamberlaine—Mr. John Hall, of Stoke, to Mary Ann Martin, of Budbrook, Warwick-lane.

Died.] At Worcester, Mr. Robert Wood, of Turkey street—Mrs. Lillwall, Foregate-street—Mr. John Edwards, of the London-road, 86—At Stoke Prior, Mr. John Ashmore, much respected—At Kidderminster, J. Newcombe, esq.—Mr. Thomas Wells, 75—At Hallow, the Rev. Chas. Lewis Shipley, M.A. vicar of Grimley.

YORKSHIRE.

George Pocock, esq. is elected Lord Mayor of York, for the present year.

Married.] At Hull, Lieut. Thos. Brooke, to Ann, daughter of Mr. Munday—At Kippex Ashton, Nicholas Every Mosley, of Park Hill, Derbyshire, to Mary Theresa, only child of the late William Stables, of Hemsworth, esq—At Wakefield, the Rev. Charles Rogers, of Horseforth, to Cecilia, eldest daughter of M. D. Cawood, of Newton.

Died.] At Horley Green, near Halifax, Jane, relict of the late James Drake, esq. and sister of the late Rev. Miles Atkinson, of Leeds, 77—Thos. Smales, better known by the name of the *Horsforth Post*. This hardly veteran had attained to the 88th year of his age, upwards of 50 years of which he had spent in the humble but useful capacity of a letter-carrier between Leeds and Guiseley.

——"The herald of a noisy world,
News from all nations lumbering at his back."

No weather arrested his daily labours, and to ill health, till within a few of the last years of his life, he was almost a stranger. He had travelled, on an average, for 50 successive years, 20 miles a day, and without extending his journey more than 15 miles from the same spot, had walked, within that period, a distance equal to 15 times the circumference of the earth! So firm was his stamina, that he continued to perform his accustomed duties till within about four years of his death, and he has left behind him a race of descendants, consisting of 7 children, 34 grand-children, and 24 great grand children—At Hull, Capt. William Hunter, 64—At Leeds, in the bloom of life, aged 17, Mary Jane, third daughter of Thomas Tenant, esq.—At Ferrey bridge, on her road to London for medical advice, Margaret, wife of the Rev. Edward Parsons, of Leeds—At Knaresborough, Robert Dent, esq. 53—At Masbro' near Rotherham, 81, Sarah, relict of Samuel Walker, esq. and mother of Samuel Walker, esq. M. P. of Alawark—At Wadworth, near Doncaster, the Rev. Henry Dickson, vicar of Wadworth and rector of Addington, Gloucestershire, 67—At Giggleswick, Mrs. Paley, the only surviving sister of the celebrated Dr. Wm. Paley—At Pudsey, Mr. Frank Pearson, 100—At Goddard Hall, near Sheffield, Mrs. Stirling, widow of the late Thos. S. esq.—At Coats Hall, Mrs. Flint, widow of the late Col. Flint.

WALES.

The inhabitants of Kidwelly, Caermarthenshire, were highly entertained on the 24th ult. by the revival of church bell ringing, having for many years been destitute of that gratifying melodious music, in consequence of four bells out of the original peal being broken; which deficiency was supplied by Mr. John Kingston, bell-founder, of Bridgwater, by four new ones.

The prizes proposed for the members of Jesus College, Oxford, this year, are: First, for the best Welsh Essay on these words of Taliesin, "*Eu hiwith a gadwant.*" 50l.

2. For the best translation of Blair's Sermon "On the Improvement of Time." Genesis xlvii. 8. 10l.

3. To the best Welsh Reader in Jesus College Chapel, 6l. To the second best, 4l.

4. For the best six *Englynion* on the following subject: "*Llwyddiant i Goleg ur Iesu.*" 2l.—The Essay and the *Englynion*, to which the prizes shall have been adjudged, will be recited at the Annual Meeting of the members of Jesus College, to be held at Aberystwith, in July next.

The Rev. David Rowland, of Caermarthen, has been presented to the vicarage of Tregaron, Cardiganshire, vacant by the cession of the Rev. Maurice Griffiths.

Married.] Rees Price, esq. to Jane Gower of Cardigan, niece to Sir Erasmus Gower, admiral of the white—Walter Willett Harries, esq. to Miss Hannah Peregrine, both of Hakin, Pembrokeshire.

Died.] At Beaumaris, Mr. Robert Allan, an alderman of that corporation—At the rectory-house, Gwaenyscor, Flint, the Rev. R. Roberts, rector—At Dolforwyn Hall, Montgomeryshire, the lady of the Rev. John Peyca—At Dale Castle, Pembrokeshire, John Lloyd, esq. of that place, and of Mabus, Cardiganshire, a gentleman, whose death will be most poignantly felt in both these counties—At Boverton, Glamorganshire, at the very advanced age of 94, Mr. James Wood—At Plas-yn-bonwn, Merionethshire, in his 64th year, Edward Jones, esq.—The Rev. David Price, of Hendrexhys Gethin, 75—The Hon. Laura Fitzroy, granddaughter of Lord Robert Seymour, of Pembroke—At Bodyullin, 63, Thomas Davies, esq.—The Rev. Eliezer Williams, M. A. vicar of Lampeter, Cardiganshire, and master of the grammar school—The Rev. John Jones, vicar of Warren, Pembrokeshire—The Hon. and Rev. Francis Pool Stratford, younger brother of the Earl of Aldborough—The Rev. David Morgan, vicar of Llangeler, and a magistrate for Caermarthenshire.

SCOTLAND.

On the 25th January the foundation stone of a splendid monument to the memory of Robert Burns was laid in his own native county. The base of this monument is triangular, representing the three districts of Kyle, Carrick, and Cunningham, in the centre of which there is to be an apartment for the accommodation of visitors. The triangular part of the building rises to the height of 20 feet, on the top of which a range of nine columns of the Corinthian order ascends, of 30 feet elevation, which is to be surmounted by a cupola, crowned by a tripod. The whole height of the monument will be upwards of sixty feet; and its effect, as exhibited in the design, is exceedingly rich and beautiful. The site chosen for it, is a rising ground on the left of the road leading from Ayr to Maybole, and in the immediate vicinity of Alloway Kirk, and the old bridge of Doon; the two most conspicuous places in the poem of "Tam o Shanter," which may be reckoned the masterpiece of Burn's muse. The scenery by which the site of the monument is surrounded, is exceedingly picturesque.

Birth.] At Rockville, Lady Eleanor Belfour, of a son.

Married.] At Ormidale, Major James Limond, of the Hon. E. I. C. artillery, Madras, to Jessica, third daughter of John Campbell, esq. of Ormidale—John Murray, of Haregills, esq. to Eliza, only daughter of the late John Little, of Chapel, near Moffat, esq —Andrew Scott, esq. of Hyndlee, Roxburghshire, to Miss Helen Graham, of Liverpool—At Belle-vue, parish of Keir, Captain G. A. Vetch, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late George Hoggan, esq. of Waterside—At Edinburgh, Walter Fred. Campbell, of Shawfield, esq. to Lady Eleanor Charteris, eldest daughter of the Earl of Wemys and March—The Hon. R. Westenra, M. P. to Anne Douglas Hamilton, daughter of the late Douglas, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon—At Dumfries, Benjamin Nicholson, esq. to Miss Meysent Cowan—Captain John Grant, 72d regiment, to Miss Jane Gordon, second daughter of the late Rev. John Gordon, minister of Cabrach.

Died. At Muirton, Lady Nairne, widow of the late Sir Wm. Nairne, of Dunsinnane, bart. 75—At the house of her son, Gilbert Burns, at Grant's Braes, near Haddington, the venerable mother of the immortal Scottish bard, Robert Burns, in her 88th year—At Moness House, James Robertson, esq. late of Killichangie, 96. He outlived all his own family, and also the companions of his youth. The death of the last of Prince Charles Edward's followers have been repeadedly announced, but we believe that this is the last of his officers who fought under him at the battle of Culloden, 1746. He commanded a company of the Athol Highlanders upon that memorable day—Lately, at Peterhead, John Anderson, a few hours after he had completed his hundredth year. He was a staunch Jacobite; fought under the banner of Prince Charles, at Inverury, where he was wounded; and was on his way to join him at Culloden, but was intercepted by a party of the Duke of Cumberland's men, at the river Spey; and he frequently hinted, that, but for this circumstance, his favourite might have been more fortunate. He took great pleasure in relating his adventures, and in singing jacobite songs. He was not only of a firm, but also of a cheerful temper—so much so, that he regularly attended a ball, at least once every year; at all of which he danced, even the last, which happened only a few months before his death—At Moyhall, Sir Eneas Mackintosh, of Mackintosh, bart. captain of Clanchattan. His loss can only be appreciated by those to whom his private worth was best known—At Stirling, John M'Gibbon, esq. of South Lodge.

IRELAND.

The foundation stone of a new church at the Abbey, Waterford, was laid Jan. 22, by Sir John Newport, bart. with the usual formalities. The spire is to be 150 foot high.

The Rev. Thomas Bunbury Gough, son of Lieut. Col. Gough, has been appointed to the deanery of Derry, with 4,000l. per annum. By his promotion, two valuable livings become vacant in the diocese of Cashel and Feens.

Married.] At Limerick, Francis Arthur, esq. to Miss Ellen Barrett, of Eden Vale, county Clare—James Molony, jun. esq. of Kiltarmon, county Clare, to Harriett, third daughter of Wm. Harding, esq. of Baraset, Warwickshire.—At Newcastle, county Wicklow, the Rev. Rosscingrave Macklin, rector of Newcastle and vicar of Lusk, to Jane Anne Audouin, daughter of G. Audouin Lamb, esq. of East Hill.—The Dean of Killala, to Sophia, daughter of the late Sir George Ribton, bart.—At her father's seat, Myross-wood, county Cork, Denny Creagh Maylan, esq. to Mary, second daughter of the Earl of Kingston.

Died.] In Belfast, Wm. Drennan, M. D. 65. He was an elegant poet and an accomplished scholar. —In Dublin, in an apoplectic fit, Peter Digges La Touche, esq. leaving a numerous family to deplore his loss—Viscountess Gormanston, daughter of the late Lord Viscount Southwell—Lady Worthington, relict of the late Sir Wm. W.—At Newtown-Leinavady, co. Londonderry, Leslie Alexander, esq. He spent a long and useful life in promoting the prosperity of his native country, and in alleviating the distresses of the poor.—At his palace, county of Cork, at a very advanced age, Dr. Barnet, Bishop of Cloyne, being the senior bishop of Ireland since the death of the late Archbishop of Tuam.

ADROAD.

The Madras Gazette of the 4th announces the death of the Rev. J. Mousley, D.D. Archdeacon of Madras, after a severe, but not protracted illness, at his garden-house, on 1st Sept. Many will lament the premature death of Dr. Mousley, though, probably, but few can duly appreciate the value of so excellent a character. He was mild and unaffected in his deportment and conversation, cherished a benevolent and charitable disposition, and evinced a simplicity of manners, often the attribute of transcendent merit. To sum of his character in a few words, he was a pious Christian, a sincere churchman, a liberal scholar, and an accomplished gentleman. He was in the 45th year of his age.

Died.] At Furrackabad, Wm. Rennell, esq. collector of Government Customs at that station, and youngest son of Major Rennell,—At Cuddapah, Benjamin Randall, esq. commercial resident in the ceded districts.—At Cape Town, Mrs. Anna Ogg, wife of Col. Samuel O. of the Madras establishment.—At Up-Park Camp, Jamaica, John Owen, esq. major of the 61st regt. He fell a victim to the epidemic disease of the country, after an illness of only three days.—On the 30th ult, at Paris, Walter Boyd, jun. esq. partner in the old house of Boyd, Ker and Co.—At Naples, the Rev. John Ashbridge, M. A. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

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